

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated.* By JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A. 8vo. 1848.
2. *Junius, including Letters by the same Writer, under other Signatures. With new Evidence as to the Authorship.* By JOHN WADE. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

JUST eighty years have elapsed since Junius, in the most emphatic of his writings, his Dedication to the English Nation, asserted that he was the sole depositary of his own secret, and that it should perish with him. During that period the question of his identity has engaged the attention, and frequently occupied the pens, of our most experienced politicians and subtle critics. Perhaps the confidence with which he defied detection may have had its share in stimulating inquiry. Sir Roger de Coverley gratified his friend the Spectator with a sight of the nose of a fox which had cost him not only fifteen hours' hard riding, but the loss of a brace of geldings and half his dogs. The nose itself, though carefully preserved and distinguished by a mark of honor, appeared, we dare say, to the silent man not one whit worthier than other noses gained with half the fatigue and hazard. In all such cases, whether the exercise be mental or bodily, it is the toil which dignifies the trophy.

This question, however, is of a nature peculiarly calculated to engage the English mind. If ever solved, it must be solved, not by a mere effort of the intellect, like a mathematical problem, but by the evidence of facts, in much the same manner as questions of guilt or innocence, of right or wrong, are determined in our courts of law; and as we may justly boast that we have attained a higher position as to all matters depending upon the clearness and certainty of evidence than any other people, it cannot be thought surprising that this point of disputed identity should have been minutely examined by so many able minds.

And the author of these "Letters" must, as it has been well observed, be sought for in narrow limits. He could not have been one of those obscure professors of literature who are to be found by thousands in our own day. He must have moved in the highest rank of political life; he must have been contemptuous of the emoluments of authorship. That these compositions, spreading over a period of about five years from first to last, should have been the only effort of the alert and energetic intellect which produced them, is most unlikely. When Junius is really discovered, we shall probably see him disappearing, like a storm-cloud, from one part of the political horizon to burst with thunder and lightning in another. The great difficulty has always been to find among the public men of his time one who united his restless and vigorous capacity with his peculiar partialities, his violent resentments, his amazing command of information, his general opinions; and, we must add, his total want of principle. Of all those persons yet named—some on mere conjecture—not one displays the elemental qualities of that charac-

ter which Junius, however unconsciously, has drawn of himself.

We are inclined to believe that had the true man ever been so much as named, all uncertainty on the subject would have ceased before this, for truth is always progressive. There is in its very nature an attractive power, which collects evidence and light about it, with ever-accumulating force and splendor, until scepticism itself is silenced. Error is changing and multiform, because it never thoroughly contents the understanding; truth is permanent and uniform, because it supplies every requisite for conviction. From the time when Copernicus expounded the solar system, every advance in science has but served to confirm his doctrine.

The separate treatises which have recently appeared—not to speak of the continuous and often very able discussion of this controversy in our periodical literature—are sufficient proof that the public curiosity is unsatisfied. The work of Mr. Britton, attributing the authorship to Colonel Barré, with Lord Shelburne and Mr. Dunning for associates, is a curious instance of the delusion to which ingenious men may resign themselves, when they have a favorite opinion to uphold. The Letters of Junius are most plainly stamped with the impress of a single mind—one of most rare and peculiar power. His political sentiments burn with the force of passions; they are not speculative opinions, to be maintained by calm reasoning, but propagandist principles, to be enforced by terror and proscription. In a confederacy of writers, his fierce intolerance would assuredly have been smoothed down. Had he been guided by the counsels of but a single friend, not one half of his compositions would ever have been committed to the press.

Mr. Britton has, besides, been lamentably unlucky in his choice of names. Lord Shelburne is ridiculed and maligned by Junius as the Jesuit Malagrida, and is frequently and coarsely assailed for his political conduct. *E. g.*

The life of this young man is a satire on mankind. The treachery which deserts a friend, might be a virtue, compared to the fawning baseness which attaches itself to a declared enemy.—*Jun. iii., 173.\**

Let the reader imagine Barré presenting this one sentence to Shelburne for his approval, and he will have a correct notion of the claim which Mr. Britton makes on our credulity. Again, Barré, so far from being attached to Mr. Grenville, had the strongest reasons for opposing him. During the Grenville ministry, he was dismissed from the honorable and lucrative appointments he held, for the vote he gave in favor of Wilkes. On the first introduction of the Stamp Act—always defended by Junius—Barré was one of the few members of the Commons who resisted it; and so constant was he in repugning its principle, that, says Mr. Britton, "the Congress solicited him to sit for his portrait to Mr. Stuart, the then famed American

\* Woodfall's Junius, 3 vols., second edition, 1841, is the one uniformly referred to in this article.



painter." We regret that the time of this respectable veteran has been spent in supporting a theory which is not tenable for a moment.

The letter of Lady Francis to Lord Campbell—reprinted in Bohn's edition of Junius—has revived the title of Sir Philip. If we are implicitly to receive all that she states in her gossiping communication, we must conclude that Sir Philip did, without committing himself by any express assertion, give her reason to suppose that he was the veritable Junius. But without analyzing the worth of her statements, we have to observe that Sir Philip's declarations on the subject to all other persons than herself, amounted, even by her own showing, to a plain and indignant denial of the authorship. When the supposition was first put forward by Mr. Taylor, he treated it scornfully, as a "silly, malignant falsehood." That he might have characterized it as a falsehood, had he desired to remain unknown, is probable enough; but had he been Junius, is it probable that he would have branded the conjecture as "malignant?" Junius, we know, was proud of his "great work;" he believed it would live with the Bible, and carry down his shade of a name to the most distant posterity with honor and applause. Junius, *in propria personâ*, might have positively disclaimed the Letters; he might, as Scott actually did when the Waverley Novels were ascribed to him, have joined in a tribute of admiration to the writer, and have modestly urged his own inability for so high an effort, as a sufficient answer to the presumption. But that Junius should in his own person have ever characterized the imputation of the authorship as a calumny—as a charge which reflected dishonor on his name—is contrary to all our experience of the constitution of an author's mind. The vanity of Junius, it is true, was confined within a narrow circle; but he was not the less fixed in his belief of his intellectual greatness, and, perhaps, of his moral elevation, because the writer was so completely separated from the man.

But we are not dealing with a single emphatic rejection. The malignancy of the charge was always maintained by Sir Philip, and it finds expression in that very letter of Lady Francis in which she strains every nerve for "the Franciscan theory." His replies to inquirers, we learn from her, were sometimes impatient and angry, even to fierceness. To one he said, "*I have pleaded not guilty*; and if any one after that *chooses to call me scoundrel*, he is welcome." To another, who said, "I'd fain put a question to you," he exclaimed, "You had better not; you may get an answer you won't like." To a third, "O, they know I'm an old man, and *can't fight!*" If Francis was Junius, we must suppose that he voluntarily stigmatized himself as a scoundrel, and, at the close of his life, when he had no longer reason to fear discovery, he hypocritically pretended to regard as a mortal insult the charge of being the author of compositions which in secret he regarded with the highest pride.

Thirty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Taylor first published his "Junius Identified." Sir Philip has died and made no sign—and notwithstanding the strongly-expressed belief of Lady Francis—in the interval not one material circumstance has come to light to strengthen the opinion that her husband and Junius were identical. This goes far of itself to negative the theory, and might almost excuse us from alleging particular reasons against it; but in deference to the very eminent persons—

Mackintosh, Canning, Macaulay, Campbell, and Mahon must be numbered among them—who have expressed themselves convinced, or all but convinced, by the evidence brought forward on behalf of Sir Philip's claim, we propose to notice a few leading objections before dismissing him from view.\*

In the first place, let us see to whom Francis, after he had returned from India, and had obtained a seat in the Commons, was proud to publicly acknowledge his obligations in youth. In his speeches there occur the following allusions to his history:—

In the early part of my life, I had the good fortune to hold a place, very inconsiderable in itself, but immediately under the late Earl of Chatham. He descended from his station to take notice of mine; and he honored me with repeated marks of his favor and protection. How warmly in return I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they who know me, know.—*Jun. Ident.*, 97.

He had been bred up in the Secretary of State's office. . . . In 1763 Mr. Ellis had appointed him to fill a station of great trust in the War Office.—*Ibid.* 32.

From these public demonstrations—voluntarily made, be it observed, and with the air of a man who felt proud to record his obligations—we learn that Lord Chatham and Mr. Ellis were the two principal benefactors of his youth. Now, how does Junius speak of these personages at the very time that Mr. Francis was steadily fulfilling the duties of that "station of great trust" in the War Office? What is his language as to Chatham?

1767.—*April 28.*—"A man purely and perfectly bad." "A traitor." "The artifices, the intrigues, the hypocrisy, and the impudence of his past life." "An abandoned profligate." "The upstart insolence of a dictator." "The patron of sedition, and a zealous advocate for rebellion." "So black a villain." "We have impeachments, and a gibbet is not too honorable a situation for the carcass of a traitor."—*Jun.*, vol. ii., pp. 451-458.

\* We have, while revising these sheets for the press, received the fifth and sixth volumes of Lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. In the fifth (pp. 320-340) there is a most lucid statement of all the chief ascertained facts connected with the authorship of Junius—which, by a train of reasoning singularly close and acute, Lord Mahon endeavors to bring home to Francis. In an argument having truth for its object, there are many advantages in encountering an opponent who can put forth the whole strength of his case, stating his facts with the greatest precision, and urging his reasons with the utmost force. Had time and space permitted, we should like to have fairly shivered a lance with Lord Mahon. As it is, we can only refer to the conclusion he draws from similarity of style; and, lest our own opinion should be accused of prepossession, we oppose to him authorities we are sure he will respect. Dr Parr, noticing the writings of Francis, observes, that, "very faint indeed is their resemblance to the spirit, and in an extended sense of the word to the style of Junius." Mr. Charles Butler, too—a very competent judge—asks, "Where do we find in the writings of Sir Philip those thoughts that breathe, those words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page? a single drop of the *cobra capella* which falls from Junius so often?" That there should be some resemblance is only what might have been anticipated. Francis must have read the letters of Junius as they appeared with great attention, and would naturally and unconsciously catch something of the manner, and retain many of the expressions, of a writer so much admired. The passages adduced from Francis, exhibit, we think, many strokes of the copyist, but not one flash of the spirit of the original.



1767.—*May 28.*—"The Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserve nothing but detestation and contempt."—*Ib.*, 464.

*June 24.*—"The stalking-horse of a stallion."—*Ib.*, 467.

*Sept. 16.*—"A lunatic brandishing a crutch."—*Ib.*, 474.

*Dec. 22.*—"To Lord Chatham we owe the greatest part of our national debt. . . . I cannot bear to see so much incense offered to an idol who so little deserves it."—*Ib.*, 518.

1768.—*Aug. 29.*—"His infirmities have forced him into a retreat, where, I presume, he is ready to suffer, with a sullen submission, every insult and disgrace that can be heaped upon a miserable, decrepit, worn-out, old man."—*Ib.*, iii. 108.

1769.—*Jan. 21.*—"Unfortunately for this country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed because he was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be the patrons of America because they were in opposition."—*Ib.*, i. 394.

Let us see how the unknown speaks of Welbore Ellis :—

1770.—*April 3.*—"The little dignity of Mr. Ellis has been committed." "Welbore Ellis, the Guy Faux of the fable." "Whether he makes or suppresses a motion, he is equally sure of his disgrace." "Little manikin Ellis." "The most contemptible little piece of machinery in the whole kingdom." "The minister took fright, and at the very instant that little Ellis was going to open, sent him an order to sit down."—*Ib.*, ii. 129-30.

1771.—*May 28.*—"Welbore Ellis, what say you?—Speak out, Grildrig."—*Ib.*, 239.

On the supposition that Francis was Junius, we are required to believe that at the most critical period of his life, and when anxiously expecting promotion as the reward of his attention to his duties, he incessantly assailed, with the most virulent and contemptuous abuse, those patrons to whom he was bound not only by the recollection of benefits conferred, but by that gratitude which, according to Sir Robert Walpole, consists in a lively sense of anticipated favors.

There is another argument of a like kind. Mr. Calcraft, the rich army-agent, was the intimate friend of Francis. He exerted his influence to obtain for him the post of under-secretary in the War Office, vacated by the retirement of Mr. D'Oyley; but being unsuccessful, he, on the very day that Francis quitted the War Office, "added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him the sum of 1000*l.*, and an annuity of 250*l.* for life to Mrs. Francis." (*Chat. Cor.*, iv. 195, *n.*) This sufficiently shows the cordiality of their intercourse—which is further proved by the confidential communications Francis was in the habit of making to Mr. Calcraft. (*Ib.*, iii. 444, *n.*) But Junius does not spare Calcraft; he finds out the tender place in his reputation, and there aims his shaft with his accustomed skill and malignity :—

Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he *riots in the plunder of the army*, and has only determined to be a patriot because he could not be a peer?—ii. 357.

The letter in which this sentence occurs bears date October 5, 1771. Francis left the War Office March 20, 1772; so that, if he was Junius, he wantonly made this attack on Calcraft (for the sentence is incidentally introduced) at the very time that he was in kind and confidential intercourse with him, and less than six months previously to

his giving him the munificent proof of friendship mentioned above. *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* To assume that Francis was Junius is to stigmatize him as a monster of treachery.

Even those passages of Junius in which the name of Mr. Francis is expressly mentioned, and on which his advocates rest so much the strength of their case, will, on a candid construction, be found rather to negative than to confirm his authorship. Obviously, it is very unlikely that Junius would have ventured thus publicly to direct attention to himself, and still more unlikely that he would have penned a panegyric on his own "honor and integrity," and "unblemished character." This would have been contrary to his own principle, as, in acknowledging the letters of Philo-Junius, he says that "the subordinate is never *guilty of the indecorum* of praising his principal." Besides, he does not announce the retirement of Francis until three days after it had taken place, and then he writes that Lord Barrington has contrived "*to expel*" him—a misrepresentation which a man so vain as Francis would have been little likely to favor. In an indignant spirit, he *resigned* his post when Mr. Chamier was placed over his head. Had he published any statement on the subject, we may be sure he would not have appeared so insignificant as he does in the page of Junius. Mr. Taylor, in the course of his researches, discovered the following paragraph in the Public Advertiser of January 10, 1772, which he correctly attributes to the pen of Junius :—

We are informed that Mr. D'Oyley has resigned his post of Under-Secretary at War. The resignation of an office is an event so uncommon in these times, that it is worthy of some explanation. When the junto of clerks was formed by Mr. Jenkinson, to transact the business of this country under Lord Bute, Mr. D'Oyley was not considered as one of them; he has never been admitted as one—and consequently has never had given to him pension or reversion, or any of those *douceurs* which every one of those gentry now enjoy. He never had the confidential communication of the office nor even the common official interest in it. *The secretary's place, being, therefore, a mere clerkship of four hundred pounds a year, could neither in advantage nor honor be worth holding to a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman.* Till a proper person belonging to the junto can be spared, the cream-colored cherub, Bradshaw, who is clerk-general and friend at large, is to be stationed in the War Office.

We have seen that Sir Philip Francis described the situation he held in the War Office as a "place of great trust." Is it credible that he—always disposed to rate himself highly—would have spoken of the office above his own, and to the succession of which he in his turn aspired, as "a mere clerkship," which "could neither in advantage nor honor be worth holding to a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman?" Does not the reader, in this one sentence, recognize the different significations which Junius and Francis must have attached to the term "gentleman"—the one already possessed of rank and fortune, the other slowly making his way in the public service by a diligent discharge of the duties of his "place of great trust?"

Much stress has been laid on the fact that Junius ceased to write about the time that Francis quitted the War Office; but between these circumstances there is no natural connexion. Some months previously Junius had determined to close his corre-



spondence with the press, and would most likely have done so but for an accident :—

David Garrick has literally forced me to break my resolution of writing no more.—*Jun.*, i. 238.

On the supposition that Junius was Francis, it is reasonable to suppose that he would, on quitting the War Office, have renewed his attacks on the ministry with greater vigor; but, so far was that event from inspiring him with greater rage, that he actually did not finish the series of letters to Lord Barrington which he had announced. Of the sixteen which he promised, only five appeared. When Francis was employed and grateful, Junius was most energetic in his attempts to damage the government; when Francis was idle and discontented, Junius was silent.

It has been argued that, with the loss of his place, he lost his sources of information; but it is obvious that such facts as Junius disclosed—as that “Lord Mansfield had thrown the ministry into confusion by resigning the Speakership of the Lords,” and that “Sir Edward Hawke had resigned that morning”—could not have been acquired by Francis in the ordinary course of his duties. If he were Junius, he would, after his retirement from the War Office, have had better opportunities, and greater leisure than before, for continuing his attacks on the ministry.

As connected with this subject, we may remark, that while Junius displays knowledge much higher and more various than a subordinate in any public department could have acquired, he does not seem to have had that sort of minute official information concerning the usages of the War Office which Francis must certainly have been possessed of. In his correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius, evidently expecting to catch him *in flagrante delicto*, writes in his most emphatic manner :—

The last and most important question remains. When you receive your half-pay, do you, or do you not, take a solemn oath, or sign a declaration upon honor, to the following effect—*that you do not actually hold any place of profit, civil or military, under his majesty?* The charge which this question plainly conveys against you is of so shocking a complexion that I sincerely wish you may be able to answer it well, not merely for the color of your reputation, but for your own inward peace of mind.—i. 438.

Contrary to the anticipation of Junius, Sir William Draper is able to make a triumphant reply :—

I have a very short answer for Junius' important question; I do not either take an oath, or declare upon honor, that I have no place of profit, civil or military, when I receive the half-pay as an Irish colonel. My most gracious sovereign gives it me as a pension; he was pleased to think I deserved it.—*Ib.*

Had Junius been Francis, he must have known, as first clerk in the War Office, the exact facts of Sir William's position, and of course would not have made an attack which could so easily be repelled.

Francis—“on the principles and in the language of Lord Chatham”—rejoiced that America resisted. Junius made it the main count in his indictment against the great statesman that he encouraged American revolt :—

These were the wretched ministers who served at the altar, whilst the high priest himself, with more than frantic fury, offered up his bleeding country a victim to America.—ii. 512.

Many independent inquirers have avowed their conviction that Junius must have been a man of high station. This was the opinion, we know, of Dr. Good and of Mr. Wilkes, the latter very unlikely, from his knowledge of society and natural shrewdness, to be deceived on that particular point. That he was above pecuniary views is certain, not only from his express declaration, but from his conduct both in refusing any share of the profits of his work, and in assuring Woodfall that in point of money he should never suffer from a state prosecution. All such expressions as that “his rank and fortune placed him above a common bribe,” and that “his name might carry some authority with it,” might, we admit, have been purposely introduced to mislead; but one passage, in a private note to Woodfall, is certainly not open to the same interpretation :—

I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days, or, if I did, *they would attain me by bill*. Change to the Somerset Coffee House, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction.—i. 231.

The alarm betrayed here is too evident to allow us to doubt the writer's sincerity. But can it be maintained that Francis, destitute as he was of rank and fortune, and filling a subordinate government office, could have imagined it possible that the ministry would endeavor to attain *him*? In general terms it may be said that a bill of attainder is a mode of convicting a person of high treason by Act of Parliament. But to justify such a stretch of power, it is understood that the offender, by either flight or concealment, cannot be reached by any ordinary course of justice.\* When Junius says, “I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days,” he obviously refers to the private vengeance which would pursue him; and when he adds, “Or if I did, they would attain me by bill,” he as obviously means that if he sought safety by flight, the government would take that means of visiting him with those penalties of treason—as forfeiture of estate—which are independent of injury to the person. On all legal matters Junius displayed a sound judgment; and it is surely a supposition altogether incredible that he would have felt and have expressed this apprehension at the probability of attainder, had he not known that he was of sufficient consequence to justify the ministry in moving Parliament against him. From the very nature of the proceeding, it must be aimed at the position and fortune, rather than at the person, of the obnoxious party. Junius had probably the cases of Ormonde and Bolingbroke in his mind; and, if his rank was in any degree equal to theirs, we can well understand his alarm at the thought of incurring that forfeiture which was decreed against them. We are persuaded that the more this argument is considered, the more strongly will it be found to weigh against the title of Francis. It is capable of proof that Junius was not a member of

\* The memorable case of Sir John Fenwick may, perhaps, be regarded as an exception to the rule. Shortly before he was tried for high treason the Act of 7 & 8 Wm. III. was passed, requiring two witnesses to every indictment for that crime. On his trial only one witness could be produced against him, and therefore it was found impossible to procure a conviction. But that he might not escape, a bill of attainder was brought into Parliament, which passed after great opposition, and he was accordingly attainted and executed.



either House of Parliament, and to assign him a rank which would reasonably account for his extreme dread of attain, we could scarcely place him lower than the next in succession to a peerage.

The vanity of Francis was notorious. "It was not in *his* nature," says Dr. Parr, "to keep a secret. He would have told it from vanity, or from his courage, or from his patriotism." Sir Egerton Brydges came to the same conclusion—"He was too vain a man to let the secret die with him." This is the opinion of those who knew Francis most intimately. We are assured, by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, that, dining one day with George Cholmondeley, who married Francis' sister, the conversation turned on Junius, when, after some animated discourse, Cholmondeley took our informant aside, and said, "I know Francis well—as you may suppose—being his brother-in-law, and I am certain that if he could avow the authorship, his vanity is so intense, that to obtain one tenth of the glory, he has courage to brave all the unpleasant consequences that might follow the avowal."

In the writings and speeches of Francis we find not a trace of that sarcastic and blighting humor, sometimes degenerating into ribaldry, and often into caricature, which is so noticeable in Junius. Francis knew not how to unbend, and was never, by any chance, playful or humorous. In his contests with Hastings he had the strong incentives of personal hatred and disappointed ambition to put forth the whole pith of his resources; he was in the prime of life; his intellect was matured, and his passions had lost none of their force. Yet neither in his speeches, nor in his numerous writings, is it possible to discover the ratiocinative powers and ardent eloquence which distinguished Junius.

It may be urged, that if, as we assume, the true author has not yet been named, there is little chance of the discovery now being made, as every succeeding year must scatter fresh dust on his trail. In this view we are not disposed to concur. We rather think that the critic is in a much better position for satisfactorily discussing the question at present than he could have been at any previous time, as recent publications have so materially added to our knowledge of the secret history of the early part of George III.'s reign. Thus we have the very valuable Chatham Correspondence, containing two characteristic letters privately addressed by Junius to that great statesman; the Bedford Correspondence, edited by Lord John Russell; the Life of the first Lord Lyttelton, which, though of no great value, yet contains some facts material to the inquiry; besides a number of other works, from most of which some hint may be gained to set investigation on the right track.\* It is from evidence thus incidentally gathered that the identity of Junius must be proved, we think, if ever it be proved at all; for, from the obscurity in which from the first he studiously shrouded himself, from the solemn declaration to which we alluded, and even from the motto he chose for the collected edition of his Letters—*Stat Nominis Umbra*—it is morally certain that he effaced, to the utmost extent of his power, every clue which could lead to his discovery. This circumstance strongly favors the presumption that he was a principal, and not a subordinate, actor in the

events of his day; no inferior personage could have had so much personal motive as Junius confesses to, for incurring the risks and labors of his lengthened correspondence, or could have felt such extreme anxiety to carry his secret with him to his grave.

We are far from considering, then, that further inquiry is hopeless; on the contrary, we must express our conviction that one name—to which a singular and almost romantic interest is attached—has been most unaccountably overlooked. But before we proceed to give it prominence, it may be well to clear the ground by a few words more as to those qualities which we should expect to see united in the real Junius. We agree generally in the character which Dr. Mason Good has drawn of him. From his own avowal, from his Dedication to the *English* nation, and from the pride with which he frequently speaks of himself as an *English* gentleman, the land of his birth may be incontestably inferred; nor can more doubt be affected as to his advantages of education and position. But that he was of mature age, not less than fifty, and strict in his moral conduct, seems to us more than questionable; and in differing on these points from so candid an inquirer as Woodfall's editor, it is but fair that we should state the reasons which influence us.

If we hold that he was advanced in life, we must suppose either that the splendid talents he evinced as Junius lay dormant during all that period of youth and manhood when usually the intellect is most active and most adventurous, or that, in his letters to the *Public Advertiser*, he contrived to baffle inquiry by assuming a style and sentiments totally different from those which had characterized his past career. Both these suppositions are inadmissible. Junius, whoever he was, could not have remained without mark of likelihood until "mature age;" and as nothing is more difficult, we might say impossible, than to disguise, through a long series of compositions, those features of the mind which we term *style*—*le style c'est l'homme*—it seems certain that the daring satirist would have been readily detected had any writings of consequence previously proceeded from his pen, or had he figured in any department of public life. Besides, it has been justly observed, that there is discernible in his writings a marked and continuous improvement. In his first essays he seems to be feeling his way, unconscious of his powers; we trace almost from his first letter to his last an intellectual growth and development commonly observable in youthful writers, but never in those whose minds are set, and whose capacities have reached their meridian. The very plan and execution of these letters are inconsistent with the prudence of age. To suppose Junius a reverend gray-headed censor would be to fall into the trap he designedly laid for Wilkes when he sarcastically spoke of his age and figure doing little credit to a fair partner at a civic ball.

In the letters themselves, we think there is direct evidence to show that Junius was both a young and a dissolute man. His letter, in answer to Junia, which he was afterwards so careful to suppress, is almost conclusive on both points. The penetration of Mr. Caleb Whiteford detected the vicious features of Junius beneath the moral mask he assumed.

Of all kinds of abuse, wrote that ingenious gentleman, *private scandal* seems to be his favorite morsel.

\* The Grenville Papers, announced for publication, will, most likely, add very materially to the knowledge we at present possess.



Junius lays hold of a scandalous anecdote with as much keenness as a spider seizes an unfortunate fly ; he crawls forth from the dark hole where he lay concealed ; how eagerly he clutches it ! with what a malicious pleasure he drags it along ! his eyes gloat upon it with cruel delight ; he winds it round and round with his cobweb rhetoric, and sucks the very heart-blood of family peace.—*Jun.*, iii. 218.

This is true of the letters which Junius acknowledged, and yet more true of his unavowed compositions. Had the clue which Mr. Whiteford threw out been followed—had Junius been sought in those haunts where private scandal finds most ready acceptance—where virtues, in his own phrase, *degrade*—it is very unlikely that we should now be discussing the question of his identity. Whence are the favorite images and expressions of Junius drawn ? How is it that he illustrates the indifference of ministers to the fate of England ?—

Away they go : one retires to his country house ; another is engaged at a horse-race ; a third has an appointment with a prostitute ; and as to their country, they leave her, like a cast-off mistress, to perish under the diseases they have given her.—iii. 98.

When the Great Seal is put into commission (Feb. 2, 1768), Junius, commenting on the obscure station of the commissioners, is of opinion that Lord Chatham could have been no party to their appointment :—

Whatever may be his faults, a man of spirit could no more lend his office than he could his mistress to the purposes of prostitution ; much less would he descend to take either of them back again with a public mark of infamy upon them.—iii. 6.

It is thus he discusses the appointment of a new Secretary :—

Who is to be the Secretary of State is not yet known, for we all agree that Lord Suffolk has too much sense and spirit to prostitute his virgin character in such a \*\*\*\*\* [brothel ?] as St. James'. When a beautiful woman yields to temptation, let her consult her pride though she forget her virtue. To be corrupted by such a *maquereau* as Whateley would turn the appetite of Moll Flanders.—iii. 310.

We dare not stain our page with specimens of those baser insinuations in which Junius delighted to indulge—but the curious reader will find, by referring to the volumes of Woodfall, enough to convince him that the mind must have been essentially depraved which could have obtruded such revolting matters upon the public. Junius acknowledges in a note to his printer one letter (iii. 418) more than commonly offensive, and exultingly declares that it "has taken greatly." It is one proof among others of how much he mixed in society, that he became aware what impression his letters had made within a few hours of their publication. This moral satirist is careful to distinguish between vice and the open exhibition of it. His complaint against the Duke of Grafton is "not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad ; it is not the private indulgence, but the public insult." (i. 499.) The sentiment is repeated under another signature :—

I will not call the amusements of a young man criminal, though I think they become his age better than his station. Making every allowance for the frailty of human nature, I can make none for a continued breach of public decorum.—iii. 169.

Far from conceiving that Junius was himself

remarkable for the strictness of his moral conduct, we are rather inclined to class him with those (not few) patriots who devote themselves to the regeneration of their country when they have become bankrupt in character by a shameless pursuit of sensual pleasures. Alcibiades, not contented with blazoning on his shield a Cupid wielding a thunderbolt, exhibited to the people he aspired to rule a picture of himself revelling in the arms of a courtesan. The genius and fortune of Cæsar rescued him from the stews of Rome, but not before they had fouled his name. More modern times are full of like instances. The great Puritan hero Pym was notorious for his intrigues. Bolingbroke was as lax in his morals as in his politics. Wilkes, the noisiest patriot, was the coarsest profligate of his time. Churchill scoffed at all social restraint. "Mirabeau," in the words of Lamartine, "was, at the foot of the tribune, devoid of truth or shame, and abandoned to private debauchery." Such men, restrained by no scruple, and often urged forward by personal embarrassment, found little difficulty in gaining the suffrages of the mob, who are, even in our own day, ready to overlook all the vices of their favorites in consideration of the zeal they profess for the popular cause. When patriots of this character feel confident of support, they are rarely wanting in energy to advance their turbulent schemes. Despised at first for their dissolute life, and their inaptitude for grave pursuits, they throw into their political career all the ardor of temperament which had formerly disgraced them in their crapulous courses. They rise from a luxurious banquet, from the fascination of the gaming-table, or from amorous revels, to shake senates by their eloquence, or to organize conspiracies by their arts. The higher order of intellects have not unfrequently conquered every desire which could interfere with the prosecution of their ambitious views, though they have rarely, if ever, got the better of that laxity of principle in public affairs which naturally results from a disregard of moral obligations. But often, in men of the strongest passions, the contest between sensual passion and intellectual effort keeps the mind in a state of feverish excitement, and is maintained through the eventful and rapid course of a meteoric life.

That Junius was closely attached to the Grenville connexion is so obvious as to have struck every inquirer. The head of that party in the Commons is never mentioned by him, in any one of his numerous disguises, but with honor and eulogy. He is described not only as "an able financier," but as "great and good"—"invulnerable to censure." His judgment is characterized as "shrewd and inflexible ;" his credit with the public as "equally extensive and secure." His "weight and authority in Parliament" are said to be acknowledged by his opponents, and, above all, he is extolled for his consistency :—

You have universally adhered to one cause, one language—and when your friends deserted that cause they deserted you. They who dispute the rectitude of your opinions admit that your conduct has been uniform, manly, and consistent. . . . While Parliament preserves its constitutional authority, you will preserve yours. As long as there is a real representation of the people, you will be heard in that great assembly with attention, deference, and respect.—iii. 195.

Inconstant as Junius was in his political attach-



ments and enmities, he never varied in his admiration for Mr. Grenville, and he stood by his principles—even at the hazard of sharing in the unpopularity which the first successes of the American insurgents brought on them.

Of other distinguished members of the Grenville connexion Junius rarely speaks. We cannot recollect that he once mentions the name of Lord Temple, though he reproaches Chatham with sacrificing “his brother.” Nor is there more than one allusion to Lord Lyttelton—but that one shows a perfect knowledge of his lordship’s sentiments, and is artfully designed to shake the cordial friendship which Junius well knew subsisted between that amiable peer and Lord Mansfield:—

Lord Lyttelton’s integrity and judgment are unquestionable, yet he is known to admire that cunning Scotchman, and verily believes him an honest man.—  
ii. 305.

The Grenville party is constantly assumed by Junius to be the only one worthy the confidence of the country. When Chatham stands apart from it, Junius thinks “a gibbet not too honorable for the carcass of a traitor.” When united again to Temple and Lyttelton, the pen of Junius contributes to reward “the great leader of opposition,” and “to gather recorded honors round his monument.” Camden, when the chancellor of the Chatham ministry, is denounced as an “apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country.” As “Judge Jefferies,” he is made to say that he is “all for liberty or all for anarchy;” and he is described as having “the laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to the murder of the constitution.” But when he resigns office and joins Chatham in opposition, Junius turns to him as “a character fertile in every great and good qualification.” Wilkes, when in opposition to the Grenvilles, is mentioned as “a man of no sort of consequence in his own person,” and as “a most infamous character in private life;” but as he becomes serviceable to the Grenville party by embarrassing the government on the Middlesex election, Junius condescends to be his apologist, and graciously tells him that the wound he once gave him is healed, and that “the scar shall be no disgrace.” Even the rancor of Junius towards the king may almost certainly be referred to his majesty’s dislike of Grenville and Temple, and his fixed resolution to exclude the former from his councils.

The date when Junius began his labors indicates his prime motive:—

It was on the 28th of April, in the year 1767, that the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall received, amidst other letters from a great number of correspondents, for the use of the Public Advertiser, of which he was proprietor, the first public address of this celebrated writer.

So writes the Woodfall editor. This was about nine months after Lord Chatham had formed that “chequered and speckled administration” which is remembered to this day as an example of the folly of attempting to unite in one government men of the most opposite principles and dispositions. But to achieve this chimera Chatham sacrificed not only the political connexions but the private attachments of his life. It was this conduct which drew on Chatham the not undeserved reproach of Junius,

and, so far as we can gather from a fair consideration of his earlier efforts, which prompted Junius to appeal to the public in the columns of Woodfall’s newspaper.\*

Of all the friends of Chatham, George Lord Lyttelton was the one who had most reason to feel aggrieved by his desertion. Their connexion had been formed very early in life, and together they had fought the “great Walpolean battles.” Their “historic friendship,” as Horace Walpole styles it, had indeed been interrupted on the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754; and the offence of Lyttelton in presuming to act for himself was so far resented by Pitt and Temple in the day of their power that he was excluded from their ministry; but when, on the accession of George III., a new actor appeared on the political stage in the person of Lord Bute, and Pitt with Temple resigned, they composed their quarrel with Lyttelton, and “the brothers” were to all appearance as cordially united as ever.

Of his fidelity to his engagements with Pitt, Lyttelton gave a striking proof when he refused to take the head of the treasury in 1765, though pressingly solicited by the Duke of Cumberland, and assured of the support of the king, of the Duke of Newcastle, and of the whole court party. He declined on the express ground that no efficient ministry could be formed without the assistance of Pitt. When again pressed to take “the cabinet with any honorable and lucrative office he pleased,” his reply was that “he should have been willing and happy to take part in any arrangement if Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple had been at the head of it.” (*Mem. Lyt.*, 682.) That he considered his interests as bound up with theirs, and expected to be included in any ministerial arrangements framed by either of them, is certain from what he writes to his brother William, then governor of South Carolina. (*Ibid.*) After relating the tempting offers which had been made him, he proceeds:—

I must here inform you that Mr. Pitt, with the warm concurrence of Lord Temple, had meant to bring me into the cabinet in a very high office, if their system had taken place; and as honorable mention had been made of me to the king by Mr. Pitt, in one of his audiences, before Lord Temple refused.

Referring to the Chatham Correspondence for confirmation of these statements, we find that Mr. Pitt, in a letter dated June 30, 1765, considers

\* We observe that those critics of Junius who wish to support the pretensions of particular persons, and who find in Woodfall’s edition some letters which are fatal to their favorites, wholly set those letters aside as the product of some other pen. Thus the advocates of Francis find it convenient to reject the letters signed *Atticus*, (though from the evidence of style alone they unquestionably belong to Junius,) because they abuse Chatham; and those who incline to the authorship of Lord George Sackville would reject that composition in which sarcastic allusion is made to his predilection for the *rear*. In opposition to all such purely fanciful conjectures we have the express declaration of Woodfall’s editor, that in the collected letters are included only those unacknowledged compositions of Junius “which are indisputably genuine.” We have so much confidence in this declaration that we are disposed to maintain the perfect integrity of the text of the three-volume edition, and are unwilling to allow the alteration or omission of a single sentence there attributed to Junius. We are quite sure that this is the spirit in which an inquiry into the authorship should be conducted; and, let us add, we are happy to see that on this most important point we have with us the opinion of Lord Mahon.



himself "fortunate to have done himself the honor to mention as he ought the name of Lord Lyttelton;" and so strong was Lyttelton's influence with Pitt accounted at this time, that General Conway solicited his good offices as the surest road to the favor of the expected premier.

When the negotiations with Pitt and Temple were broken off, and the Rockingham ministry was formed, Lyttelton was once more pressed by the Duke of Cumberland to take part in the new arrangements; but the only result was a yet more decisive declaration from Lyttelton that he could not think of separating himself from Pitt and Temple in any system of administration. (*Ib.*, 685.)

When, then, on the dismissal of the Rockingham ministry, exactly one year later, Pitt was sent for by the king, and reöpened his negotiations with Temple, great must have been the indignation of Lyttelton to find that Pitt intended to overlook him. Pitt and Temple had both interviews with the king, and subsequently held a conference on the arrangements to be adopted. The earl seems to have expected that he was to come in on equal terms with Mr. Pitt—more especially as he found he was destined for the head of the treasury, while Pitt took the side office of Privy Seal. He was undeceived when Pitt produced a list of persons with whom he proposed to fill up the cabinet. Temple on this protested that, though for the sake of union he was willing to sacrifice his brother, George Grenville—who would nevertheless give all the support in his power to the new ministry—he could never consent to enter the cabinet as its head without having an equal share in the nomination to offices—or, in his own words, that he would not "go in like a child to come out like a fool." An authentic account of this conference was published under the immediate superintendence of Temple, and from it we find that the parties finally disagreed on the mention of Lyttelton's name by that peer for a principal post in the government:—

Mr. Pitt asked who those persons were whom his lordship intended for some of the cabinet employments? His lordship answered that one in particular was a noble lord of approved character and known abilities who had last year refused the very office now offered to him, (Lord Temple,) though pressed to it in the strongest manner by the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Newcastle, and whom, being their common friend, he did not doubt Mr. Pitt himself had in contemplation. This worthy and respectable person was Lord Lyttelton. At the conclusion of this sentence Mr. Pitt said, "Good God! *how can you compare him to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, and Mr. Conway?*" Besides," continued he, "I have taken the Privy Seal, and he cannot have that." Lord Temple then mentioned the post of Lord President; upon which Mr. Pitt said that could not be, for he had engaged the presidency. "But," says he, "Lord Lyttelton *may have a pension.*" To which Lord Temple immediately answered that would never do, nor would he stain the bud of his administration with an accumulation of pensions.—*Almon's Chatham*, ii. 25, 26.

The conference ended with Lord Temple's declaring that he would take no part in the proposed arrangements, and that he considered himself ill-treated, as Mr. Pitt plainly wished to be sole dictator.

In excuse of Pitt, it has been said that he was not himself at the time. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was himself exaggerated. At that critical period, as at some others, the irritabil-

ity of disease placed in bolder relief the despotic and contemptuous character of his mind. Though he was certainly superior to any sordid views, we cannot be surprised that the injured parties should have conceived he had sacrificed his friends and his principles to the place, the pension, and the peerage which he obtained by his union with the Duke of Grafton. Lord Lyttelton, in particular, must have felt Pitt's conduct as not only injurious, but insulting. He might have endured exclusion from office, but he could scarcely be expected to forgive the scornful style of the rejection, coupled with the offer of a pension. Certainly no personage of the time had such strong ground for resentment against the new Privy Seal as Lord Lyttelton, nor *primâ facie* could the early letters of Junius be attributed to any one with more probability than to some immediate connection of his lordship's.

Lord Lyttelton at this time had a son, who, to all his father's motives for resentment, added an active spirit, ambitious desires, an impetuous, ungovernable temper, and very great abilities. At the period when Junius began his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, Thomas Lyttelton was in his 24th year; and though it was not until his father's death, seven years subsequently, that he appeared to the world as a political character, and dazzled and amazed the House of Lords by his brilliant oratory, yet those who knew him intimately discerned very early the superiority of his genius, and gave him credit, even while plunged in profligacy, for qualities which would conduct him to eminence should he ever resolve on doing justice to himself. Unfortunately, few materials exist for an authentic sketch, however brief, of his life. For several years previous to his accession to his father's honors, he studiously shrouded his movements in obscurity—frequently concealing his residence from his friends. That his time—notwithstanding his dissolute reputation—must have been largely spent in intellectual exercises, is certain from the profound knowledge and matured political sentiment he displayed on his first appearance in public life. But how he acquired that supreme and undoubting confidence in his powers, which distinguished his very earliest speeches in the lords, and raised, even more than their splendid and lofty style, the astonishment of his contemporaries, has never, that we recollect, been touched on. His course was as rapid and eccentric as it was ardent and dazzling; and when he suddenly disappeared in the zenith of his energy—leaving behind him strange rumors of supernatural agency—men marvelled as at some strange thing which passed their comprehension, and left his life, his fame, his character, and his death, a riddle for some future age to solve.

Shortly after his decease a collection of letters was published with his name. The authenticity of these compositions was impugned by his executors, but without any reason assigned; and, as it was impossible that they could be cognizant of all the letters he had ever written, we may suppose that their assertion was rather designed to prevent unpleasant discussion than founded on any certain knowledge. The publication was generally received as genuine at the time, and rapidly ran through a number of editions—a second volume being soon added to the first. These letters have since been attributed to the pen of William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. That he gave them to the press—as he was, we believe, at one time known to Thomas Lyttelton—is likely



enough; and it is probable also, that he tampered with them in a very unwarrantable manner. Indeed, we do not think it would be difficult to distinguish his buffoonish interpolations. But that the letters are substantially genuine we make no manner of doubt. It would lead us too far out of our way to establish at this point our assertion by particular proofs. Suffice it for the present to say that the general style and matter of the letters are far above any powers Combe ever possessed. Genius of the highest order frequently shines forth in them, and yet more, they are marked by the struggles of a nature disturbed by its own evil passions—by a conflict between the elements of good and evil, raging in a mind of singular force and capacity, which an imitative or fictitious pen could hardly have portrayed. We pray, therefore, that we may be allowed to proceed on the supposition that these letters are genuine—as evidence that they are so will arise naturally as we go on.

Thomas Lyttelton, the only son of George, the first lord, was born on the 30th of January, 1744. He was educated at Eton—and in the Supplement to Nash's History of Worcestershire we find it stated :—

Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, had *great parts* and *great ambition*. Dr. Barnard, the schoolmaster at Eton, told me that when they were both under his care he often compared the abilities of Charles Fox with those of Mr. Lyttelton, and thought the latter *greatly superior*.

If we are to take this passage in its literal sense, the comparison could hardly have been a fair one, as Lyttelton was by five years the senior of Fox. But the remark was probably made by Dr. Barnard after both had attained public eminence; and then, looking back at their scholastic career, he would only recollect which had distinguished himself most highly, and had given him the impression of superior parts. Dr. Barnard was not singular in his opinion. Earl Temple, in an affectionate letter to Thomas Lyttelton on the death of his father, says, "I have in *very early days* acknowledged and done justice to your talents." (*Chat. Cor.*, iv. 222.) It was natural that his father should watch his juvenile progress with the fondest hope. "Little Tom is at Eton, and very happy there," he writes under date of May 5, 1758, (*Mem. Lyt.*, 611;) a year later we find him expressing delight "in the promise afforded by the opening talents of his son." (614.) In the summer of 1759 he made a tour through Scotland as far as Inverary, accompanied by Thomas, then in his sixteenth year. Writing to his brother William, he says :—

Much the greatest pleasure I had in my tour was from the company of my son, and from the approbation, (I might say admiration,) which his figure, behavior, and parts drew from all sorts of people wherever we went. Indeed, his mother has given him her *don de plaire*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man except you.—*Mem. Lyt.*, 623.

To this tour we find occasional references in Mrs. Montague's letters to Lord Lyttelton. Under date of August, 1759, she writes :—

Your lordship's commendations of Mr. Lyttelton not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and predicted on this subject.—*Mon. Let.*, iv. 231.

By this time, indeed, the youth seems to have been one of her most esteemed correspondents, for in another letter to his father she says :—

Mr. Lyttelton is a charming painter; his views of Scotland appear as the scenes of Salvator Rosa would do were they copied by Claude, whose sweet and lovely imagination would throw fine colors over the darkest parts, and give grace to the rudest objects. I design at some time to visit Scotland, but I do not expect more pleasure from Nature's pencil than I have had from his pen. I can trust with equal confidence and delight to all you say of him. Pray God preserve you to guide him, and preserve him to make you happy.—*Ib.*, iv. 248.

At nineteen we find Thomas Lyttelton dining with the Duke of Newcastle, the Rockinghams, and a distinguished political circle at Claremont; and about the same time a suitable marriage was arranged for him with Miss Warburton, a young lady of good family, of great personal attractions, and of considerable fortune. As, however, it was found impossible to make the necessary settlements until he came of age, it was resolved, in compliance with the wish of his uncle, Sir Richard Lyttelton, that he should travel on the Continent for a twelvemonth—Sir Richard agreeing to bear the whole charges of his tour. In the letters of Thomas Lyttelton it is said: "To give me every means of gratification, the *family purse* was lavishly held forth; I was left almost without control in point of expense." (xi.) This is in substance the account given by Lord Lyttelton in a letter to his brother, (*Mem. Lyt.*, 642,) and the agreement is remarkable, as it is very unlikely that any one out of the immediate circle of the family could have known that the expenses of the tour came from the "family purse," instead of being borne by Lord Lyttelton himself. Thomas must have left home in the summer of 1763, being then little more than nineteen, as his father writes under date of September 27 of that year :—

He is just setting out from France to go to Italy, and I hope next summer to come to him at Florence, and make with him the tour of the Milanese, part of Germany, and all Switzerland, by the end of October.—*Mem. Lyt.*, 642.

Freed from parental control, the traveller plunged into the excesses of continental life with all the natural ardor of his character. His projected marriage was broken off, probably from some reports of his dissipation reaching the ears of the young lady's friends. His father simply observes :—

My son is in France, where I believe he will stay till about the beginning of April. His match is off. If you will ask the reason, I can give it you in no better words than those of Rochefoucault, who says that *une femme est un bénéfice qui oblige à la résidence*.—*Ib.*, 663.

As this letter was written 1st of January, 1765, Thomas must have already exceeded his leave of absence. In a later letter the old lord laments his dissipation, extravagance, and gaming in Italy, but consoles himself with the reflection that—

By his letters it appears that there is a *great energy and force in his understanding*; and as his faults are only those of most of our young travellers, I hope his return into England, and cool reflection on the mischief of his past follies, will enable his reason to get the better of any recent ill habits contracted by him abroad, and that the natural goodness of his heart will give a right turn to the *vivacity of his passions*.—664.



By the summer of this year, (1765,) young Lyttelton had returned to England, as we find that he took part in a juvenile mask at Stowe, and wrote some graceful and fanciful lines for the occasion. They were spoken by a little girl in the character of Queen Mab, and pay a very eloquent compliment to the political abilities of the host, Earl Temple. In conclusion they exhort his lordship to

Haste, be great,  
Rule and uphold our sinking state.

From this date we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton. However much he might have hurt his father by his conduct, he appears *always to have regarded him with sincere respect and affection*. His imprudence sometimes involved him in difficulty; he frequently shifted his residence, and occasionally lived in complete seclusion. But when he chose to appear in the world his talents made him welcome in the most distinguished circles of the day. Mr. Pennington, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Carter*, (i. 430,) speaks of him as possessing "*great abilities generally very ill applied*," and as being, "when he pleased, the delight of the first and most select societies"—among others that at Mrs. Vesey's, in which, "with his usual inconsistency," he seemed to find special pleasure. To Mrs. Carter, we are told, he paid a great deal of attention, and she, in return, "admired his talents

MR. LYTTELTON, 18th May, 1768.

Unequal as I am, Sir, to the task of suggesting anything to the House that may be deserving of its attention, I cannot help saying, if we are to enter upon any business at all, that there are matters more deserving of our attention than this affair of Mr. Wilkes.—*Cavendish Debates*, p. 27.

Lyttelton's speech, it is evident, was wholly in the Grenville interest, and we have Walpole's testimony to the favorable effect it produced on the House:—

Young Mr. Lyttelton, only son of Lord Lyttelton, urging with decency that the time was not proper, while the case was depending in the courts below, the previous question was put and carried; yet not a word was uttered in Wilkes' favor. Mr. Lyttelton, who soon after lost his seat, his election being contested, had *parts and knowledge*, and conciliated much favor by that first essay; but his character was uncommonly odious and profligate, and his life a grievous course of mortification to his father.—*Geo. III.*, iii. 216.

For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. That he was ambitious of distinction in political life; that, like his father, then in opposition to the Grafton cabinet, he was closely attached to the Grenville connexion; and that he was eager to see the ministry expelled from office, we may safely affirm; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that with his ardent temper and active intellect he should have appealed to the public in the only way open to him, and have expressed his indignation at that conduct of Lord Chatham which had prevented his father from filling an honorable and influential post in the ministry, and which had shut himself out from political life. As Lord Chatham secluded himself from the

and elegant manners, as much as she detested his vices."

His relations, anxious no doubt that he should have some legitimate employment for the talents thus acknowledged, made great exertions to return him for the borough of Bewdley at the general election of 1768. To secure his election several "occasional burgesses" were made, contrary to the statute, and a petition was presented against his return. It appears from the journals of the House that he was unseated on the 28th of January, 1769. Lord Barrington and Mr. Rigby were in the House during the trial of his election, but there is nothing to show what part they took on the occasion.

The short time he was allowed to retain his seat was not unimproved by him. On the eighth day after the meeting of Parliament, (May 18, 1768,) he delivered his maiden speech, which was so generally applauded, and had so good an effect, that it immediately restored him to the arms of his father. The question before the House was the outlawry of Mr. Wilkes, and from the meagre outline of Mr. Lyttelton's address, given in the *Cavendish Debates*, we find he argued that the case of Mr. Wilkes was too insignificant in itself to engage so much of the attention of the House, as accounts had been received of redoubled violences in America, and the safety of the country required a strong government. This was exactly the tone of Junius at that time:—

JUNIUS, 5th April, 1768.

I think there is reason enough to apprehend that Mr. Wilkes would never have been permitted to go such lengths, if all were well between the ministry and the Earl of Bute. Mr. Wilkes, being a man of no sort of consequence in his own person, can never be supported but by keeping up the cry.—*Junius*, iii. 33.

ministry the resentment of Junius softened; when he withdrew from the government it ceased; and when he was cordially reconciled to Lords Temple and Lyttelton, it was converted into admiration. The change is not surprising when we consider the uncompromising terms in which Lord Chatham, in a letter addressed to Lord Lyttelton towards the close of 1770, expressed his hostility to the government:—

The country is on the brink of a precipice, and my ideas may go beyond the notions of some in point of prudence, but if I err it is upon cool reflection. The veil must be stripped which covers the supine neglect or wicked treachery of the court, and government be awakened and stimulated to our defence.—(*Mem. Lyt.*, 761.)

We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the *Public Advertiser*; but just as Junius concluded his "great work," Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house, and Chatham was one of the first to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the event:—

Burton Pynsent, Feb. 16, 1772.

MY DEAR LORD—The sincere satisfaction I feel, on what I hear of Mr. Lyttelton's return, with all the dispositions you could wish, will not allow me to be silent on so interesting an event. Accept, my dear lord, my felicitations upon these happy beginnings, together with every wish that this opening of light may ripen into the perfect day. . . . May you never again know anguish from such a wound to your comfort, but the remaining period of your days derive as much



felicity from the return as you suffered pain from the deviation.

It is worth notice that Lord Chatham wrote this letter within one month of the private communication addressed to him by Junius, referring to his attack on Lord Mansfield. In the Chatham Correspondence (iv. 194, 195) the signature of Junius appears on one page, and the next is occupied with the answer of Lord Lyttelton to Chatham's congratulations:—

I give you a thousand thanks for your very kind felicitations on the return of my son, who appears to be returned not only to me but to a rational way of thinking and a dutiful conduct, in which, if he perseveres, it will gild with some joy the evening of my life.

The contiguity of these letters is not, we admit, very material, but it shows that Mr. Lyttelton was in London, and in close communication with his family, at the time that Junius was most actively engaged in closing his anonymous career, and expressing to Chatham his sentiments of respect and esteem.

We see no reason to doubt that Thomas Lyttelton, when he returned to his father, was perfectly sincere in his resolution to renounce those connexions and habits which had so deeply stained his character; but he seemed destined to be an example of that proverb of Zoroaster, quoted in his letters, which says that "there are a hundred opportunities of doing ill every day, but that the opportunity of doing well comes only once a year." While he remained single, there appeared some excuse for his excesses, and some hope that marriage would reform them; for "marriage is a point," says Junius to the Duke of Grafton, "where every rake is stationary at last." This seems to have been Lord Lyttelton's idea, as, very soon after the reconciliation, an alliance was arranged between Mr. Lyttelton and Mrs. Peach, a lady who stood very high in the peer's good graces. She was the daughter of Mr. Broome Witts, a gentleman, according to one account, engaged in trade in the city; and as she married Colonel Peach, Governor of Bombay, on the eve of his departure for India, there can be little doubt that considerations of interest had induced her to enter into that ill-assorted union. On the death of Colonel Peach, in India, she returned to England, and took up her abode at Leasowes, lately the residence of the poet Shenstone, where, most likely, from near vicinage to Hagley, she became acquainted with Lord Lyttelton. We know not what credit is to be given to a collection of letters issued under the title of "The Correspondence," and purporting to contain the epistles which passed between his lordship and his fair neighbor. They are full of the high-flown sentiment in fashion at that day; but are otherwise quite harmless. Mrs. Peach was still young, handsome, had a good jointure, and seems to have been very amiable. Lord Lyttelton was probably happy in securing so agreeable a partner for his son; but he could scarcely have chosen worse, as there was nothing in her character to secure the respect of so high a mind as Thomas Lyttelton's. Her station, besides, was very inferior to his own. To impartial observers, the marriage must have looked singularly unpromising; but, whether from reckless indifference or from a disposition to oblige his father, the young man made no objection to it, and it was celebrated

on the 26th of June, 1772. For some months afterwards Mr. Lyttelton took up his residence with his bride at the town-house of his father in Hill Street.

Junius addressed his last letter to the public Advertiser on the 12th of May, 1772, six weeks previous to Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. In that letter Junius says, "I am just returned from a visit in a certain part of Berkshire, near which I found Lord Barrington had spent his Easter holidays." The family of Mrs. Peach was settled at Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the county adjoining Berks; and nothing could be more likely than that Mr. Lyttelton should have paid a visit to her relatives, while the arrangements for their marriage were in progress.

We cannot find exactly how long Mr. Lyttelton continued to reside with his wife, but certainly not more than a few months. When he left her, we conjecture that he went to the continent, as he was abroad on the death of his father, in August, 1773. It was on the latter event that Earl Temple addressed to the young peer that affectionate letter from which we have already extracted a few words. It shows that, however heavy might be the faults of Thomas Lyttelton, he had never been alienated from his father's friends, nor lost their hopeful opinion:—

You have an hereditary right, not only to my affection but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; *THE GREAT FIGURE you may yet make depends upon yourself.* Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of his age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long stifled and depressed his abilities. Forgive an old man, and, *by affection a kind of parent*, the hint he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently wishes to see what your lordship calls his partiality justified by a conduct which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

TEMPLE.

At the commencement of the next session (opened on 13th January, 1774) the young peer took his seat in the Lords, and at once distinguished himself as a powerful and accomplished speaker. The first question in which he took a prominent part was an appeal case on the right of authors by common law to a perpetual property in their works. At that day it was considered that the last appeal from the refinements and subtleties of the law should be to the plain common sense of the peers; and Lyttelton, who, like Junius, entertained the strongest jealousy of what in one of his speeches he termed the "professional subtlety and low cunning of lawyers," signalized his first address in the Lords by an argument, affirming the right of authors, in opposition to Lord Camden and Chancellor Apsley. The question was carried against him; but some months later he warmly supported a bill, affirming the common-law right of authors; and his speech on that occasion is a strong proof of the zeal he felt for the interests of literature, and of the pains he took to strengthen his case. We also find him early in the session strenuously supporting a bill to make perpetual George Grenville's Act for settling Controverted Elections; that Act which Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, expressed his approval of, and which he considered was, or might be made, "a sufficient guard against any gross or flagrant offences" in the way of bribery. (*Jun.*, i. 286.)



The first act of Lord Lyttelton, in the more stirring politics of the period, was an attempt to induce the members of opposition to concur in an absolute submission to Lord Chatham's authority. He considered union to be of such paramount importance to the very safety of the country, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk to ob-

tain it. Under date of May 17, 1774, he addressed a letter to Earl Temple, which we place by the side of the last letter Junius wrote to Woodfall, that our readers may judge whether they cannot recognize the same tones in Junius who makes his exit at one wing of the political stage, and in Lyttelton who enters upon it at another :—

JUNIUS to WOODFALL.

Jan. 19, 1773.

I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. *But it is all alike vile and contemptible.*

You have never flinched, that I heard of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.

If you have anything to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address, and give me a hint.—*Jun.*, i. 255.

From this letter of Lord Lyttelton it is unquestionable that one of the first acts of his public life was to endeavor to promote that union among public men, the want of which was so bitterly lamented by Junius in the last lines he ever wrote to Woodfall. The "vile and contemptible" state of political affairs makes Junius, in January, 1773, feel for the honor of his country. Lord Lyttelton, in May, 1774, rejoices at the French king's death, as it may be "the means of awakening and saving this miserable country." This last expression, and the contemptuous allusion to "great little people," seem much in the style of Junius.

There is one other sentiment in Lyttelton's letter too remarkable and peculiar to be overlooked—we mean the opinion advanced, that the "commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator;" that is, that the circumstances of the country were in so critical a condition, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk out of regard to the public safety, and that one man should, by general consent, be intrusted with absolute power. Referring to the first letter Junius addressed to the Public Advertiser, we find that the idea of a dictator was familiar to *his* mind, and that he applauded the wisdom of the Roman practice. (ii. 451.) Sir Philip Francis held a directly opposite opinion; or rather, not having a clear conception of what the idea of a dictator implied in a constitutional monarchy, he opposed it as a novelty unknown to our government. The soundest politicians will, we believe, incline to the opinion of Junius and Lord Lyttelton, and acknowledge the wisdom, in every form of free government, of intrusting one man with absolute power in times of great public peril. Practically, this principle has often been acted on in England; and could Lord Lyttelton have succeeded in his scheme of giving a dictator-like power to Chatham in 1774, the humiliating misfortunes of England for the six years following would almost certainly have been averted.

Finding there was little probability of effecting

THOMAS LYTTELTON to EARL TEMPLE.

May 17, 1774.

MY DEAR LORD—I snatch this minute to tell your lordship that the ministry seem desirous that Lord Chatham should again rise, though, as they hope, not in his fury; for, if he does, they are annihilated. It will not be possible to delay those bills that are now before the House; but there is another American bill which will serve Lord Chatham's purpose, and that they will put off on his account till Wednesday. It is of no great consequence, indeed; but as a part of the great whole it will be sufficient to warrant his lordship's appearance. It is a bill for the quartering and regulating the troops in the colonies.

I have the pleasure to assure your lordship that all the comments upon that part of my speech which regarded that great statesman convince me that at present all parties feel the necessity of his interference. Some great little people opened themselves very freely upon that head. The politics of France are changed, and consequently the politics of England. The commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator, and you cannot be mistaken in the man. I will wait upon your lordship to-morrow, at half an hour after two, and communicate my thoughts *vivâ voce*. In the mean time give me leave to rejoice with your lordship at the French king's death, as perhaps it will be *the means of awakening, and therefore of saving, this miserable country.*—*Chat. Cor.*, iv. 344–348.

such a change in the administration as he desired, Lord Lyttelton gave a qualified support to its measures for suppressing American revolt. This question, daily increasing in magnitude, threw all others into the shade; and he perceived that he must either side with the opposition in denying the right of the supreme legislature to tax the colonies, and in applauding their resistance, or approve the general policy of the government in employing coercive measures to reduce the insurgents to submission. Junius himself tells us what *his* choice would be in Lord Lyttelton's position :—

We find ourselves at last reduced to the dreadful alternative of either making war upon our colonies, or of suffering them to erect themselves into independent states. *It is not that I hesitate now upon the choice we are to make. Everything must be hazarded.*—*Jun.*, iii. 73.

As a necessary consequence of acting on this opinion, Lyttelton found himself in alliance with Lord North and Lord Mansfield, and in opposition to Lords Chatham and Camden. It is observable that this was the policy adopted by nearly every member of that Grenville connection to which Junius was attached. In Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Chatham there is a passage indicating the line which George Grenville himself would have taken had he lived :—

Before this subject [the Middlesex election] had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away, and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches. Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect.

Were we then to construct a life of Junius, and to place him in the House of Peers, we should be



compelled to seat him, as an adherent of George Grenville, on the ministerial benches with the other remnants of the party.

To Chatham, Lyttelton opposed himself with deference but firmness, always speaking of him as deservedly crowned with laurels, as having rescued the country, when nearly reduced to desperation, from impending ruin, and as distinguished for the extent of his knowledge, no less than for the greatness and goodness of his intentions. But to Camden and the other leaders of opposition he showed neither respect nor mercy. He assailed them, as Junius had assailed them previously, in tones of the bitterest invective and fiercest indignation, accusing them of being actuated by the most factious and even the most traitorous motives, and threatening them with the vengeance of the House for the support they gave to the rebellious Americans. The opposition frequently rose against his taunts and reproaches, but, with the exception of Lord Chatham, they had no speaker they could set against him; and in eloquence, in power, and even in knowledge, he invariably came off victorious in these animated contests.

In the debate on the Address, February 7, 1775, Lord Camden asserted that the Americans were not in revolt, and argued that their acts were not open to the charge of constructive treason. Lord Lyttelton, in an indignant reply, made some sarcastic allusions to the professional arts of his opponent. The parliamentary report states:—

He was severe on the noble and learned lord who spoke so fully on the dangerous consequences of constructive treason. He asserted that those little evasions and distinctions were the effects of *professional subtlety and low cunning*; it was absurd to the last degree to enter into such flimsy observations on this or that particular phrase or word, and thence draw deductions equally puerile and inconclusive that the colonies were not in rebellion. For his part, he should not abide by such far-fetched interpretations; *he would be guided by common sense*, and only consult the papers on the table to prove beyond question that America was in rebellion.—*Parl. Deb., Feb. 7, 1775.*

It is added that the Duke of Richmond “animadverted in severe terms on Lord Lyttelton for his attack on Lord Camden,” and that the Duke of Manchester “spoke with great energy on the indecent and unprecedented attack made by Lord Lyttelton on all those who happened to differ with him.” In a subsequent debate, on the motion of Camden to repeal the Quebec government bill, Lyttelton attacked him yet more vehemently:—

The noble and learned lord has not confined his opposition to the general principles and policy of this act. He has, *with the designing subtlety of a lawyer*, attacked the law part of this bill. . . . My lords, he would do anything to answer his purpose—to increase the storm—to perplex, to distress the administration. Animated by those views, I am not surprised that he hates the nobility of every country; they stand in his way. He would rub them out of his system of government. He has told you that it is the *noblesse* and the priests of Canada only that are benefited by this bill; that it would be better for the province if both prelates and nobility were whipped out of it. These are his lordship’s sentiments—republican sentiments, my lords, which might have come from the mouth of a factious burgher of Geneva, but which are foreign from the genius of the British constitution.—*Parl. Deb., May 17, 1775.*

The Duke of Manchester again protested against

the violence of Lyttelton’s language. “Until that day,” he said, “he had never heard difference of opinion imputed as a crime, or branded with an indecent and ill-founded epithet.” But while uniformly asserting the supremacy of the British legislature over the colonies, and denouncing the Americans for their daring resistance, Lord Lyttelton strongly censured the ministry for the inefficiency of their measures to suppress the revolt, and condemned them for “the miserably disgraceful state of General Gage’s army.” In the debate on the address, October 26, 1775, he gave stronger evidence of his distrust of the government. Grafton, dissatisfied with his colleagues for not adopting more conciliatory measures towards America, had just resigned his office of Privy Seal, and on this, the first day of the session, proposed that all measures relating to America, which had been passed since 1763, should be repealed as a groundwork of reconciliation. Chatham was absent through illness, and Sandwich, in his absence, had the bad taste to ridicule the unpopularity of his person and principles. Lyttelton, with “generous rage,” repelled this attack:—

That great man was the ornament of his country, and the delight and admiration of every man of every party who wished well to it. Though a young man, he remembered when his country was pretty much in such a predicament as at present; he remembered, too, that that steady and able politician rescued it from the brink of destruction; and he was now fully convinced its salvation, nay, indeed, its existence, was only to be obtained and preserved by the same means.

In this passage, can we not recognize the same mind which declared its conviction “that if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham’s spirit, by Lord Chatham’s abilities?”—*Junius in Chat. Cor., iii. 305.*

From the defence of Chatham, Lyttelton turned fiercely on the ministry, declaring that “they had totally failed in their promises and information, and that they were no longer to be trusted or supported with safety.” He said he would no longer be a party to their misconduct, and that he must concur with the noble duke that all the acts passed since the year 1763 should be repealed.

The opposition must have been delighted at the prospect of such a powerful ally;—for Lyttelton at this time had not only talents but reputation. Hitherto his political career had been untarnished; he had held but one language, and the very vehemence with which he expressed himself was an evidence of his sincerity. His tone in the senate had been pure, moral, and high-principled. Even his opponents acknowledged the harmony of his periods, the force of his declamations, and the ingenuity of his arguments. The ministers who had felt the benefit of his advocacy justly dreaded his attack. Tempting overtures were made to him; and early in November, 1775—but a few days after his assault on the government—he was called to the Privy Council, and appointed chief justice in Eyre beyond Trent—an honorable and lucrative but sinecure office. It is impossible to conjecture the motives which led him to join the ministers on these terms. His own explanation, delivered with his usual elegance, was, that while he remained in ignorance of their designs, and supposed them to be without any settled scheme of policy and plan of action, it was no wonder that he opposed them; but that his majesty’s servants having been pleased to repose confi-



dence in him, and to give him the information he required for the direction of his future conduct, he had become convinced of the wisdom which dictated their measures, and of the resources which had been prepared to firmly carry them out. This explanation served as an answer for the nonce to the charge of inconsistency—but it deceived no one. The patriot in general estimation sank into a pensioned placeman, and though, after the change, his eloquence assumed a yet haughtier and more commanding cast, it lost nearly all its effect from the bench whence it was delivered.

We have seen that Junius did not disclaim “views to future honors and advantage,” both which the new privy councillor and chief justice in Eyre might boast that he had attained. Patriotism, unless in the very highest and purest minds—minds which abhor the idea of trading in politics—is a volatile and evanescent passion, which commonly evaporates in the rays of government sunshine. Not the love of country, but feelings of personal resentment and mortified ambition, first brought Junius before the public; and we certainly ought not to feel more surprise should we find him settling into a “golden sinecurist,” than at seeing John Wilkes complacently terminate his bustling career as the complimentary chamberlain of the city of London, or on discovering that Mirabeau died a pensionary of the throne he had so largely contributed to overthrow.

The first debate after Lyttelton’s acceptance of office turned on the evidence given by Mr. Penn, in support of a petition—“the Olive-branch”—from the American Congress. The Duke of Richmond moved that the petition afforded grounds for the conciliation, and made an ironical allusion to the “noble lord in red,” as being now probably in the secrets of the cabinet. Lyttelton in reply haughtily maintained the perfect consistency of his conduct. “He was always of opinion, and should ever continue so, that it was rebellion in any part of the British empire to resist the supreme legislative authority of this country;” and in supporting that principle “the ministers had acted with perfect wisdom, and on the soundest principles of the constitution.” Then from defence, which he seemed to disdain, he hastened to attack his opponents with his usual fervor:—“He could not attribute the opposition given to the supreme power of the State by several noble lords, to anything but a professed design to surrender the rights of the British Parliament and transfer them to America.” He questioned the evidence given by Penn, on the authority of reports transmitted to him by a most respectable and extensive landowner in that country, and with passionate energy, related some instances of the violence and animosity of the insurgents:—

What (he asked) was the purport of this day’s motion, but that the acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, its repeated addresses to the throne, his majesty’s own most solemn declarations, were to be superseded in order to make way to the commands, not addresses, of the rebellious Americans? Those audacious rebels who came and endeavored to impose on his majesty with insidious, traitorous, false expressions of loyalty to him, and of obedience to the British Parliament, while they in the same breath appeal to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, abuse the Parliament, invite their fellow-subjects to make a common cause of it, and thus at once endeavor to involve every part of this great empire in one general scene of rebellion and bloodshed, in order to resist that very Parliament for which they pretend to pro-

fess such perfect obedience and submission. Are these the men you would treat with? Is this the cause the pretended friends of this country would endeavor to defend, or would you, by agreeing with this motion, relinquish your dominion over those worst of rebels, and tamely submit to transfer the seat of empire from Great Britain to America?—*Parl. Deb., Nov. 10, 1775.*

When Lyttelton sat down, the Duke of Manchester warmly remonstrated against “the indecent and unparliamentary liberties” he had taken with the peers who differed from him, and maintained that they deserved the marked displeasure of the House. “He would venture to assert that his conduct on the first day of the session would not shortly be forgotten.” Sandwich (severely censured by Lyttelton in the previous session, and subsequently arraigned by him for his mal-administration of the Admiralty) on this occasion supported him. He said that he was the peer who had sat longest in that House, and that he could affirm that Lord Lyttelton had been perfectly in order. He added:—

I think that, so far from reprehension, the noble lord deserves commendation and thanks for so ably defending and asserting the rights of the British Parliament and the supreme legislative authority of the mother country. I think I never before heard such a speech delivered by anybody, and I am proud to testify my perfect approbation, by affirming *it was the finest ever delivered within these walls.*—*Ibid.*

This praise might be exaggerated, but considering the tribute paid to Lord Lyttelton, both by friends and foes, it is not permitted us to doubt that he was one of the most commanding orators of his day.

As an ally of administration he kept its opponents in check by his vigorous defence of its measures; but at the same time he seems to have lamented that it had not greater decision in its counsels, and did not pursue a more energetic course of action. He warned the house of the hostile preparations of France, before that country ventured to announce its alliance with America—for no movement either at home or abroad escaped his vigilance. Up to the death of Chatham, he constantly looked towards him as the only man capable of preserving the empire from its dangers, and of bringing the war to a glorious conclusion. No one more deplored the loss of that great man. When the bill for securing an annuity to his heirs came before the house Lord Lyttelton was one of its warmest and most eloquent advocates. In answer to the objections urged to it by some lords on the ministerial bench, (every one must regret that Lord Mansfield was amongst the number,) he exclaimed in a burst of indignation:—

Good God! was this country so desperately reduced, so totally lost to its ancient spirit, that it was no longer capable of rewarding the services of its best subjects? Were the minds of lords so depraved, that they were ready to confess they trembled at granting an annuity of 4000*l.* to a family, the father of which had restored the empire from the most abject and wretched condition to the most exalted honor and glory? Let noble lords turn to the history of Greece—let them recollect the conduct of the Athenians respecting Aristides. Was the British empire less grateful than Athens? or was she less capable of doing justice to merit than that petty state?—*Parl. Deb., May 13, 1778.*

In the year 1779, the situation of England was critical in the extreme. Disaster had almost uni-



formly followed our arms in America. Government had abandoned all hope of conquering that country ; and the only consideration was, how to escape from the contest with least loss of honor. France, after long cheating our ministers with protestations of friendship, had at last, and in insulting terms, proclaimed her hostility. Sagacious men predicted that Spain would soon follow her example, and in a few months their augury was justified. The navy was unequal to the emergency. Keppel sought shelter at Portsmouth ; and later, when the French and Spanish fleets were united, they triumphantly occupied the Channel, appeared in strength before Plymouth, and captured a line-of-battle-ship in view of our shore. In the West Indies the French took St. Vincent and Granada, and in the east possessed themselves of Senegal, thus threatening our dominion and commerce in both hemispheres. Ireland, hoping to find her "opportunity in England's distress," assumed a threatening attitude. Associations of armed volunteers spread themselves over her provinces ; and her popular leaders, when they alluded to England, spoke menace and defiance.

Lyttelton's dissatisfaction with the ministry deepened as the political horizon grew darker. When Lord Bristol moved for the dismissal of Sandwich, on the ground of his neglect of the fleet, Lyttelton, in a speech of great length and extraordinary power,\* supported the charge so far as to suggest that a committee of inquiry should be appointed. He accused Sandwich of having amused the country with false statements of the strength of the navy. "Mutilated accounts from office," he declared, "were always dangerous. In the case alluded to, the deception was a two-edged sword ; it cut both ways ; it wounded both friends and foes ; but the point of it was turned against the breasts of the people." The whole period of the American war had been "one black era, pregnant with the most dire mischief, the most cruel fortune, the bitterest calamities, the most inexpiable evils that this country ever endured—and so it would be marked by the latest posterity." Worst of all—

A general lethargy prevailed ; the people came down to the bar of their lordships' house gaping for intelligence, listening with a greedy ear to their debates, each day hearing, with unmoved muscles, a recapitulation of their own wretchedness ; and went away with perfect composure, like men who left the theatre, after seeing a tragedy in the incidents of which they had not the smallest concern. If the people of England did not soon rouse themselves, they would be put to death in their sleep. April 23, 1779.

On the first day of the next session (Nov. 25, 1779,) Lyttelton went openly into opposition. His speech on this occasion was the finest and loftiest of his efforts. He began by denouncing the weakness and indecision of the cabinet :—

Their conduct was so chameleon-like that no man could fix upon its color. Fatal experience had shown the futility of their late policy. America stared them in the face ; it showed the folly of ministers in a rash, a ridiculous, an extravagant, a mad war, in which it was evident success was unattainable, and which, instead of being governed by a wise, regular, and well-digested plan, was merely a chain of expedients, a repetition of instances of governing by dividing—of that wretched, that abominable policy, the *divide et impera*.

He next entered at length on the condition of Ireland, describing the rapid increase of the armed

volunteers, and their determination to obtain justice from England, or to throw off her yoke. In allusion to what had been said of the necessity of fresh efforts, he drew a picture in the darkest shades of Junius :—

Necessity had pervaded the whole kingdom ; from a rich, a flourishing, a commercial people, we were of a sudden changed to a disgraced, a ruined, a bankrupt nation ; a circumstance which he imputed solely to the irresolute, the weak, and the pusillanimous conduct of administration. In times like the present, wisdom and vigor ought to be the leading characteristics of government ; not the word vigor, but the reality. Temperizing would do no longer. The people in general, as well those of England as of Ireland, expected a decisive administration, not an administration of jobs and jugglers. They would not be satisfied with changing the balls, and putting out this man merely to take in that.

Protesting his sincerity, in the gravest language he repeated that his sole object was to preserve his country. "It was true he held a place, but, *perhaps, he should not hold it long.*" Observing how this declaration was received by some on the ministerial benches, he turned towards them with fury, and exclaimed :—

The noble lords smile at what I say ; let them turn their eyes on their own pusillanimity, their own weak, ill-judged, and wretched measures, and then let them declare in their consciences which is most fitly the object of contempt, my thus openly and unreservedly speaking my real sentiments in Parliament, without regard to any personal considerations whatever, excepting only my situation as an Englishman ; my duty as a lord of Parliament ; my duty to my king, and my duty to my country—which are, indeed, with me, and which ought to be with your lordships, above all considerations ; or their consenting, in a moment of difficulty and danger like the present, to pocket the wages of prostitution, and either to sit in sullen silence, or, what in my idea is still more criminal, to rise and palliate the disgraceful and calamitous state of the British Empire ; endeavoring, with art and collusion, to avert the eyes of the nation from the threatening cloud now hanging over our heads, and so near to bursting that it behoves us to prepare how to meet the coming storm.

The report extends to great length in the parliamentary debates, and yet it is evident that only an abridgment had been attempted, as towards the conclusion we read, that "his lordship adverted to every topic that had the least reference to the present situation of affairs." This effort seems to have made a profound impression on the house. Lord Shelburne complimented the speaker on his distinguished abilities, and declared that his exposition of the state of Ireland had done him great honor. The Annual Register, some time afterwards, recalled "the *exceeding severity of censure and bitterness of language* which marked Lord Lyttelton's exposure and condemnation of the conduct of the ministers." The compositions of Junius certainly present no finer examples of ardent invective than are to be found in this philippic.

It is remarkable besides as the last speech Lord Lyttelton ever delivered ; and those words, that "perhaps he might not keep his place long," which provoked a jeer from the ministerial benches, assume a lowering and sinister significance when read by the light of subsequent events. It is certain that, on the morning of that very day, Lord Lyttelton had related, not to one person only, but to several, and all of them people of credit, the



particulars of a strange vision which he said had appeared to him the preceding night. The various accounts transmitted to us of this ominous visitation all concur in stating that, in the night of Wednesday, November 24, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was distinctly warned that his death would take place within three days from that date. He mentioned the prediction—somewhat ostentatiously as we think—to his friends, but did not suffer it in the slightest degree to influence his conduct. His speech of the 25th shows that his commanding intellect was unclouded—never had it shone in fuller splendor. On the 26th he repaired to Pitt Place, his villa at Epsom, and there he remained the day after with a party of friends, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fortescue, Admiral Wolseley, Mrs. Flood, (wife of the celebrated Irish orator,) and the Misses Amphlett. Throughout Saturday evening he appeared in high spirits, but he took especial care to keep the ghostly warning in the mind of his guests, and to prepare them for the possibility of its fulfilment. At ten o'clock, taking out his watch, he named the hour and added, "Should I live two hours longer, I shall jockey the ghost." With this impression on his mind, it would have seemed more natural for him to have waited the event with his gay company. He retired, however, to his bed-chamber shortly before midnight, attended by his valet, who, according to the most credible report, handed him a preparation of rhubarb he was in the habit of taking. He sent the man away to bring him a spoon; on his return, Lord Lyttelton was on the point of dissolution. His death was almost instantaneous; and it is not surprising that, in popular opinion, it became connected with the warning he had himself taken so much pains to publish. We do not find that there was any examination of the body; according to one of the papers, it was conjectured that the cause of death was disease of the heart. But when death results from any such affection, it is, we believe, so instantaneous, peaceful, and even imperceptible, that the patient seems only to fall into a quiet slumber, while in Lyttelton's case a brief "convulsion" is distinctly mentioned. His family maintained a guarded and, perhaps, judicious silence on the subject; the warning and its accomplishment were received as one of the best authenticated ghost-stories on record; and, as years rolled on, Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, was chiefly remembered for the profligacy of his life, and for the supernatural summons which had called him to an untimely tomb.\*

\* After his death the newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning him, some of them of a very scandalous character; but others, of a different kind, gave a favorable impression of his good nature. When his sister, Lady Valentia, asked him to stand sponsor for her little girl, he complied on condition that he might give the infant its name. He had it christened "Honeysuckle," and then presented the mother with 1000*l.*, to be applied to its use. In some of the biographical notices which appeared, he is described as a kind and generous landlord, as a punctual paymaster, and as greatly beloved by those who knew him most intimately. By his will he left 1000*l.* and 300*l.* per annum to Mrs. Dawson, the lady with whom he had been longest connected, and who had, it is asserted, sacrificed her fortune as well as her honor to her affection for him. To Clara Haywood he bequeathed 2000*l.* and 100*l.* per annum. The bequests to various members of his family were extremely munificent. His executors were Lord Westcote, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Roberts. To the latter, who seems to have been most in his confidence, he left all his "speeches, letters, verses, and writings," with directions that, if published, it should be for his sole use

Sir Walter Scott, however, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, states that—

Of late it has been said *and published*, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt, singular, that a man who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

We do not know what authority Scott had for this statement, but we confess we think that it discloses the truth. With his great abilities, Thomas Lyttelton had a turn for singularity of conduct, which excited the amazement of his friends. If he had determined on suicide, we can conceive, from what we know of his character, that he might have invented some artifice to conceal his design, and might feel a kind of scornful joy in anticipating the success of the cheat he meditated. That "weariness of life" which springs from a consciousness of talents abused and opportunities lost, and from the mental prostration consequent on vicious indulgence, was much more common in that day than our own. A long list might be made out of men of rank and fortune, gifted with every endowment to render life desirable, who committed suicide merely to shake off the burden of existence, or, more probably, to escape from the reproaches of that inward monitor, whose voice they might neglect but could not stifle. The death of Mr. Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, who shot himself at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776, called forth some sombre reflections from Thomas Lyttelton's pen:—

Poor John Damer has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at Eton and in Italy together, and at subsequent periods in the habits of friendly connexion. Few of those who knew him have been *more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself*. . . . I have sometimes taken up the argument in favor of self-murder, by way of supporting an opinion, exercising a talent, or convincing a fool; but I will honestly confess that the weakest of my antagonists have ever got the better of me on this subject, though I might not publish my conviction. . . . Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while under the former its operations acquire the name of madness, under the latter it bears the title of philosophy. Poor John Damer was no philosopher, and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an epicurean and a stoic. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel.—*Lyt. Let.*, xlvii.

We may hence conclude that the idea of suicide had often obtruded itself on Lyttelton's mind, and though it is true he might have fortified himself by reason against it, yet we know how little the conclusions of reason are to be relied on, particularly in a character so open to temptation as that of Lyttelton, when despair, "in its mood of either rage, gloom, or indifference," seizes on a sick and depraved imagination. His constitution had been seriously impaired by his excesses. In his *Letters* he speaks frequently of the gloomy thoughts and fearful forebodings which made him shudder as

and benefit—a proof that his lordship considered his compositions of some importance.



they came over him, (xlvi. lli.,) and he also alludes to the harassing influence of physical pain:—

After all, (he writes,) this tenancy of life is but a bad one, with its waste and ingress of torturing diseases; which, not content with destroying the building, maliciously torture the possessor with such pains and penalties as to make him oftentimes *curse the possession*.—xxx.

It is said that shortly before his decease he was tormented with dreams of a most distressing character. The Public Advertiser states that on one occasion when he came down to breakfast he was observed to be unusually depressed. When bantered by the company who were staying with him on his sadness, he related a dream he had the night before. "I dreamt," said he, "that I was dead, and was hurried away into the infernal regions, which appeared as a large dark room, at the end of which was seated Mrs. Brownrigg, who told me it was appointed for her to pour red-hot bullets down my throat for a thousand years. The resistance I endeavored to make to her awakened me; but the agitation of my mind when I awoke is not to be described, nor can I get the better of it." These "thick-coming fancies" are the more remarkable, as they have been observed to be, in very numerous cases, the prelude to self-destruction, most likely from the indication they give of a disordered state of the nervous system.

A few weeks previous to his death, he had, as if in anticipation of that event, made a final settlement of his worldly affairs. He added four codicils to his will, all written with his own hand. The style of the first is remarkable:—

I, Thomas Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, in the county of Worcester, considering the uncertainty of human life, which, even in the strongest, hangs but by a slender thread, and wishing to make ample provision for Margaret Amphlett, daughter of my dear friend and relative, Mrs. Mary Amphlett, of Clent, &c.

He proceeds to bequeath 5000*l.* to Margaret Amphlett, and 2500*l.* to her sister Christian, in addition to former legacies; and he directs that his diamond bow, for which he had given "thirteen hundred and seventy guineas," should be sold by auction, and the proceeds be divided between the sisters. The codicils are most clear and precise in all their provisions; and from the number of these "lasts words," and the liberal bequests to several different persons—the little "Honey-suckle" gets a legacy of 2000*l.*—it would seem that Lord Lyttelton must have seriously revolved in his mind the probability of his decease, and have considerably mentioned every name which had any claim on his remembrance.\*

It is noticeable, too, that those persons were with him on the night of his death for whom he had manifested the warmest regard—the Misses Amphlett—and Mr. Fortescue—to whom also he left a considerable legacy. Their presence might have been accidental; but, on the supposition of premeditated suicide, he might naturally have

wished to spend his last evening on earth in the society of those young relations whom he regarded with the kindest feelings.

Young as Lord Lyttelton died, he had outlived every object which could render life desirable. Though married, he was separated from his wife, and was without hope of offspring. He had drank so deeply of the cup of pleasure that only its dregs remained to him; his profligacy had rendered his name infamous; and that last hope with which he at one time consoled himself under censure, of "making the world smile on his political career," faded with the disasters of the ministry to which he had attached himself. Great as his abilities confessedly were, he had secured no following. Distrusted by all parties, his genius seemed to shine with a baleful lustre, and to keep those most in fear who were nearest its influence. "The loss of Lord Lyttelton is not much to be regretted," wrote the Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn—and the sentiment was probably shared by the whole ministerial party. When he separated himself from the government, he stood alone; and, though the thought may be fanciful, we cannot help viewing that magnificent effort in which he took a survey of the whole state of the empire, and delivered his sentiments on every great question of his time, as his deliberate bequest to the country he was resolved to quit forever. The shadow of fate was upon him, and gave to his parting accents a tone of severe and solemn sincerity.

Between this character of Thomas Lyttelton, as drawn from his own declarations and the events of his life, and that of the mysterious, impenetrable Junius, we believe our readers will readily recognize some broad traits of likeness. Their sentiments on all great public questions were certainly the same; their genius was remarkably similar in the direction it took and in the vivacity and ardor with which it was manifested; the disappearance of the one is closely connected with the appearance of the other, and there is a striking and characteristic resemblance in the manner in which both make their exit from the public stage, each carrying his secret with him to the grave.

In regarding particulars more closely, we shall, as our limits compel us to make a selection from the materials in our hands, rather notice those circumstances which point to identity of character than dwell on mere coincidences of expression.

In the first place, the position of Thomas Lyttelton in the five years from 1767 to 1772 is exactly such an one as it is reasonable to suppose that Junius held during the period of his writings. That the most extensive sources of information were open to Junius is undoubted. The editor of the collected Letters concludes "that he was intimately and confidentially connected, either directly or indirectly, with all the public offices of government." Horace Walpole, a shrewd judge on such matters, was much less struck with his abilities and his rancor than with "his quick intelligence of facts" and his knowledge of what took place in political and social circles; and, not to multiply authorities further, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Charles Butler, both men of great penetration, discussed this question together, and agreed "that Junius was a man of high rank, from the tone of equality which he seemed to use quite naturally in his addresses to persons of rank, and in his expressions respecting them;" that his early intelligence of the measures of government was surprising; and that "he was not an author by profession, from the

\* These codicils are written in a large, irregular hand. At first sight it does not appear like the hand of Junius; but on a careful inspection many points of resemblance are discerned, and of exactly such a nature as we might expect to find between the natural and the disguised hand of the same person.



improvement which from time to time was visible in his style." (*But. Rem.*, i. 81.)

Now, of all men of his day, the first Lord Lyttelton had, perhaps, the most varied and extensive acquaintance. The members of his immediate family filled almost every kind of high official employment. He was nearly related, as we have seen, to the Pitts and the Grenvilles; he had himself filled eminent posts in administration; he had been pressed to accept the premiership, first by his intimate friend the Duke of Newcastle, next by the uncle of the king, the Duke of Cumberland. His brother Charles was Bishop of Carlisle; his brother Richard, who filled several considerable offices in the army—was a Knight of the Bath, and successively Master of the Jewel-Office, Captain-General of Minorca, and Governor of Jersey—married Rachel, sister of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, and widow of the first Duke of Bridgewater. His youngest brother, William Henry, Governor of South Carolina and afterwards of Jamaica, was for his various services to the state created Baron Westcote. Of his sisters, one married Thomas Pitt, elder brother of the great Earl of Chatham; the second was united to Dr. Ayscough, first preceptor to George the Third and afterwards Dean of Bristol—(the son of this Dr. Ayscough was an officer of the guards, and the intimate associate of Thomas Lyttelton); and the other married an Irish proprietor, John Fitzmaurice, of Springfield, Limeric. Even his natural brother, Smith, was an admiral, and was president of the court-martial upon Byng. Lord Lyttelton was, moreover, from the amiability of his character, in correspondence with the most distinguished men of his day, both political and literary, without distinction of party; and, as he introduced his son into society very early in life, we may conclude that there was scarcely any person in the kingdom who had better or more extensive sources of information open to him than this young man. He was, as we have shown, regarded by Earl Temple with parental affection, and had not improbably met some members of the royal family at Stowe.

But Junius was an adept in a sort of intelligence which could not have been picked up in the Lyttelton circle, wide as it was. That vile scandal which he delighted to retail in the columns of the Public Advertiser could scarcely have been acquired at the dinner-table of the Duke of Newcastle or in the saloons of Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montague. He must have been, like the "Lycurgus" whose disguise he so easily pierced, much "about town" to have been so perfectly conversant with that sort of gossip which is popular in the haunts of refined blackguardism. And this was precisely the case with Thomas Lyttelton; he had a private society of his own to which we find frequent allusion in the Letters published under his name:—

It is a great misfortune that vice, be it what it may, will find some one or other to flatter it; and that there should be assemblies of people where, when public and honorable society has hissed you from the stage, you may find not only reception but applause; little earthly pandemoniums, where you meet with every means to hush the pains of reflection and to guard against the intrusions of conscience. It requires a most gigantic resolution to suffer pain when passion quickens every sense and every enticing object beckons to enjoyment. I was not born a stoic, nor am I made to be a martyr. So much do I hate and detest pain, that I think all good must be dear that is to be purchased with it. Penitence is a rack

where offences have been grievous. To sit alone and court reflection, which will come perhaps every moment with a swinging sin at her back, and to be humble and patient beneath the stripes of such a scourge—by heavens, it is not in human nature to bear it! I am sure, at least, it is not in mine. If I could go to confession, like a good Papist, and have the score wiped off at once—*à la bonne heure!* But to repent, like a sobbing, paralytic Presbyterian, will not do for me; I am not fat enough to repent that way. GEORGE BODENS may be qualified for such a system of contrition, but my skinny shape will not bear mortification.—*Let.*, i.

In a subsequent letter the writer excuses this society from the censures of one of his correspondents:—

I love superiority, flattery, and ease—and the society which you condemn affords the threefold gratification. You will tell me that it consists of dishonorable men; in the common sense of the term you may be right—but *dulcibus abundant vitiis*; and as bad instruments in the hands of agreeable performers make a pleasant concert, so these characters compose an amusing society. With them I am under no restraint. *They know the history of the day.* Some of them also are well accomplished; and while they play one upon another, I can play upon them all.—xl.

In this society Mr. Chase Price was one of his familiars. Presuming him to have been the Price of the Selwyn Correspondence, he seems to have lived by the gaming-table. "Leave off play"—writes the first Lord Holland to George Selwyn—"You are certain not to win of Price;" and again, "Price may be as innocent and foolish at play as you are—and you may win; but then I am told he cannot pay you if you do." On what grounds chiefly did Thomas Lyttelton esteem *his* Price?

How it could ever enter into your head to think Chase Price a wit puzzles and perplexes me. He is a good-humored, jolly buffoon. . . . Believe me, that Chase's forte is politics; *not public, but private politics, the science of which he understands better, and practises with more success, than any man in Britain.*—xviii.

In such "little earthly pandemoniums" as it is certain Thomas Lyttelton frequented, Junius must have acquired that scandalous knowledge and gathered those vicious images which form so remarkable a feature of his compositions. Still it may be said that there is nothing but a general air of probability to show that Junius and Thomas Lyttelton frequented the same society, and some more direct proof may be required.

In one of the "Miscellaneous Letters" of Junius, dated January, 9, 1771, he begins with the announcement that Sir Edward Hawke had resigned that morning, and that Lord Sandwich was to succeed him. Then he proceeds in a vicious strain of scandal, until he accidentally alludes to "Tom Whateley"—the private secretary of Mr. George Grenville, down to the death of that statesman in the preceding year. "This poor man," he continues, "with the talents of an attorney, sets up for an ambassador, and with the agility of Colonel Bodens undertakes to be a courier." (*Jun.*, iii. 310.) Who was this Bodens? Junius mentions his name by a mere slip of the pen; for the letter must have been written hurriedly, as it announces events which occurred that morning; but taking the sentence as it stands, no one can doubt that Colonel Bodens—obscure as his name is to this generation—was familiarly known to Junius.



Now, in that passage we have quoted from the first of the Lyttelton letters, we find exactly such an allusion to Bodens as we might expect to meet with on the supposition that the passage came from the pen of Junius. "I am not *fat enough* to repent that way; George Bodens may be qualified for such a system of contrition, but my skinny shape," &c.—all this is perfectly in keeping with the "agility of Colonel Bodens" in ironical Junius. In another of the Lyttelton letters reference is made to the convivial qualities of Bodens:—

George Selwyn is very superior to Chase Price, but very inferior to Charles Townshend, against whom, however, he used, as I am told, to get continually the laugh. But this proves nothing; for *good-humored* GEORGE BODENS would have gained the prize from them both in the article of creating laughter.—xviii.

Though the genuineness of these letters be disputed, it will not affect our argument; for, on referring to the will of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, we find that the "good-humored George Bodens" is there remembered with a legacy of £500—a most satisfactory proof that he was as familiarly known to his lordship as he was to Junius. He seems to have been esteemed in the convivial circles of his day, and must, like Price, have mingled with the Selwyn coterie; for Gilly Williams, in a letter to Selwyn, dated Brighton, September 1, 1766, says:—

What do you mean by inquiring after our ordinary? Neither you nor his lordship, [March,] I am sure, will come near it. There is Boone, Varey, George Bodens, and a few provincials, that every day eat one of poor Byng's frugal but cheerful meals.—*Sel. Cor.*, ii. 13.

Colonel Bodens, Like Price, was probably an adept at the gaming-table—his cheerfulness, knowledge of society, and convivial qualities rendering him an acceptable companion to "men of pleasure and fashion about town." His name establishes a link of connection between Junius and Thomas Lyttelton in another way. We see that Bodens was familiar with the Selwyn set, a set of which Lyttelton thought slightly; for he says of Selwyn that his "faculty of repartee is mechanical," and that it "would be a miserable business, indeed, if a man who had been playing upon words for so many years should not have attained the faculty of commanding them at pleasure." Of Carlisle it is said "that his wit lies in his heels;" and his poems are spoken of as "schoolboy rhymes, which the author would not have given to the world had he possessed any of the wit he aspired to."

The Selwyn coterie is on one occasion mentioned by Junius, though merely for the purpose of supplying an illustration, but in such a way as to show that the gossip concerning it had reached his ears, and that he thought contemptibly of the set. Noticing the Garter bestowed on Lord Gower, (to whom the slang sobriquet of Peg Trentham is given,) he asserts that only four knights were present, though six were required for a chapter of election; and he proceeds:—

In the decision of the Middlesex election, it was resolved that 296 were more than 1143. This puts me in mind of Lord March's\* election to the coterie. All the balls were black; but the returning officer, George Selwyn, thought proper to swear that he was duly elected, and he took his seat accordingly.—*Jun.*, iii. 341.

\* Lord March was the noted Duke of Queensberry.—*Old Q.*!

So, though Junius and Thomas Lyttelton both knew Bodens familiarly, they both held the Selwyn coterie, with which Bodens was connected, in supreme contempt. George Bodens, we may not improbably suppose, was directly alluded to in that letter of Lord Temple to Thomas Lyttelton, which we have already noticed:—"Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off *the Falstaffs of the age*, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long depressed and stifled his abilities."

"Tom Whateley" next claims our notice. Junius is indignant that he should so soon after the death of Mr. Grenville have entered into the service of Lord North. The passage we annex follows immediately after that sentence in which the name of Colonel Bodens is inadvertently introduced:—

Indeed, Tom, you have betrayed yourself too soon. Mr. Grenville, your friend, your patron, your benefactor, who raised you from a depth, compared to which even Bradshaw's family stands on an eminence, was hardly cold in his grave when you solicited the office of go-between to Lord North. You could not, in my eyes, be more contemptible, though you were convicted (as I dare say you might be) of having constantly betrayed him in his lifetime. Since I know your employment, be assured I shall watch you attentively. Every journey you undertake, every message you carry, shall be immediately laid before the public. The event of your ingenious management will be this, that Lord North, finding that you cannot serve him, will give you nothing. From the other party you have just as much detestation to expect as can be united with the profoundest contempt. Tom Whateley, take care of yourself!—*Jun.*, iii. 310.

On the supposition that Junius was Thomas Lyttelton, we are struck by the fact that Mr. Grenville, very shortly before his death, had employed Whateley to communicate with the elder Lyttelton, in the most confidential and unreserved terms, on the state of public affairs and the complicated ministerial negotiations which were in progress. So great was the trust imposed in Whateley, and so intimate his knowledge of the secret sentiments of the Grenville party, that, in a letter of July 24, 1767, to George Lord Lyttelton, he says:—

I can only hazard a line by the post, which, should it miscarry and be opened, will not disclose any wonderful mysteries to the curiosity of a country postmaster.—*Mem. Lyt.*, 727.

And he then goes on to relate a meeting which Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Bedford had, at the instance of the king, just held with the Dukes of Newcastle, Richmond, and Portland, and some other influential politicians, to form a comprehensive administration. In a subsequent letter to Lord Lyttelton, Whateley alludes to his communications with Temple, and gives some intelligence concerning Chatham. He states his intention of going to Stowe and Wotton, but fears he shall not be able to pay his respects to his correspondent at Hagley. As Mr. Whateley then, not long previous to his accepting employment under Lord North, had been, on the part of Mr. Grenville, in confidential communication with all the leaders of opposition, and had thus pierced into their secret sentiments, and had, moreover, been treated with condescending kindness by Lord Lyttelton, we can, if we suppose that Mr. Lyttelton was Junius, easily account for the bitter contempt with which he spoke of Whateley as a "traitorous go-



between," and understand the threat that his proceedings should be narrowly watched.

In the tenth of Thomas Lyttelton's Letters—apparently sent to his tutor—we find these sentences:—

You have dreamed of a hatchment upon ——— house, and seen a visionary coronet suspended over my brow. You are a simpleton and a parasite, to let such weak reasons guide you to wag your tail, and play the spaniel, and renew your offers to fetch and carry. Be assured for your comfort, that if ever you and I have any intercourse together, it will be upon such terms or worse. . . . I consider you with a mixture of scorn and pity, when I see you so continually hampered in difficulties, from your regard to the present and the future lord. . . . I know you, and I declare you to be incapable of love or affection to any one, even to a mother or a sister. You know what I mean; but to quit an idea abhorrent to human nature, let me entreat you, &c. . . . Be assured that I give you these counsels more for your own sake than for that of, &c.—x.

Altogether, this letter is marked by the same scornful and scoffing reproach as the address of Junius to Tom Whateley. "As much detestation as can be united to the profoundest contempt" exactly describes its character. In each case the writer warns the person he addresses of the consequence of double-dealing, and "Tom Whateley, take care of yourself!" is in the same strain as "Be assured that I give you these counsels more for your own sake than for that of," &c. The dark insinuation of "*facts abhorrent to human nature*" will remind the reader of the warning of Junius to the friends of the Duke of Bedford: "They should recollect that there are still *some facts in store at which human nature would shudder.*"

It has already been shown that the position of Mr. Lyttelton would account for and excuse the vehement attacks on Chatham with which Junius commenced his labors in the Public Advertiser. During the illness of Chatham in 1767 an impression prevailed among his former friends that he would never again return to public life; and a reference to the Memoirs of Mr. Lyttelton's father shows that those expressions applied by Junius to Lord Chatham as "a lunatic," and "a worn-out, decrepit old man," were commonly used by the persons with whom George Lord Lyttelton was in correspondence. Mr. Thomas Whateley, writing to him, July 30, 1767, says—

Lord Chatham's state is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind and body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands, which he supports on the table; does not permit any person to remain in the room, knocks when he wants anything; and, having made his wants known, gives a signal, without speaking to the person who answered his call, to retire.—*Mem. Lyt.*, 729.

Some such idea of Lord Chatham's infirmities Junius must have had in his mind when he wrote that "Heaven had marked him out as an example to mankind." In January, 1768, nine months after the first attack of Junius on Chatham, he addressed a private letter to the great statesman, artfully designed to inspire him with distrust of his colleagues, and expressing "sentiments of respect and veneration for his character" and "*warm attachment to his person.*" This language might naturally have been held by Mr. Lyttelton, the son of Chatham's brother-in-law and oldest friend.

The inconsistency of Junius in wishing Chatham to resume the lead of the popular party in 1768, though Junius was directly opposed to him on the American question, is precisely similar to the inconsistency of Thomas Lyttelton, in attempting in 1774 to organize a powerful party with Chatham at its head, though he opposed with all his energy that statesman's views on American policy. The inconsistency is in both cases characteristic—Junius, in 1768, and Thomas Lyttelton, in 1774, being willing to surrender their views on that particular question, for the benefit of Lord Chatham's leadership.

Every word in the private letter of Junius to Chatham, of January, 1768, is strictly in keeping with the position of Mr. Lyttelton. He was in some measure educated at the feet of Mr. Pitt, and very early impressed with veneration for his character and attachment to his person. In one of Thomas Lyttelton's letters, comparing Chatham and Mansfield as orators, he says that the latter was Ciceronian, but inferior to Cicero, while the former was Demosthenian, but superior to Demosthenes; and he goes on to say that Lord Chatham disdained imitation, and was himself a model of eloquence, of which no idea can be formed but by those who have seen and heard him. His words have sometimes frozen *my young blood* into stagnation, sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins that I could scarce support it.—xxvi.

In another letter he says:—

The man who is in the most perfect possession of wit has figured in so high a line of public life as to prevent the attention of mankind from leaving his greater qualities to consider his private and domestic character; I mean Lord Chatham, whose *familiar conversation* is only to be excelled by his public eloquence.\*—xviii.

If it be admitted that Pitt's conduct in slighting the elder Lyttelton might naturally raise the indignation of the son, must it not also be admitted that the above passages would sufficiently account for the anonymous communication of January, 1768?

The eulogium on Chatham is one of the finest passages in Junius. Have we any ground for believing that Thomas Lyttelton could have penned it? In his speeches he always, even when opposing Chatham, spoke of him with the highest admiration; and in the 57th of the Letters attributed to him we have this paragraph:—

The grave is now closed upon that illustrious statesman; his splendid orb is set forever. There was that in his character which gave him a very decided superiority over the rest of mankind. He was the greatest war-minister this kingdom ever knew; and the four years of his administration form the most brilliant period that the British annals or perhaps those of the world can produce. They who aim at the diminution of his glory, and that of his country, by attributing the rapid change of national affairs under his administration to chance, and the fortunate circumstances of the moment, must be slaves to the

\* One of the most exquisite of wits goes far to confirm this judgment:—"I never heard so much *wit*, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate the other day. His antagonists endeavor to disarm him; but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better. I never suspected him of such an universal armory. I knew he had a Gorgon's head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather."—*Walpole to Montagu*, Nov. 25, 1755.



most rooted prejudice, the foulest envy, or the darkest ignorance. Let me add that he was a minister who detested the arts of corruption, set his face against all court as well as cabinet intrigues, and quitted his important station with unpolluted hands. It is a great national misfortune that the mantle of this political patriarch has not been caught by any of his successors. . . . The state as well as the army wants a commander-in-chief. The truncheon has become little more than a useless trophy, as a hand fit to grasp it is no longer to be found. In bearing my poor testimony to the manes of Lord Chatham, I have yielded to the impulse of my very soul. In this imperfect act of veneration I can have no interest, for the object of it is gone where the applause of this world cannot reach him; and as I ventured to differ from him when alive, and delivered the reasons for my difference to his face, what motive can there be for me to flatter him now he is no more? To oppose the sentiments of that venerable statesman was an undertaking that shook my very frame. My utmost resolution, strengthened by a sense of duty, and the laudable ambition of supporting what I conceived to be right, against the proudest names, could not sustain me. You, I believe, were present when I sank down and became silent beneath the imposing superiority of his abilities; but I did not feel it a defeat to be vanquished by him:—

nec tam

Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est.

Thomas Lyttelton says he “sank down beneath the *imposing superiority of Lord Chatham’s abilities*,” and Junius, addressing the Duke of Grafton, says that “Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud *imposing superiority of Lord Chatham’s abilities*.” We might quote other such coincidences—but it is in the general spirit of this fine passage more than in particular expressions that we recognize the pen of Junius.

We turn next to the connection between Thomas Lyttelton and the Bedford family, as the assertions of Junius that he had the power to awe the duke, and to reveal secrets which would make him tremble in his grave, are among the most remarkable passages in his writings. The marriage of Colonel (afterwards Sir Richard) Lyttelton with the Duchess Dowager of Bridgewater, elder sister of the Duke of Bedford, took place in 1745. It was a love match, and Horace Walpole notices the happiness which attended it. By this marriage the lady had no children, and it is not improbable that she shared in the partiality of the Lyttelton family for the heir and hope of their house. Sir Richard voluntarily bore, as we have seen, the whole cost of his nephew’s continental tour—a strong proof of the affection he entertained for him. The income of Sir Richard, as he was the third brother, and held honorable rather than lucrative offices, must have been chiefly supplied by his wife; and it is only natural to conclude that she was a party to the payment of young Lyttelton’s travelling expenses. Frequently meeting his uncle’s wife in the unrestrained confidence of domestic intercourse, we may imagine that he became acquainted with private circumstances of her brother’s life, and that the assertion of his power over the Duke of Bedford might be no idle boast.

Perhaps the relation in which Sir Richard stood to the duke may afford some clue to the early animosity of Junius. The Duchess of Bridgewater, soon after her second marriage, wrote to her brother, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Her letter is kind in tone and admirable in expression.

She entreats the duke’s influence with the king, to get her husband appointed adjutant-general, or, she adds, that “you would make Mr. Lyttelton colonel commandant of your regiment, as Lord Sandwich is to the Duke of Montagu.” This point she presses with earnestness:—

Do not think I mean to load your interest with the care of his preferment, but it goes to my heart to see other young officers obtain through favor, what, *was he not your brother-in-law*, he has so just a right to, and which, if refused to him, will render it impossible for him to continue in the army.—*Bed. Corr.*, i. 112.

From the closing paragraph of her letter we conclude that there had been little or no intercourse between her husband and the duke, and that the latter regarded his new brother-in-law with indifference, if not with dislike, for she says, “If you choose to converse with Mr. Lyttelton he will explain his pretensions more fully to you. The duke did not so choose. In his answer he civilly declines to press Richard Lyttelton’s suit, though he says:—“You must be sensible that *upon your account* I shall be very desirous to serve Mr. Lyttelton, as far as lies in my power, in anything that can *reasonably be expected from me*.” When we contrast his grace’s indifference to his sister’s request with the anxiety he manifested on all occasions to obtain place and promotion for his own dependents, we may not unreasonably suppose that Richard Lyttelton felt indignant at the coldness of his powerful connexion.

Thomas Lyttelton had certainly political if not personal grounds of resentment against the same magnate. It is observable that Junius does not attack the duke until after his grace had made terms with the Grafton ministry for the admission of his friends, and by so doing *had broken faith with Lord Lyttelton*; for after Chatham had formed his cabinet in 1766, the Duke of Bedford continued in opposition, and in close alliance with Lord Lyttelton. In a letter from the latter to Temple, dated Nov. 25, 1767, he relates a conference he had just held with Bedford:—

His grace replied that his own scheme was to have balanced the power of Lord Rockingham and his friends in the ministry to be formed, by many friends of the Grenvilles, and some in the highest offices, *particularly myself, whom he meant to propose for president of the council, the power of which office he said was now very great*.—*Lyt. Mem.*, 740.

In less than a month after this date Bedford concluded a treaty with the ministry for the admission of his friends, abandoning the Grenvilles and Lyttelton—and from that period the attacks of Junius on the “Bloomsbury gang” commence. There is undoubtedly much truth in that passage in which he characterizes their ambition:—

With one united view they have but one character. My Lord Gower and Lord Weymouth were distressed, and Rigby was insatiable. The school they were bred in taught them how to *abandon their friends* without deserting their principles. There is a littleness even in their ambition, for money is their first object. Their professed opinions upon some great points are so different from those of the party with which they are now united, that the council chamber is become a scene of open hostilities.—*Jun.*, iii. 175.

Who more likely to have written this passage than Thomas Lyttelton, justly indignant with the head of this “gang” and his adherents for so soon forgetting their engagement with his father?



The Duke of Bedford, during his later years, at least, was on visiting terms with Sir Richard Lyttelton, for in the journal kept by his Grace, recording his daily actions for the last four years of his life, we find the following entries :—

[1766.] 16th Nov.—Dined at the French Ambassador's. Went in the evening to Lord Mansfield's, Mr. G. Grenville's, and Sir Richard Lyttelton's.

[1767, April.] 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th.—Nothing material, I going nowhere but to Lady Tavistock's, and the last day in the evening to the Duchess of Bridgewater's.

The Marquis of Tavistock died on the 22d of the preceding month, [March, 1767,] and on that evening, when the duke visited his sister, it is within the scope of probability that Thomas Lyttelton was present, and that his keen eye scrutinized the features of the duke for traces of the grief which he had the fortitude to repress.

The expressions applied by Junius to Mr. Grenville are in substance the same with those which we find in the letters and speeches of Thomas Lyttelton. Junius speaks of him as an "able financier," and notices his "credit with the public;" and Thomas Lyttelton extols his "ministerial reputation" (*Let.* ii. 209); Junius terms Mr. Grenville "great and good," and Thomas Lyttelton describes him as "honest and able." (*Parl. Deb.*, April 23, 1779.)

The special favor with which Junius regards Mr. Grenville, may perhaps in some measure be explained by the anxious desire of the latter to serve his friends, though willing wholly to retire from public life himself. In a letter to the first Lord Lyttelton, dated July 14, 1767, Grenville says :—

You see my thoughts are turned to the country, from the busy scene of politics, and to my private friends from public connexions. The truth is, I have almost had enough of the latter, and much too little of the former; I therefore wish, if I can, to make the balance more even, which I think at present is a wish not unlikely to be gratified; but this is owing to my particular situation, which makes that both honorable and desirable for me which is by no means so for you. —*Mem. Lyt.*, 722.

In explanation of this passage he writes a fortnight later :—

When I intimated that there might be a difference between your situation and mine, I meant only that *whatever might be said of me, it could not be pretended that you were in the case of being obtruded and forced upon the king*, and that, therefore, if everything were settled as it should be, there would be no color for *your not filling an honorable office, which you are in all respects so well entitled to*. This, my dear lord, is the only difference between us, and the only one I hope there ever will be.—*Ib.*

If Mr. Grenville was sincere in saying he was

It was no longer a question whether we should relinquish the right of taxation, but whether that commerce, which had carried us triumphantly through the last war, should be subject to the wise and necessary regulations prescribed by the Act of Navigation, or at once be laid open at the will of the factious Americans, now struggling for a *free and unlimited trade*, independent of their mother country. If government should now in the least degree recede, all would be over.—*Deb.*, Nov. 29, 1774.

Junius warmly advocated the liberty of the press :—

Let it be impressed upon your mind, let it be instilled into your children, that *the liberty of the press*

indifferent to office at this time, we can hardly wonder that his friends should have felt increased regard for him, at witnessing the interest he took in their welfare, when he had no longer objects to advance of his own.

If we examine the sentiments of Thomas Lyttelton and Junius on all the great questions of the day, we shall find their agreement not less remarkable than that which may be traced in their personal predilections and resentments. The leading principle in the mind of Junius was the supremacy of the British legislature over every part of the British dominions. This supremacy he asserts not once only, but many times, repeating the idea in various forms, and seeking to establish it with all his powers of persuasion and argument. "He was" says Dr. Good, "as thoroughly convinced as Mr. George Grenville himself, of the supremacy of the legislature of this country over the colonies." (*Jun.*, i. 77.) "The enterprises of the Americans," writes Junius, 19th Dec. 1767, "are now carried to such a point that every moment we lose serves only to accelerate our perdition." (ii. 516.) Six months later he urges the necessity of immediate action against the colonists more strongly, saying there is no choice but to make war upon them, or to suffer them to erect themselves into independent states. (iii. 75.) He maintains the constitutional right vested in Parliament to raise taxes from America. (i. 394.) He insists that the clamor against the stamp act was the result of ignorance or wilful misrepresentation (ii. 513); and he declares that the repeal of the act is "surrendering the first essential principles of the constitution for the sake of a bribe of which we are cheated at the last." (iii. 183.) If from Junius we turn to the Lyttelton letters, we seem to be still reading in the same book :—

I have not a doubt of the legislative supremacy of Parliament over every part of the British dominions in America, the East and West Indies, in Africa, and over Ireland itself. I cannot separate the ideas of legislation and taxation; they seem to be more than twins; they were not only born but must coëxist and die together.—*Let.* xix.

In American affairs I have ever possessed a perfect uniformity of opinion. My doctrine has ever been that legislation involves in it every possible power and exercise of civil government. For this principle I shall never cease to contend.—*liv.*

After the quotations we have made from the speeches of Thomas Lyttelton, it is almost unnecessary to say that the same tone is preserved in them from first to last. We could fill pages with extracts to prove our assertion, but one will suffice, and by the side of that we place a passage from Junius :—

I see the spirit which has gone abroad through the colonies, and I know what consequences that spirit must and will produce. If it be determined to enforce the authority of the legislature, the event will be uncertain, but if we yield to the pretensions of America there is no further doubt about the matter. From that moment they become an independent people, *they open their trade with the rest of the world*, and England is undone.—*Jun.*, iii. 159.

*is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights of an Englishman.*—*Jun.*, i. 344.

Lyttelton, though smarting under some scandalous censures on his conduct (supposing him Junius,



how just was the retribution!) maintained the same doctrine almost in the same words:—

I love my country, its constitution, and its privileges, too well to say, write, or even think anything against that *palladium of British freedom—the liberty of the press.*—*Lytt. Let.*, xxiv.

In his place in the House of Lords, Lyttelton made it one of his charges against the revolted

The indulgence of private malice and personal slander should be checked.—*Jun.*, i. 352.

Both were clear, however, that the smallest invasions of any constitutional privilege should be strenuously resisted:—

Never suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another; they soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine.—*Jun.*, i. 342.

Junius says:—

The power of kings, lords, and commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the *trustees*, not the owners of the estate. . . . They cannot *alienate*, they cannot waste; the power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of natural justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution.—i. 345.

Lyttelton, when contending for the right of taxation inherent in the supreme legislature, says:—

I cannot conceive that it is in the power of any set of ministers, however able, to compliment away the inherent rights of the British Parliament. If the power be in the Parliament, as I am sure it is, they cannot even themselves surrender it without a manifest *breach of trust*. I take it to be a right original, coëxtensive, and *inalienable*, not to be parted with or transferred.—*Deb.*, March 14, 1776.

Parliament could not give up the rights of empire; they were inherent—they were *inalienable*; and the great controlling, superintending power of the state was inviolable and indivisible.—*Ib.*, Dec. 5, 1777.

Junius abhorred the whole system of game-laws:—

As to the game-laws, he never scrupled to declare his opinion that they are a species of the forest-laws, that they are oppressive to the subject, and that the spirit of them is incompatible with legal liberty; that the penalties imposed by these laws bear no proportion to the nature of the offence; that the mode of trial, and the degree and kind of evidence necessary to convict, not only deprive the subject of all the benefits of a trial by jury, but are in themselves too summary, and to the last degree arbitrary and oppressive.—*Jun.*, ii. 396.

Lyttelton writes:—

I neither hunt nor shoot; . . . the business and form, not to say tyranny, of preserving game, which is necessary to establish a certainty of sport, is not to my way of thinking. The laws concerning game form a very unconstitutional monopoly; but that is not all; the peace and society of provincial vicinities are more or less disturbed by jealousies and disputes arising from the game in every part of the kingdom.—*Lytt. Let.*, xxxi.

Lyttelton—perhaps from family connexion, for his aunt was married to an Irish proprietor, and his sister to an Irish peer—took a warm interest in the affairs of Ireland, and visited that country

Americans that they sought to destroy the liberty of the press:—

They have even gone so far as to stifle all free discussion in print, and overthrow that *great palladium, the liberty of the press.*—*Parl. Deb.*, March 14, 1776.

Both held that private character should be respected:—

Perhaps the enormities of private scandal should be checked.—*Lytt. Let.*, xxiv.

I think it would be dangerous to suffer even an excrescence of any staple privilege to be cut off. The track of innovation widens every moment, and on this example, if it was once opened, there is no saying where it would end.—*Lytt. Let.*, xxiv.

to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its politics and condition. In his Letters he expresses his opinion that “the Irish have long been an oppressed people.” (lvi.) In that magnificent speech, the last he ever delivered, he dwelt emphatically on the wrongs of the Irish people:—

They complain, my lords, of oppression; oppression has had its effects, and they are plunged into despair from the penury it has entailed upon them. They can bear it no longer, and they are ready to change their taskmasters.

Junius says, “the people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed.” (ii. 75.) “The just discontents of that kingdom have been passed by without notice.” (ii. 146.)

Junius was strongly opposed to Parliament debating with closed doors. When the houses were rigidly closed to strangers, he endeavored to shame ministers into having them thrown open on “the usual conditions.” On 15th December, 1774, Thomas Lyttelton, in the Lords, succeeded in carrying a motion to the effect that the doors “should be opened to the members of the House of Commons, the sons and brothers of peers, peers of Ireland and Scotland, and to so many of the public at large as should be introduced by English peers, each peer to have the privilege of introducing one person.” This we suppose was the prevailing practice previously to December, 1770, when Junius was so greatly annoyed and inconvenienced by the exclusion of “strangers.” As the son of a peer, Lyttelton must have frequently attended the debates of the House, and on the supposition that he was Junius, he might well have been anxious that “the doors of the House of Lords should be opened in the usual manner,” on occasion of the important debate on the Falkland Islands.

We can call decisive evidence to show that the Hon. Thomas Lyttelton was in the habit of attending the debates of the Lords, and that he, like Junius, had a most retentive memory. On the third reading of the Chatham Annuity Bill in the Lords, (June 2d, 1778,) the character and conduct of the deceased earl were called in question. Lord Radnor, who admired his general principles, conceived that his defence of the proclamation prohibiting the exportation of corn in 1766 was a blot on his career, as tending to set the authority of an Order in Council above that of an Act of Parliament. This remark raised an argument as to the line of defence adopted by Lord Chatham at the time, and



the words he actually used. Of all the peers present, Lyttelton, though he was only twenty-two in 1776, seems to have had the most distinct recollection of the language held by the great earl on that occasion:—

So far from attempting to defend the proclamation, he had offered to answer for it with his life. If his recollection did not mislead him, *he heard* the deceased earl make use of the strong expression of being willing to *expiate by his head* if the Parliament did not think that the particular necessity was an ample justification.—*Deb.*, June 2, 1778.

Lord Radnor adhered to his own impression. But we must admit Lord Chatham to be the best authority on what he really said, and, referring to his speech at the opening of the session of 1770, we find he makes reference to the part he took in the embargo debates in these words:—

He had heard with great concern of the distemper among the cattle, and was very ready to give his approbation to those prudent measures, with which the constitution trusted the crown, to be made use of under the correction of the legislature, and *at the hazard of the minister*, upon any sudden emergency or unforeseen calamity which might threaten the welfare of the people or the safety of the state. On this principle he had himself advised a measure which *he knew was not strictly legal*, but he had recommended it as a measure of necessity to save a starving people from famine, and had *submitted to the judgment of his country*.—*Deb.*, Jan. 9, 1770.

Junius, in a letter of Oct. 5, 1771, speaks of the doctrine held by Lord Camden, in the debate of 1766, that the crown possessed a legal power (not given by the Act itself) to suspend an operation of the Act of the Legislature, as one “to which he *listened* without the smallest degree of conviction or assent.” Accused of misrepresenting Lord Camden’s meaning, he defends the accuracy of his statement by quoting his lordship’s precise words:—

The truth is that he inadvertently overshot himself, as appears plainly by that unguarded mention of *a tyranny of forty days* which *I myself heard*. Instead of asserting that the proclamation was legal, he should have said, “My lords, I know the proclamation was illegal, but I advised it because it was indispensably necessary to save the kingdom from famine, and I submit myself to the justice and mercy of my country.”—ii. 364.

That is, he should have adopted the line of defence which Chatham did adopt, and which Lyttelton, after an interval of twelve years, recalls as heard by himself. We arrive, then, at the conclusion that Mr. Lyttelton and Junius were both present during the debate on the legality of the embargo in 1766, and that the former heard Lord Chatham declare he was willing to answer for the Order in Council with his head, while the latter heard Lord Camden designate it as “a forty days’ tyranny at the worst.” This correspondence is the more remarkable as the date of 1766 corresponds with what we know of the first political experience of Junius, as well as with the dawning political genius of Mr. Lyttelton.

Junius holds “that superstition is not the characteristic of this age” (ii. 408); and Lyttelton “that the dark times of superstition are past.” (*P. D.*, June 17, 1774.) Junius, however, constantly professes his reverence for the Christian religion; one of his leading arguments is made to

rest upon “the internal evidence which *the purest of religions carries with it*.” (ii. 319.) “No one,” writes Thomas Lyttelton, “after a comparative examination of the Gospel and Alcoran, will not give to the former a most instant, decided, and universal preference. He will admire the amiable and rational doctrines of the one, and as readily acknowledge the absurdities of the other.” (xxviii.) In another of his letters we read:—“A faith of some thousand years is not to be destroyed by the elaborate but artificial conjectures of a modern infidel.” (xlix.) Both set little store by “the externals of religion.” Junius could not agree with “my lords the bishops” that “prayers are morality, or that kneeling is religion.” (ii. 319.) Lyttelton thought that, “though bells were removed from steeples, and steeples from churches, the evil would not be great, for that Christian men might meet in the faith of Christ and in Christian charity, without these things, which to the pure of heart and truly devout were of little importance.” (*Deb.*, June 17, 1774.) “The religion of Sandwich,” remarks Junius, “would do honor to a mitre.” (iii. 310.) When attacking Horne he describes him as already “a bishop in his principles.” (ii. 256.) Lyttelton boasts (*Letter xxx.*) that he, in the presence of his uncle the bishop, “made an attack upon the temporal privilege of episcopacy in possessing a seat in the House of Lords, and proved that the bishops, through upwards of twenty reigns, had almost uniformly manifested themselves to be foes to rational liberty.” “Junius,” says Dr. Good, “was honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them” (i. 98):—

That the people are not equally and fully represented is unquestionable. But let us take care what we attempt. We may demolish the venerable fabric we intend to repair, and where is the strength and virtue to erect a better in its stead?—i. 286.

The dearest interests of this country are its laws and constitution.—i. 552.

Lyttelton in his letters often expresses himself in a similar spirit—*e. g.*—

A code of such wise, rational, and humane legislation never was known in the world.—xxviii.

His speeches are, in like manner, uniformly distinguished by zealous attachment to the laws and constitution.

Junius accuses the Duke of Grafton of submitting himself to Lord Chatham only to betray him:—

Lord Chatham was the earliest object of your political wonder and attachment. Yet you deserted him upon the first hopes that offered of an equal share of power with Lord Rockingham.—i. 483.

Thomas Lyttelton urges the same charge:—

The Duke of G——, who, to use his own words, had accepted the seals merely to trail a pike under the command of so distinguished a politician, when advanced to a higher post, turned an angry face against the leader whom he had deserted.—*Lyt. Let.*, lvii.

It is universally admitted that Junius must have been indefatigable in acquiring information, and that he was preëminently distinguished by the variety and extent of his knowledge.\* The same

\* Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge? . . . Nothing would



character belongs to Lyttelton, and appears even in his letters. While mentioning with candor his evening orgies with Price and Bodens, and other dissolute associates, whose best recommendation was their knowledge of "the history of the day," he speaks of his morning studies, and of the labor with which he sought to qualify himself for public life.

The admirable structure of the British constitution, its commerce, its interests, and its alliances, have been the objects of my serious inquiry and attentive consideration.—xlii.

The care he took to keep himself well informed on all the questions of his time is apparent in his speeches in the Lords. When he urged the right of authors to a perpetual property in their works, he laid before the House letters addressed to himself by Hume, Robertson, and other eminent literary characters. When, in 1775, he significantly referred to the relations of England with France and Spain, and pressed the ministry for explanations, Lord Rochford, Foreign Secretary, replied, "that he believed the noble lord *had spoken by inspiration*." When, some months later, he still pressed the hostile intentions of Spain on the House, and was answered by Rochford that the Court of Madrid had given the strongest assurances that nothing was intended against Great Britain or her allies, he disputed the accuracy of the secretary's information:—

The noble earl in office seems to place too great a reliance on the positive assurances given by the Spanish Court; and I will tell your lordships why I think so. *It is because I am well informed. I know it to be the current language of the several branches of the House of Bourbon, that they do not look upon themselves bound to give us any previous information of their hostile intentions, either by declaration of war or otherwise, on account of our capture of the French ships before the commencement of the late war.—P. D., May 17, 1775.*

The result showed the accuracy of his information and the sagacity of his views. When Mr. Penn gave his evidence before the House in support of the petition from the American Congress, Lord Lyttelton said, "*he could contradict him himself upon a most respectable authority, a gentleman of his acquaintance, who possessed 10,000 acres of land in the province of New England alone.*" (*P. D.*, Nov. 10, 1775.) When denouncing the revolted colonists for their cruelty to the loyal subjects of the crown, he "*had particular information to support him in those general assertions.*" (*Ib.*, March 4, 1776.) In February, 1778, he dwelt on the defenceless state of our eastern possessions, and told the House "*he had been informed by a French officer lately returned from the Mauritius, there were no less than 8000 regular troops there and in the Isle of Bourbon; a circumstance which was, in his opinion, sufficient to convince their lordships that France meant, in case of a rupture, to attack us in that part of the world.*" (*Ibid.*, March 23, 1778.) The like instances might easily be multiplied, but those adduced are sufficient to show that Lyttelton, like Junius, was distinguished for the extent of his information on public affairs, as well as, like Junius also, for his knowledge of "private politics."

escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public.—*Burke, Parl. Deb.*

Junius was fond of grappling with eminent lawyers on their own questions. He found the information against Woodfall "so loose and ill-drawn that he was persuaded Mr. De Grey could not have had a hand in it." (i. 209.) When writing to Wilkes against the power of commitment assumed by the Lords, he says, "I wish you to point out to me where you think the force of the formal legal argument lies." (i. 305.) He arraigned Mansfield for bailing Eyre; he entered into a legal controversy with Blackstone; he defended the legality of impressment on the authority of Judge Foster (ii. 381); and generally he took up public questions in a legal sense. Lyttelton, as we have seen, first distinguished himself as a speaker by his arguments on an appeal case, opposing himself to Apsley and Camden; again confronting the latter as to the true interpretation of treason, he, like Junius, quoted Foster (*P. D.*, Feb. 7th, 1775); and on the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, he opposed Mansfield as to the effect which would ensue from her conviction. (*P. D.*, Dec. 11, 1775.)

Junius, though respecting the laws so highly, seized every occasion of expressing his contempt for lawyers, and of setting common sense above the subtleties of their professional learning:—

Though I use the terms of art, do not injure me so much as to suspect I am a lawyer. I had as lief be a Scotchman. It is the encouragement given to the disputes about titles which has supported that iniquitous profession at the expense of the community.—i., 312.

I am no lawyer by profession, nor do I pretend to be more deeply read than every English gentleman should be in the laws of his country. I speak to the plain understanding of the people.

If, on your part, you [Lord Mansfield] should have no plain substantial defence, but should endeavor to shelter yourself under the quirk and evasion of a practising lawyer, or under the mere insulting assertion of power without right, the reputation you pretend to is gone forever.—(ii. 407.)

Our Lyttelton had the same contempt for professional subtlety:—

Those little evasions and distinctions [of Lord Camden] were the effects of professional subtlety and low cunning.

He [Lord Camden] has, with the designing subtlety of a lawyer, attacked the law part of this bill.—*P. D.*, May 17th, 1775.

In the discussion on a bill for amending the poor laws, he spoke with the same indignation on the sums squandered in litigation about settlements as Junius had done on the encouragement given to disputes about titles:—

He dwelt with great energy on the vast sums daily wasted in endless litigation relative to the law of settlement.—*P. D.*, May 4th, 1775.

The dislike of Junius to the Scotch is notorious. Lyttelton does not expressly state his antipathy to that people, but he writes thus (to give but one instance):—

I have been to see the *Justicia* hulk, where, among many other miseries, I saw poor Digman wear the habit of a slave. . . . Is it not extraordinary that the first public exhibition of slavery in this kingdom—for so it is, however the situation may be qualified by law—should be suggested by a Scotchman; and that the first regulator of this miserable business should be from the same country?—*Let. xxvii.*



Junius thinks there is great wisdom in taking mankind as they are, and in distributing the virtues and abilities of individuals according to the offices they affect. (ii. 358.) "Let us employ these men in whatever departments their various abilities are best suited to, and as much to the advantage of the common cause as their different inclinations will permit." (ii. 346.) Thomas Lyttelton conceives that "the grand source of that glory which shone with such resplendent lustre on Mr. Pitt's administration was his sagacity in employing men according to the nature and tendency of their characters and talents." (*Let.*, xlii.)

Junius had a contemptuous opinion of woman—regarding her, like Pope, as at best but a softer man:—

*Women, and men like women, are timid, vindictive, and irresolute. Their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible.*—ii. 168.

Lyttelton writes:—

*Women, and men who resemble women, are supposed, from extreme fear of disappointment, to be very generally disposed to the habit of drawing idle consequences from every trivial event.*—*Let.*, iii.

"Their passions counteract each other," says Junius; and "there is a balance in the human passions," observes Thomas Lyttelton. (xv.)

The *private* letters of Junius, though written in the years 1769–72, were honorably preserved by Mr. Woodfall, and were not given to the world till 1812. The first volume of Lyttelton's Letters was published in 1780, and the second sometime afterwards. Whatever correspondence, therefore, appears between the *private* letters of Junius and those of Lyttelton, could not have resulted from imitation on one side or the other. The private letters to Woodfall are so few and so brief, and in general so entirely confined to the business in hand, that they do not often afford any reflection of the mind of the writer. But in one of them there occurs a very remarkable sentiment. On the publication of the letters of Junius, Woodfall makes him an offer of half the profits which may arise from the sale. This offer Junius declines:—

Be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person, I think, has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views be directed to a solid, however moderate, independence. *Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest.*—i. 253.

Few men, unless constantly associated with the most vicious of their species, can look around them without discerning the highest moral worth united with great poverty. To assert that no man can be happy without what the world calls an independence is a libel upon the goodness of the Creator; and, to add *nor even honest*, is a most unwarrantable stigma on human character. The great majority must always win their subsistence by labor, but both happiness and honesty are consistent with their condition.

The fifty-third letter in the Lyttelton volumes purports to be penned "after an unprofitable jaunt to Paris." The writer, who had been reduced to the necessity of borrowing money, thus expresses himself:—

When I seriously reflect on the miseries of dependence, by whatever name it may be distinguished, I

cannot but admire the prudence and envy the disposition of those men who preserve themselves above it. I am convinced that *no man can be happy or honorable* who does not proportionate his expenses to the means he possesses; and if the phrase is significant that describes the man who pays everybody as above the world, he who has disabled himself from pursuing the same conduct must submit to the abject idea of being beneath it. . . . I tell you honestly, that the galled horse winces on the occasion, and that my withers are most severely wrung. I feel the grief so sensibly, that *if I had an amanuensis at hand I should like to patrol my library, and dictate a discourse on worldly prudence.* . . . You have a son, and let me advise you, while the smartings of the moment dictate the counsel, to instil into his tender mind the lasting impressions of a liberal prudence, without which virtue is continually harassed by necessity, pleasure has but an interrupted enjoyment, and life becomes a chequered scene of agitation and distress:—

Quærandæ pecunia primum;  
Virtus post nummos.

There is much good sense in this passage, and, taken in its whole scope, it is less objectionable than the condensed sentiment of Junius. Yet in its spirit, and in connexion with the concluding quotation, there is such a similarity, both in the leading thought and in its expression, as almost to exclude the supposition of accidental agreement between two authors, writing at nearly the same period of time,\* but upon totally different subjects.

We may observe, in passing, that such sentiments could never have been penned by Combe, who seems to have spent all his life in difficulties, and much of it in the debtor's prison.

It may be added, that, in the passage from the Lyttelton letters, the writer, with the natural ardor of his mind, appears anxious to make known the conclusion his extravagance had led him to adopt; and, as he earnestly recommends it to the notice of the son of his friend, we may suppose that he would impress it on the mind of any other correspondent with whom he happened to be in communication. It is a proof of the sincerity of his conviction and of the masculine strength of his understanding that he took the principle he announced as the guide of his future conduct, and steadily adhered to it. It is uncommon to find a gamester correct in his accounts, and a libertine economical in his expenditure. Yet this was the case of Lord Lyttelton:—

It is extraordinary, says the Public Advertiser, (December 7th, 1779,) that his lordship, who has been remarked for his punctual, economical attention and accuracy in all money matters, should not have bequeathed more than 28,000*l.*, though he died with upwards of 40,000*l.* in ready money, and what is the same as ready money, at Hill-street House, in London, and Pitt Place at Epsom.

Whether his lordship was more happy and more honest from the care with which he made up his hand at the gaming-table, from the economy with which he conducted his amours, and from his accumulated wealth, we do not pretend to determine. He had read the classic page to little purpose when he took as a rule of conduct the senseless clamor

\* There is nothing in the Lyttelton letter to indicate its precise date. But though placed near the end of the collection, we must infer, from the complaint of distress, that it was written by Mr. Lyttelton.



of the avaricious multitude which the poet satirizes. Of all great writers, Horace has most strongly insisted that wealth is not necessary to a pure heart and peaceful mind. In contrast to the desire of the greedy crowd we have his own sentiment, which Lord Lyttelton either overlooked or disdained—*Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.*

Some of the critics of Junius have, in most cases unintentionally, indicated the Miltonic character of his genius. Thus the ingenious "John Jacques" cleverly associates the portraits of Junius with the creations of Milton's Pandemonium. Mr. Barker depicts him as "with Titanian look denouncing

Desperate revenge and battle dangerous  
To less than gods ;"

—while one of his editors, who takes the title of "Atticus Secundus," suggests a comparison with Milton, by stating that in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton "we seem to see him *grinning horribly a ghastly smile.*"

It is remarkable, however, that while this reference to Milton occurs spontaneously to the critics of Junius, there is not in the letters which he himself collected one direct quotation from the great poet. Now, as we find that passages from Milton slipped unconsciously from his pen when he wrote carelessly under other signatures, we may not unreasonably conjecture that the omission in the acknowledged letters was designed, and intended to avert suspicion from the real author. In one of his early letters (iii. 99) he speaks of the dismissal of Amherst as the servile act of the ministers, performed at the command of the favorite, and satirizes their unbounded submission to his will:—

Their whole political system is wrapped up in one short maxim—

My author and disposer ! what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey.—iii. 99.

In another place he bitterly condemns Lord Shelburne for the vacillation of his political career:—

Without spirit or judgment to take an advantageous mode of retiring, he submits to be insulted so long as he is paid for it. But even this abject conduct will avail him nothing. Like his great archetype, *the vapor on which he rose deserts him*, and now—

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops.—  
iii. 173.

In one of the latest efforts of his pen, addressed to Barrington, he deals thus with his lordship's patronage of Bradshaw:—

Pray, my lord, will you be so good as to explain to us of what nature were those services which he first rendered to your lordship? Was he winged like a messenger, or stationary like a sentinel?—

Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes—

*Videlicet*, at the door of Lady ———n's cabinet.—  
iii. 443.

These quotations, slipping as they do from the author's pen unawares, indicate a mind which had by willing study made the verse of Milton its own possession. The expressions of the great bard are unconsciously used by Junius as part of his mother tongue, and a few such instances are more conclusive proof of intimate acquaintance with Milton's writings than would be more numerous and more elaborate citations from his text.

A passage from the Lyttelton letters will show that their author also was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Milton:—

You have won both your wagers. In speaking of the inhabitants of China, I do make use of the word Chinese, and I borrow the term from Milton. As to your first bet that I used such an expression, your ears, I trust, will be grateful for the confidence you had in them. But your second wager that, if I did use it, I had a good authority, is very flattering to myself, and I thank you for the opinion you entertain of *the accuracy of my language.* Of all the poets that have graced ancient times or delighted the latter ages, Milton is my favorite. I think him superior to every other, and the best calculated to elevate the mind, to form a nobleness of taste, and to teach a bold, commanding, energetic language. I read him with delight as soon as I could read him at all; and I remember, in my father's words, I gave the first token of premature abilities in the perusal of the *Paradise Lost.* I find in Milton's poems everything that is sublime in thought, beautiful in imagery, and energetic in language and expression. *To attain a reputation for eloquence is my aim and my ambition;* and if I should acquire the art of *adorning my thoughts with striking images, or enforcing them by commanding words,* I shall be indebted for such advantages to our great British classic.—*Let. xxvi.*

There are, as we might expect, frequent references to Milton in the Lyttelton letters, most of them, as with Junius, seeming to drop unpremeditatedly from the writer's pen. On the death of a beautiful and amiable woman of his acquaintance, he says:—

By this time I trust she has reached the Elysian fields, and with the blest inhabitants of that delightful abode—

On flowers reposed, and with fresh garlands crowned,  
Quaffs immortality and joy. *Let. i. 201.*

To a friend having got into disgrace:—

The devil, in the language of the proverb, having long owed you a grudge, has taken a very fair opportunity to repay it. You may now exclaim, on your entrance into our Pandemonium—

Hail, horrors, hail ! and thou, profoundest hell,  
Receive thy new possessor. *Ibid., ii. 15.*

Of Lord Chatham it is said:—

During the last few years of his venerable life he seemed to stand alone, or made his communications to no one but Lord Camden, whom

He faithful found :  
Among the faithless faithful only he. *Ibid., ii. 228.*

A diligent examination would, we make no doubt, show how much Junius was indebted to Milton for the energy of his language, and supply particular instances of that likeness in general cast of thought, which strongly recalls one author while we are perusing another, though our memory may not enable us to justify the parallel we intuitively draw. When Junius says of the ministry that the Middlesex election is "surcingle and buckled upon their backs," and when he tells the House of Commons that whatever resolution they took after the prorogation of Parliament was "deliberate and prepense," we are forcibly reminded of the diction and cadence of Milton, though we can scarcely define the precise points of resemblance. We recollect in Milton "*deliberate valor breathed*" and "*malice prepense,*" but the resemblance is



not so striking as to justify a comparison. The same sentiment and the same difficulty are experienced in reading the metaphorical language of Junius. When he gravely asks the king—"Will nothing prompt and stimulate your royal heart to remove those panders of your errors, and once more ride upon the wings of popularity, and dwell on the tongues of your subjects?" we feel that the spirit of Milton breathes from the page, though our recollection supplies us only with such passages as "though heaven's king ride on thy wings," and "ride the air in whirlwind."—The topic admits of further illustration—but enough has been said to show that Junius and Lyttelton were equally well acquainted with the sublime verse of the bard of Paradise, and that the former did occasionally "adorn his thoughts with the striking images and enforce them by the commanding words of the great British classic."

Coincidences of mere commonplace expression are not of much value in establishing identity. To direct search after a particular man in London it would be of little use to describe him as wearing a black coat, mixture trousers, Wellington boots, and a round hat; and of as little avail would it be to attempt to identify a writer by the use of words that are in every mouth. We select, therefore, those expressions only which have a peculiarity about them, and are in some degree indicative of character. Junius is partial to the imperative mood, and particularly to the phrase "Be assured." If the reader will go through the private notes to Woodfall, he will observe how much of their force and earnestness is due to the very frequent use of these words. We find also many such expressions as "Depend on the assurance I give you,"—"rely upon it," &c. In the Lyttelton Letters the like phrases are employed so frequently as to constitute a marked peculiarity of style.

Junius often alludes to the passions. Of the Duke of Grafton he says that "*the empire of the passions* soon succeeded to the follies of political childhood." (i. 502.) Lyttelton thinks that "the very source of *the passions* must be dried up before they will lose *their empire* over me." (*Lytt. Lett.*, iii.)

Junius says we can never be in danger "until Parliament employs the weapons committed to it by the collective body to *stab the Constitution*." (ii. 116.) Lyttelton declares that America, the child of Great Britain, entered into an alliance with France "with the hellish view of *stabbing the political existence of the mother country*." (*P. D.*, Dec. 7, 1778.)

Junius more than once uses the expression of "Power without Right." The elder Lyttelton seems to have originally employed it in a debate in the Lords, at the time Junius was publishing his letters. The words were quoted with admiration by Lord Chatham, when he denounced (Jan. 9, 1770) the proceedings of the House of Commons on the Middlesex election:—

Power without right is the most odious and detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination. It is not only pernicious to those who are subject to it, but leads to its own destruction. It is what my noble friend (Lord Lyttelton) has lately described it—*Res detestabilis et caduca*.

One of the very finest images of Junius is due to the same source. We find in a pamphlet by Thomas Lyttelton's father—

Reputation is to a people just what credit is to a merchant; the first depends on an opinion of strength,

as the latter does on an opinion of opulence. But that *opinion of opulence is a real advantage, that opinion of strength is a real security*.

The biographer of the old lord, in quoting this sentence, subjoins the image of Junius, plainly suggested by it:—

*Private credit is wealth; public honor is security.* The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight—strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

The pamphlet, published twenty or thirty years previously, must have been quite out of date when Junius wrote. No one, therefore, was so likely to borrow an image from it as the author's son.

Junius, alluding to Mr. Horne, declares that "*a priest's resentment is implacable*" (ii. 313); and Thomas Lyttelton relates that on one occasion he was cursed by his uncle the bishop, "in all the chaste periphrases of *a priest's implacability*." (xxxv.)

"I was not born to be a commentator," writes Junius (i. 350); "I was not born to be a stoic," writes Lyttelton. (i.)

"That *silken* fawning courtier at St. James'," (*Jun.*, iii. 431,) will remind the reader of Lyttelton's letters of "the *silken* softness of luxury," (lviii,) and of "the *satins* dignity of a robe de chambre." (*Ib.*) Junius says of Charles Fox that he is "yet in blossom" (ii. 244); Lyttelton has the phrase "just bursted into blossom." (iii.) Junius could not bear to see "so much *incense* offered to an idol who so little deserves it" (ii. 518); Lyttelton relates that his father's friends "joined in the family *incense* to such an idol as myself." (xi.)

Besides what has been already advanced, there are certain passages in those Lyttelton letters which render it highly probable that their author had tested and ascertained his political powers before his accession to the peerage. "*I can make the world smile on my political career*," he writes, "though it may still hold a frowning aspect towards my moral character." (xv.) The sentiment is repeated in the 54th letter:—"My political career, at least, shall not be marked with dishonor." In another place he speaks of his intention to support the ministry for the suppression of American revolt, but if, he adds, they should show themselves indecisive,

my support shall be changed into opposition, and all my powers exerted to remove men from a station to which they are unequal. Remember this assertion—preserve this letter, and let it appear in judgment against me if I err from my present declaration.—xix.

Assuming that he had ascertained his powers as Junius this strain is intelligible, but it would be mere silly presumption on the supposition that all his previous life had been wasted in riotous dissipation.

From what Thomas Lyttelton allows us to see of his character, we may suppose that the kind of occupation which the correspondence of Junius with the press must have supplied would be exactly suited to his taste:—

You know me well enough to be certain that I must have a particular and not a common object to employ my attention; it must be an object which inspires desire, calls forth activity, keeps hope upon the stretch, and has some sort of high coloring about it.—ix.

Such an active spirit as animates my frame must



have objects important in their nature, inviting in their appearance, and animating in their pursuit.—xvi.

There is an ardor of mind that leads to national as well as personal greatness; nor am I without an active flame of it.—xlii.

“After long experience of the world,” writes Junius—an expression which has led Dr. Good to suppose that he could not be much less than fifty. Thomas Lyttelton, who died at thirty-five, says, in a letter written most likely several years previous to his death, “Men of our age and experience,” &c. (*Let.* 1.)

The only information, or conjecture, which has reached us as to the person of Junius, is that transmitted by Mr. Jackson, who was in the employment of Woodfall. He once saw “a tall gentleman, dressed in a light coat, with bag and sword, throw into the office-door, opening in Ivy Lane, a letter from *Junius*, which he picked up.” The elder Lyttelton’s figure was sport for the caricaturists of his day:—

Who’s dat who ride astride de pony,  
So long, so lank, so lean, and bony?—  
O he be the great orator, Little Toney.

The son seems to have been of the same make—he alludes himself to his “skinny shape” and “thread-paper form.”

Junius tells us distinctly:

I remember seeing Bassambaum, Saurez, Molina, and a score of other jesuitical books, burnt at Paris for their sound casuistry, by the hands of the common hangman.

We may assume that this took place in 1764, as it was in that year that Choiseul suppressed the Jesuits. Thomas Lyttelton was on the Continent during the whole of 1764, and for part of the time resided at Paris.

“If things take the turn I expect,” Junius wrote to Woodfall, “you shall know me by my works.” We have not a particle of evidence to show that Thomas Lord Lyttelton kept this promise of Junius when he had it in his power to do so; but we find that after his death, the Public Advertiser was distinguished by the exclusion of those scandalous anecdotes which were freely circulated in other journals. The notices it admitted were all to his honor; and under the head of “Correspondents,” in the paper of Dec. 7, 1779, we find a sentence plainly from the pen of Woodfall himself, which indicates personal tenderness:—

In answer to the sketch sacred to the memory of a nobleman lately deceased, the printer takes the first words of it—*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*.

Here we must close our illustrations, though the subject is far from exhausted. The character of the younger Lyttelton, with “vivacious passions” and “great energy and force of understanding,” as drawn by his father (*Mem. Lyt.*, 664); “vehement and irritable,” as remarked by Mr. Adolphus (*Hist. Eng.*, ii. 325); the superior of Charles Fox in capacity, as the master of both at Eton conceived; constant in his political opinions, but most inconstant in his political attachments; malignant, ungovernable, disposed to the strongest exaggeration in his antipathies; impatient of opposition—branding those who differed from him as traitors and villains bent on the ruin of their country; delivering sentiments of morality and religion in a lofty tone, while the cloven foot of vice peeped from be-

neath his censor’s mantle; despising the fame he labored to achieve; and withdrawing at last from his political connexion in disgust, because the world would not move in the orbit he described for it—this character is conformable in every respect to that which Junius, in spite of his mask, reveals. The position of Lyttelton, moving in the first circles, with family connexions in all the highest ranks of official life, and with the most authentic sources of information open to him, yet gathering round him, for the amusement of his private hours, men of profligate habits, whose best recommendation was that they knew the events of the day, and were thoroughly skilled in the science of private politics—this is the position indicated for Junius by the most searching examination of his works. Of their identity in attachments and antipathies—in political opinions and general sentiments—in peculiar thoughts and characteristic expressions—it would be vain to speak after the examples we have given. The letters of Junius substantially cease when Mr. Lyttelton goes to reside with his father—and finally close at the date of his marriage. Less than two years after Junius withdrew from the public stage—“unchanged in will, undiminished in virtue, unbroken in strength”—the second Lyttelton appears in the house of Lords, maintaining the principles of Junius with all the eloquence and power of Junius.

Let it be recollected that we have traced this parallel from the scantiest materials. Some sixty private letters, and half that number of speeches, are the only productions we have had to assist us in our inquiry. Lord Lyttelton—most wisely, if we suppose him to be Junius—supplied the press with not even a pamphlet from his pen.

When others grapple with the theory now suggested it is very likely that circumstances un contemplated by us may be brought forward. We expect this, because we think it probable that Junius had always some artifice or practical lie in reserve, by which he might hope to disprove the charge, if ever attempted to be fixed on him. This artifice, as in Old Bailey tactics, may possibly take the shape of an *alibi*; but—if truth be on our side—we may rest assured that every fresh fact will, on inquiry, tend to confirm our supposition, and that it will eventually receive confirmation from the very objections which are urged to repel it.

If we are met by a denial of the authenticity of the Lyttelton letters, we reply by asking to whom else than to Thomas Lyttelton can they, with any probability, be referred? From what we know of Combe, we have no hesitation in saying that they are far above the range of his abilities, while they stand the test of a very careful comparison with the known events of Lyttelton’s life, with his singular character and genius, and with his reported speeches in the Lords. There is this also to be said, that every proof we have adduced that the letters are from the pen of Junius, is a proof that they are from the pen of Thomas Lyttelton; as no one, we suppose, will contend that Combe was Junius, or that Junius, whoever he was, descended to the meanness of fabricating these Lyttelton Letters. And further, though these letters strongly support our theory, yet it might stand without them. The evidence of identity is to be sought primarily in the speeches, and in the authentic notices which have descended to us of the second Lord Lyttelton’s career.

Should the veil which hides the mystery of his death be rent away by the result of that inquiry



which tears the mask from the face of Junius, how complete will be the exposure of the most refined and subtle artifices of falsehood! Disinterred, after the neglect of two generations, from that sepulchre of deceit in which he sought refuge with the indifference of despair, Thomas Lord Lyttelton would lie before us, with the carefully guarded hypocrisy of his heart stripped bare—a memorable example of the great maxim never to be confirmed by too many instances, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. We should then see that he resigned both fame and life—not for the applause of conscience—not in the firm and steadfast hope which looks to Heaven alone for an approving smile—but simply to escape the Justice which, with steps slow indeed, but unvarying and constant, pursues falsehood and guilt to brand them with infamy. Not Dante, nor Milton, nor Shakspeare himself, could have struck forth a finer conception than Junius—in the pride of rank, wealth, and dignities, raised to the council table of the sovereign he had so foully slandered—yet sick at heart and deeply stained with every profligacy—terminating his career by deliberate self-murder, with every accompaniment of audacious charlatanry that could conceal the crime.

We have a strong conviction that, when this inquiry is pushed to its limit, it will open a new page in our political history, and even a new chapter in human character. And might we choose our part in the investigation, it would be, not merely to carve a name on the pedestal of this idol of democracy, but to erect a lasting beacon on the rock against which he made shipwreck of a position almost as noble, and an intellect almost as grand, as man was ever blessed with by his beneficent Creator, to confer superior happiness on himself and to advance the welfare and fame of a great nation.

From Punch.

#### LINES TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

OH, Jonathan! dear Jonathan! a wretched world we see;  
 There's scarce a freeman in it now, excepting you and me.  
 In soldier-ridden Christendom the sceptre is the sword;  
 The statutes of the nation from the cannon's mouth are roared.

Ordinance the subject multitude for ordinance obey;  
 The bullet and the bayonet debate at once allay;  
 The mouth is gagged, the press is stopped, and we remain alone  
 With power our thoughts to utter, or to call our souls our own.

They hate us, Brother Jonathan, those tyrants; they detest  
 The island sons of liberty, and freemen of the West;  
 It angers them that we survive their savage will to stem;  
 A sign of hope unto their slaves—a sign of fear to them.

Right gladly would they bind our tongues; with joy arrest our pens;  
 Immure our best and bravest men enchained in bestial dens;  
 Bend our stiff necks to priestcraft's yoke, and bow the heads we rear  
 'Gainst craven superstition, to the dust in abject fear.  
 Stand with me, Brother Jonathan, if ever need should be;  
 Still be it ours to show the world that nations can be free;

Not as almost each people in sad Europe now appears,  
 Ruled with a despot's iron rod, a race of mutineers.

Correspondence of the Times, Monday, Dec. 29, 1851.

THE liberation of some of the ex-representatives of the Assembly from the various prisons in which they were immured has made the public acquainted with certain details regarding the treatment they experienced during their confinement. The greatest number were conducted to the cells of Mazas, by many degrees the most uncomfortable of the four "state fortresses"—so bad, indeed, as to make transportation even to Mont Valerien or Vincennes, much more to Ham, a boon for which to be thankful. At Mazas the representatives were kept for several days in profound secrecy, seeing no one, and allowed no other books than those accorded to ordinary prisoners, such as the *Imitation de Jesus Christ* of Thomas A' Kempis, the *Livre des Frères*, and other volumes from the "Jesuits' Library for the Million." The cells at Mazas are furnished with a hammock, which is taken down every morning at a stated hour. In consideration of their being "Deputies of France," however, the representatives were allowed to keep their hammocks suspended as long as they pleased, and to slumber *ad libitum*. At the end of a few days, moreover, instead of being deprived of light, like the other prisoners, at the regular prison hour, they were allowed to purchase their own "bougie." Their food was the prison diet, with the liberty of purchasing something different, if not much better, at the "cantine." Their meals were brought to them on tin dishes, with the appendage of wooden spoons, so untempting to the eye that one of the representatives recently set free declares that during the fifteen days of his imprisonment he invariably ate with his fingers—"comme un sauvage, ou un Kabyle." The representatives were turned out of Mazas with as little ceremony as that which accompanied their arrest. The "gardien" of the prison came to them and said, with laconic coolness, "Get ready, put up your things, you are going down into the 'greffe,'" ("bureau," or office;) and, in reply to their demand for what reason, exclaimed, with perfect sang-froid, "I don't know, but you must go down." At the "greffe" an official addressed them, "I have orders to set you at liberty; go out by this door." Each of the representatives was then conducted to the threshold of the inhospitable fortress, embarrassed with his luggage, in the midst of soldiers and "agens de police," who found ample subject for mirth in their grotesque situation. As an instance of the vicissitudes of sublunary affairs, M. de Tocqueville, who introduced the cellular system of imprisonment into France, and M. Chambolle, who so long and zealously defended Mazas from the attacks to which it was subjected, were both enabled to weigh, by personal experience, the advantages of the system they had advocated. For the future, it is probable, they will be less lavish of their praises.

When Madame and Mademoiselle Odier went to Ham to announce to M. Cavaignac the order for his liberation, the general, who had seen nobody during the interval of his confinement, and knew nothing of what had occurred since, immediately exclaimed, on seeing them—"Et que fais la Chambre?" On being informed that the Chamber no longer existed, he burst into tears.



From the Times, 8th Jan.

## WARNING TO ENGLAND.

WE never could clearly understand the maxim so often quoted but so seldom reflected on, that "history is philosophy teaching by example." History is in no sense philosophy; it deals with the practical and particular, while philosophy is concerned with the abstract and the general. The one is narrative, the other speculative—the one assumes to store the memory, the other to discipline the reason. Neither, on the other hand, can we subscribe to the celebrated apophthegm of a great orator, that "history is no better than an old almanac." Much is, undoubtedly, to be learnt by the comparison of similar periods in the destiny of nations, and it is not improbable that, had this method of analogical reasoning been more attended to, the errors and misfortunes of the last three years would have been more clearly foreseen and more successfully avoided. Every one must be struck with the resemblance between the present state of France and that of the Lower Roman Empire. The sovereign who was raised to the throne by the power of the Prætorian Guards naturally distinguished them by peculiar marks of favor and liberality, and if, by so doing, he succeeded in making them his fast friends, he was sure at the same time to disgust the remote legions who guarded the banks of the Rhine or the Danube. To reward one part of the army above the rest was a sure means of inducing troops greedy of a similar distinction to set up a competitor of their own, while to remunerate all alike implied an expenditure which even the rapacious government of Rome could not endure. The civilian who relies on military support for his power undertakes to fill the vessel of the Danaids from the contents of a small cistern, with the certainty of destruction when that cistern is exhausted. The only refuge from the fearful alternative of perishing by civil war or by the destruction of the national resources is in foreign conquest, in diverting the minds of the military class from domestic affairs, and satiating their rapacity and love of glory with the spoils of neighboring nations. This resource was not open to the Romans of the later empire; their position was necessarily defensive, and, for want of this outlet for the passions of a turbulent soldiery, emperor after emperor was raised and destroyed with theatrical rapidity. In this respect France differs from ancient Rome, and the difference is certainly not in favor of the continuance of peace in Europe.

Such being the warnings of history with regard to the position of our neighbors, let us see if we can extract anything from them which will lead us to a just appreciation of our own. At the accession of Harold to the crown, the English had enjoyed a peace of nearly fifty years, purchased by the final expulsion and destruction of their Danish invaders; they were becoming more and more enamored of the arts of peace, and had made considerable progress in such civilization as the times allowed. Agriculture was cultivated with great assiduity and success, and the national mind began to appreciate the benefits to be derived from foreign trade and commerce. The military spirit which had animated the descendants of Hengist and Horsa was gradually dying out, and the nation, united under one head, looked back with disgust and contempt on the obscure and bloody civil wars of the Heptarchy. The fortifications of the towns were

allowed to fall into decay, and the equipment and discipline of the troops were almost entirely neglected. Dwelling in peace and security under their free elective institutions, the English looked with gradually increasing disfavor on the profession of arms. While the mailed chivalry of Normandy were carrying their banners even to the islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, the Saxon was content to fight on foot and to protect himself from the blows of a steel-clad man-at-arms by the imperfect defence of a surcoat of hide. His offensive arms were as imperfect as his defensive; he relied almost exclusively on the ponderous battle-axe, which, requiring both hands to wield it, necessarily left the person of the soldier exposed to the lance or the arrow. Yet, with all this, the nation was possessed by a spirit of the most overweening confidence and self-satisfied security. Proud of the exploits of their ancestors, believing in the perpetuity of the long peace they had enjoyed, satisfied with their republican institutions, and mistaking internal freedom for external strength, they looked with inert tranquillity on the gradual increase and organization of the power which was to overwhelm them; and when at last the blow fell, the nation, at once confident in its valor and impatient of military fatigue and privations, flung away its hopes in a single unequal conflict rather than endure the slow and desolating tactics which must have worn out the strength of the invader. The English met their enemies with one third of their number, believing as devoutly as the pothouse heroes of our own times that one Englishman to three Frenchmen was a perfectly equal match, and that the total absence of cavalry and artillery on their side would be easily compensated by superior personal bravery. The nation was, at any rate, content to abide the trial, thinking that, even if this army miscarried, it would be easy to overwhelm the invaders by a general rising. The army fell, and the nation with it.

It may seem almost superfluous to apply this analogy to the state of modern England. We also have been in the enjoyment of a long and profound peace, and have learnt to consider a war as something almost impossible. We also have entirely outlived the military spirit of the earlier years of this century, and in the pursuit of wealth, and in the development of civilization, have half learnt to believe in the preachers of a millennium, of the peaceful sweets of which we have already had a foretaste. We also take no care for the fortification of our country or the equipment of our troops. We arm them with weapons which are all but harmless; we load them with accoutrements which are worse than useless; and we sedulously and successfully endeavor to render them incapable of bearing fatigue and hardship. Our navy is employed in training sailors, and, as soon as we have succeeded in rendering them expert seamen and gunners, we dismiss them to enter into the service of foreign nations. Our infantry can hardly march, our cavalry can hardly ride. These troops, so armed, so disciplined, and so accoutred, are extremely scanty in numbers, and those numbers we have materially diminished by sending ten thousand of our best to make war upon savages five hundred miles on the other side of the tropic of Capricorn. Yet, under all these circumstances, we entertain an unbounded confidence in our own resources and position—we mistake the internal balance and equipoise of our polity for the power of resisting external force. We view without apprehension an



enormous military power beside us, assuming a position which renders foreign war almost a necessity of its existence. We talk of our old victories by land and by sea, and forget that they were gained by men whose arms and training placed them on an equality with their antagonists. We rely on our insular position, which protected us so efficiently against Napoleon the Great, and insist upon the impregnable trench that surrounds us, although science has effectually bridged it over for Napoleon the Little. We forget the existence of the new power of steam, and the means of organizing combined and unlooked-for movements afforded by the electric telegraph. We believe that if the storm with which France is now pregnant does burst, it will be upon the great military powers of the continent, who sympathize with the proceedings of her government, who possess enormous military resources, and who offer but a poor prize to the victor, instead of upon us, whose free institutions are a daily reproach to the slavery and tyranny which disgrace France, whose military resources are such as we have described, and whose rich shores have not seen the footprint of a foreign army since the days of King John. Stranger still, we believe that we are secure against any sudden blow, and base this agreeable conviction on the good faith of a man who is what he now is solely because he has been able to dissemble and to deceive, to swear and to forswear. Strangest of all, we believe that if a French army should effect a landing, there is some unknown force in the population of this country which would overwhelm and absorb them, and that while every other people in Europe has proved utterly unable to contend against military discipline, ours, the least warlike of any, will easily succeed where they have failed. The historic parallel seems tolerably close as regards the antecedents; let us hope, for the sake of this island and the cause of civilization and liberty all over the world, that similar causes may not, in our time, result in a similar catastrophe.

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From the Calendar, a religious paper, (Episcopalian,) published at Hartford, Con.

#### POSSIBLE DESIGNS OF THE ALLIED DESPOTS.

MORE improbable events have come to pass in history than a combination of the existing potentates of continental Europe to put down the Protestant powers of the world, and thus seal up apparently forever the fountain, whose bitterness they are doomed to drink so long as there is a free state on earth. Hostile as may be the pretensions of the Greek and Roman churches, both have a common and deadly foe in the love of freedom, civil and religious, which is ever found in alliance with Protestantism; and there seems therefore, *a priori*, nothing improbable in the supposition, that the natural protectors of both religions might, under favoring circumstances, enter into a solemn league and covenant to bring about a consummation so desirable to both parties—the extinction of the only two great powers on earth by which Protestant liberty is upheld. That enterprise once achieved, the reign of absolutism would seem henceforth to be made easy, sure, and perpetual.

Never since the Reformation has there been a time so favorable for attempting this work as the present. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, the whole continent is bristling with bayonets which do *not* think, and which move only at the

nod of four military despots, untrammelled even by the slightest scrap of parchment in the shape of constitutional law. These four autocrats, commanding the resources of the four great empires which compose the military strength of the continent, already hand in hand, are every day drawing closer the bands of amity. Even the monarch of essentially Protestant Prussia has gone into the snare so artfully laid for him by wiser heads than his own, or bowed to menaces threatening the dynasty of Hohenzollern, which he feels himself too impotent to despise; he too has thrown himself into the arms of his Popish subjects for protection against the demands of Protestant Prussia for a charter of constitutional law—a charter promised more than thirty years ago, but never given, and never intended to be given. He too at this moment is found in unnatural alliance with the bear of the north, the black eagle of Austria, and the yet unknown cognizance, whether tri-color, eagle\* or fleur-de-lis, of the President Emperor of France. Between these representatives of the might of continental Europe, there reigns a most ominous concord. Made brethren by a common danger, the interest of one has become the interest of all; and they now exhibit such a spectacle as was never before seen, of power nearly unlimited directed by a unity whose purpose is yet undeveloped. What does this tremendous league portend? That is a question which demands an early and full discussion in free Protestant England, and in free republican America. We already know that the ostensible, and, to a certain extent, real motive, is the mutual support of the several dynasties in actual possession, against the insurrectionary spirit of their subjects, grown impatient of arbitrary rule. But the Schwarzenbergs and Nesselrodes are too keen-sighted not to be aware that it is in vain to cut off one or many heads of the hydra, Freedom, when they are sure to sprout again. Is it incredible that it may have been debated in their secret councils, whether the favorable moment is not at hand for crushing, by a united effort, the monster itself, first by assaulting it in the British Isles, and then giving it the finishing stroke here? It cannot be denied that events appear to be shaping themselves to that issue. Austria, the miserable cat's-paw of the coalition, in the aggressive demonstration against England, is reported to have demanded of that government the rendition or banishment of political exiles; a demand in which Louis Napoleon is very particularly interested. Whether this be regarded as a trial how far England can be bullied into a compliance; or as affording, in case of a refusal, a pretext for war, the demand is very significant. If it is desirable to dethrone England from her supremacy, reasons for attempting it will not be wanting. Her navy once swept from the seas by the combined fleets of Europe, there would be nothing to hinder the march of Frenchmen, Cossacks, Austrians and Prussians upon London, to put an end to the hated constitutional freedom of the British Islands. Who can doubt that our turn would come next? And what would be our chance after the fall of that friendly power? Neither conquest nor starvation would enter into our fears; but with coasts blockaded and commerce annihilated,

\* Since the above was written, the *imperial* eagle has been proclaimed as the future cognizance of the French Republic. The designation is unimportant, except as indicating the destiny in preparation for France, and which was evident enough before.



we should be humbled without the power to strike a single blow.

As I have intimated before, the cause of Protestant, constitutional liberty is now represented by two only of all the great powers of the earth; and it is undeniable that the example of England and the United States is the principal cause of the woes of the despots of Europe. They cannot sleep, with these lights shining into their realms, dispelling the darkness in which they find their security. The war of *opinion*, predicted by Canning as the next, seems to be approaching—the war between dynasties and the spirit of liberty and self-government everywhere. The work of demolition having been once successfully begun by the extinction of English freedom, would it pause till a full end had been made, by cutting off the last head of the hydra, which is now such a terror to despotic power?

In the event of an assault on England by the coalition, it may be predicted that, if she is doomed to fall, it will be by a single blow. One great naval battle lost, and she would be laid bare to invasion by such hosts as have not often been mustered on the field of war. The struggle would doubtless be terrible before the last entrenchment was carried, but numbers must finally prevail. The remark of ex-secretary Walker, in his Southampton speech, that England is *the breakwater* against continental despotism, was as striking for its truth as for its felicity of expression. In place of England, might he not have said, *the navy* of England? Cast her down from her supremacy of the ocean, and not only she, but we, should be at the mercy of banded despots. *Her* defence against danger from that quarter is *our* defence, and her calamity would become our own. Were she seriously menaced, would it be safe for us to fold our arms and stand by and see the only great bulwark of Protestant liberty overthrown? Let our politicians and journalists, small and great, who influence public opinion, and soothe or exasperate national animosities, ponder deeply on the manifold reasons which ought to draw into a very intimate alliance the only two great powers on earth, by whom is recognized the sacredness of constitutional law. Events may not be very far off, which will *compel* them to make common cause—not in a quixotic enterprise of propagandism—but in battling for the maintenance of their own free institutions.

That such a project as I have supposed, is actually contemplated by the gigantic league, is not affirmed; but it must be regarded as among the possibilities of the future. The counsels of the despots are yet undeveloped; their professions are fair enough, but unhappily not worthy of the slightest faith; and the signs of the times are ominous. Since Napoleon's invasion of Russia, Europe has never seen such prodigious armaments on foot; not prepared as then to waste their strength upon each other, but directed by a frightful *unity*; to what object, we as yet know not. The present head of the French nation is young, aspiring, and, as we have lately seen, not embarrassed by scruples of any kind, and would doubtless be happy in an opportunity to justify in French eyes the *prestige* of his name. France once quieted, to what use shall he put his half a million troops of the line? Perhaps the conquest meditated by the uncle may have been reserved for the nephew. That would render him eternally glorious in the eyes of Frenchmen, and wipe out at last the stain of the Peninsula and of Waterloo. If the bullet spares that man's life, he will yet strike some blow worthy of the name he

inherits. If directed against England, it will doubtless have something more than the sanction of the powers now in amicable and ominous league.

From the National Era.

## THE FRATERNITY OF THE PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONS.

Kossuth, in his speech at the Democratic Banquet, pronounced a sentiment which deserves to be written in letters of gold: "Hatred is no good counsellor, gentlemen. The wisdom of love is a better one." He understands the antipathies prevalent among some of our countrymen against England, how they are aggravated by the Irish element in our population, and nurtured by demagogues, who are accustomed to play upon popular passions, no matter how unworthy, for the advancement of their own selfish ends. At the Congressional Banquet, Mr. Douglas indulged in a tirade against England, protesting against any fraternization with her till justice should be done to Ireland. Suppose leading politicians in that country should take similar ground, and labor to array her people against the United States until justice should be done to the three millions of slaves within our borders? These attempts to kindle or keep alive national antipathies are repugnant to sound statesmanship, to the morality of Christianity, to the claims of human brotherhood. The people of all lands are brethren—they have common rights, common interests, and therefore should cultivate sentiments of fraternity.

We have watched the tone of the English press, read the speeches of the leaders of the people of England, and can bear testimony that they manifest a friendship towards the United States, which is far from being reciprocated by us as it ought to be. Even were this not so, it were well to set them an example of fraternal feeling. We admire the man who suffers no prejudice, no imaginary interest, no caprice, to affect his judgment of others, and who, whatever may be their conduct, always acts towards them, not in obedience to the dictates of passion or selfishness, but in accordance with his own unbiased sense of what is right. We call him a just, generous, magnanimous man. Antipathies are infirmities. Prejudice is a slavery to which no generous mind will submit. What is true of the individual man is true of that aggregate of men we call a nation. It should be ashamed to be controlled by passion, by prejudice, by any kind of antipathy. It should inquire only what justice, humanity, and enlightened self-interest, require.

The appeal of Kossuth to the Democratic Association in behalf of good feeling towards the English people, was frank, strikingly impressive, and, we are glad to say, responded to with warm enthusiasm.

And (said he) let me humbly entreat your permission for one single moment more. I received, during my brief stay in England, some one hundred and thirty addresses from cities and associations, all full of the warmest sympathy for my country's cause, which you so generously support. That sympathy was accorded to me, notwithstanding my frank declaration that I am a republican, and that my country, restored to independence, can be nothing else but a republic. Now, indeed, this is a fact gratifying to every friend of progress in the development of public sentiments, highly proving that the people are everywhere honorable, just, noble, and good. And do you



know, gentlemen, which of these numerous addresses was the most glorious to the people of England and the most gratifying to me? It was that in which I heard your Washington praised, and sorrow expressed that it was England which opposed that glorious cause upon which is founded the noble fame of that great man; and it was the addresses—and numerous they were, indeed—in which hope and resolution were expressed that England and the United States, forgetting the sorrows of the past, will, indeed, in brotherly love, go hand in hand to support the eternal principles of international law and freedom on earth.

Yes, indeed, sir, you were right to say that the justice of your struggle, which took out of England's hand a mighty continent, is openly acknowledged even by the English people itself. The memory of the glorious day of New Orleans must of course recall to your mind the memory of wrongs against which you so gloriously fought. Oh, let me entreat you, bury the hatred of past ages in the grave, where all the crimes of the past lie buried with the mouldering ashes of those who sinned, and take the glorious opportunity to benefit the great cause of humanity!

One thing let me tell you, gentlemen. People and governments are different things in such a country as Great Britain is. It is sorrowful enough that the people have often to pay for what the government sinned. Let it not be said in history that even the people of the United States made a kindred people pay for what its government sinned. And remember that you can mightily react upon the public opinion of Britannia, and that the people of Britannia can react upon the course of its own government. It were, indeed, a great misfortune to see the government of Great Britain pushed by irritation to side with absolutistical powers against the oppressed nations about to struggle for independence and liberty. Even Ireland could only lose by this. And, besides its own loss, this could, perhaps, be just the decisive blow against liberty; whereas the government of England, let it be as it is, uniting in the direction not to allow foreign interference with our struggles on the continent, would become almost a sure guarantee of the victory of those struggles; and, according as circumstances stand, this would be indeed the most practical benefit to the noble people of Ireland also, because freedom, independence, and the principles of nature's law, could not fail to benefit their own cause, which so well merits the sympathy of every just man; and they have also the sympathy—I know it—of the better half of England itself.

Hatred is no good counsellor, gentlemen. The wisdom of love is a better one. What people has suffered more than my poor Hungary has from Russia? Shall I hate the people of Russia for it? Oh, never! I have but pity and Christian brotherly love for it. It is the government, it is the principle of the government, which makes every drop of my blood boil, and which must fall if humanity shall live. We were for centuries in war against the Turks, and God knows what we have suffered by it. But past is past. Now we have a common enemy, and thus we have a common interest, a mutual esteem, and love rules where our fathers have fought.

How could such an appeal be resisted? Nothing is more certain than that, if England be forced into a conflict with the combined despotisms of Europe, it will react upon her domestic institutions, by developing, and finally giving predominance to, the Democratic or Republican element. Antagonism to absolutism would compel her aristocracy to rely upon the masses of the country, and this it could not do, without concessions to their reasonable demands. In such a struggle, her institutions would become liberalized, the voice of the people would become omnipotent, and who does not see that

the interests of Ireland would be better consulted? Justice would be done, if for nothing else, to secure the good-will and hearty support of the Irish people in the formidable battle for the liberties of mankind. And should the United States be brought into close fellowship with England, that fact of itself would tend to promote a wiser, more considerate, legislation in regard to Ireland.

It is strange that our naturalized Irish citizens cannot understand this. Intimate intercourse between two nations tends to bring each under the influence, to a certain extent, of the public opinion of the other. The closer the connection between England and the United States, the more influential her public opinion in regard to the wrongs of our colored population, the more operative our public opinion in regard to the wrongs of Ireland. Arrayed against one another by mutual jealousy and prejudice, the peculiar sentiments of each on general topics are rejected and repelled by the other. What possible good can our Irish-American population propose to accomplish for their native land by producing alienation and exasperation between this country and England? They cannot expect to drive us into a war to redress the wrongs of Ireland; so that the only effect of their unreasonable course is, to render England inaccessible to many powerful influences in favor of their country, which would be exerted constantly by the United States, if closely connected with England by mutual regard and sympathy.

We have no patience with the demagogues who, in districts where the votes of our Irish naturalized citizens may determine an election, instead of appealing to their sense of right and love of liberty, instead of striving to educate them to exercise the rights of freemen in obedience to the spirit of humanity and the dictates of an enlightened self-interest, are forever pandering to their lower sentiments—feeding their hate, inflaming their vindictive passions, by dwelling upon the wrongs they once suffered in the land of their nativity, and thus nurturing antipathies that should die the moment they find a home and a country in this New World. All their eloquence against English oppression is a mockery; all their sympathy for Irish wrongs is hypocrisy. Were Ireland sunk in the depths of the sea to-morrow, they would not shed a tear, nor heave a sigh, unless they could catch a stray voter by their tender demonstration. Not one straw do they care for their Irish constituents, any further than they can use them for political purposes; and the readiest mode, they think, of making them serve these purposes is, by aggravating their evil passions.

Such demagogues should be unmasked and disgraced. They are enemies to our naturalized citizens, by seeking to make them the slaves of blind antipathies, and to their own country, by endeavoring to perpetuate in its borders resentments and prejudices which have nothing to do with our institutions, and can but tend to vitiate our national character and impede our national progress.

From a Female Correspondent of the National Era.

You have read with keen interest, I am sure, the accounts of our two greatest Kossuth demonstrations—the Congressional Banquet and the Jackson Festival.

Webster's speech was almost all we could have wished for, and more than we hoped for. It was like a resurrection of his long-buried and almost-



forgotten better self. Will this be received as an eleventh-hour repentance, or will the people forbid the ark of freedom to be touched by hands so lately busy in urging on the juggernaut of slavery, and with servile "alacrity" removing the last merciful impediments from its desolating path?

General Shields' brief speech was, we think, graceful and spirited; and General Cass went further than we looked to see him, yet did not commit himself to any perilous degree. Oh, they feel their way over slippery places with the most consummate caution; these veteran politicians; and their utmost abandon of enthusiasm is measured and weighed by the nicest calculation and the subtlest expediency!

We attended the eighth of January banquet; the democrats, more gallant than the whigs, having made place for the ladies. This was my first hearing of Kossuth in a regular speech—a pleasure whose thrilling recollection will go with me through this life, at least. I strove, but vainly, I fear, to analyze the power of the orator—that resistless and subtle influence with which he permeates rather than subjugates the minds of the multitude. He does not oversweep them with the tidal flow of his genius, which must ebb again and leave all bare and brackish; he rather strikes the rock that holds imprisoned the fresh springs of life—till the deep-hid and unsuspected waters gush forth. He does not shame their poverty with the wealth of his nature, but rather points with a magic wand to the buried treasures of their own. He does not so much overwhelm their reason with his argument, or storm it by his passion, as he appeals to the deep, primal, universal sentiment of humanity; he plays on all the finer chords of the heart with a delicate, aerial, almost divine touch; he subdues and melts the soul with the majesty of sorrow, and the eloquence of tears.

Next to the sweet, sad persuasion of his pathos, I would place his most marvellous *tact*. I think no man living can equal him here. This rarest and happiest attribute of genius is often too lightly esteemed and confounded with mere cunning. When its exercise involves no sacrifice of moral principle, it gives a peculiar, an indescribable delight—a sort of artistic pleasure.

A witty friend who was with us last night remarked, that at one moment the prophetic fervor, the Isaiah-like sublimity of the speaker, might lead us to believe his lips touched with a coal from God's altar; at the next, by some delicate flattery, conveyed in a tribute to our glorious dead, or in a quotation from some living national idol—a quotation so brought in it, would seem that no other words in the wide world would express his thought; by such masterly hits, such nice, exquisite, *ideal* compliments, we are inclined to think he has also made a pilgrimage to the Emerald Isle, and kissed its renowned and magical stone.

I know that there are those of the bolder reformers and moral leaders—sturdy wielders of the battle-axe and broad-sword—who hold that *tact* is the light weapon of the politician, and has no place in the armory of truth. Yet, in some battles for the right, have not strong and well-directed blows with axe and broad-sword failed, while some wandering, light-winged arrow has pierced to the heart of the wrong?

*Tact*, when used for a noble purpose, rises to the dignity of wisdom. The compass of abstract right, the mariner's reliance on the broad sweep

of "life's solemn sea," is not sufficient when he gets in a strait between *Seylla* and *Charybdis*.

It was with a sort of sanctified *tact* that Paul was inspired when he made that brave but most cautious and politic speech before "the very ancient and venerable court of the Areopagus," beginning: "Ye men of Athens, I see in all places that you are *very religious*."

Kossuth's best eloquence is not fervid declamation, but a serious and subdued utterance of earnest conviction. His assertions are not startling, out calm and solemn. There is something sublime in his unconcealment; in a manner simple as nature itself, he will give voice to a sentiment which comes upon you like an apocalypse of truth. What are revelations to us seem but old truisms to him—every-day and all-time beliefs.

When he sets rolling in our moral heavens his great and sphered thoughts, we almost believe them new creations, with so much primal beauty he invests them, so freshly are they baptized with morning light. But as in the deepest foundations of our earth we find traces of a foregone existence of measureless duration, so those great moral truths, under all their newness of form, bear the stamp of God's eternity, and are "from everlasting to everlasting."

In these days of incalculable progress and electric thought, we may well thank Heaven for the corresponding agencies, the steam power and the telegraph.

A quarter of a century ago, the words even of Kossuth would have reached the mass of the people comparatively lifeless—all the fire of the occasion burned out. But now, he speaks, and scarce a day passes ere his words, warm with the glow and throbbing with the vitality of his wondrous eloquence, have reached thousands of thousands of hearts. Thus, who shall stay the course, or set bounds to the flame of freedom his burning soul has lit in our land? Nor, thanks to the leagued elements of earth and the subjugated fire of heaven, shall the bold words he has spoken, and the brave response of our people, be for us alone—for one continent alone. The steamship dashes through far seas freighted with them; the car rushes with them into the very heart of old-world despotisms, and the lightning flashes them into the face of the despot.

I know you have admired that portion of Kossuth's speech referring to England, and inculcating a spirit of mutual forgiveness and brotherly fellowship, and urging a grand protective unity—a shoulder-to-shoulder stand against oppression. It was received as a mild rebuke of the tone of a speech of the night previous, by a certain presidential candidate, who harped rather fiercely and pertinaciously on the old, rusty and discordant chord of national jealousy and animosity.

From the New York Evening Post.

#### LORD MAHON AND MR. SPARKS.

In running our eyes over an early copy of the recently published volumes of Lord Mahon's History of England, embracing his account of the American war, our eyes fell upon the following note, relating to a passage quoted from one of Washington's letters, and omitted by Mr. Sparks in his edition of Washington's Writings.

Some samples of the manner in which that gentleman (Mr. Sparks) has thought himself at liberty to



tamper with the original MSS., will be found in the Appendix to the present volume.

We followed the author to his appendix, and then we found General Washington's literary dry-nurse thus solemnly arraigned for precisely the offences of which he was justly convicted in our columns many months since, by our correspondent Friar Lubin:—

Mr. Sparks has printed no part of the correspondence precisely as Washington wrote it, but has greatly altered, and, as he thinks, corrected and embellished it. Such a liberty with the writings of such a man might be justifiable, nay, even in some respects necessary, if Washington and his principal contemporaries had been still alive; but the date of this publication (the year 1838) leaves, as I conceive, no adequate vindication for *tampering with the truth of history*.

The charge which I make upon this subject is mainly derived from a comparison of Washington's letters to President Reed, (which, in Reed's biography, are printed precisely from the original MSS.,) and the same letters as they appear in Mr. Sparks' collection.

Here follow a series of extracts, substantially, if not precisely, the same as those collated by Friar Lubin, and published in this journal, with the addition of some passages which were omitted by Sparks, to which Friar Lubin merely made a reference.

After concluding the extracts, Lord Mahon thus proceeds:—

It would be easy to carry these extracts much farther, but the foregoing are surely more than sufficient to justify the distrust I have intimated. I know not whether my readers will concur with me in liking Washington's own, and, though home-spun, excellent cloth, much better than the "cobweb schemes and gauze coverings" which have, it seems, been manufactured in its place.

In another place, speaking of the very inconsiderable sensation produced in America by the declaration of independence, Lord Mahon says:—

An American author of our own day, most careful in his statements, and most zealous in the cause of independence, observes that, "No one can read the private correspondence of the times, without being struck with the slight impression made on either the army or the mass of the people by the declaration."

To this passage there is the following note:—"Life and Correspondence of President Reed, vol. i., p. 195. Washington, however, in his public letter to Congress, (unless Mr. Jared Sparks has *improved*\* this passage,) says that the troops had testified their warmest approbation.—*Writings*, vol. iii., p. 457."

Two pages further on he quotes a passage from one of Washington's letters, and observes in a note, "This passage is cited in Marshall's Life, vol. ii., p. 393, though omitted in Sparks' edition."

In several other places, he quotes significant passages from Washington's writings, which, he says "Mr. Sparks has deemed it expedient to omit," or, "This passage is altogether omitted in Mr. Sparks' compilation."

\* The italics are the noble author's, not ours.

From the Boston Morning Post.

*Homœopathy: an Examination of its Doctrines and Evidences.* By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., author of Physician and Patient, and Medical Delusions. New York: Charles Scribner. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

This essay took the prize for 1851 of the Fiske Fund of the Rhode Island Medical Society. Its author has long been known to his profession and the public by the works whose titles are given in our caption. The present volume is devoted to an exposure of the fallacies, inconsistencies, and absurdities of homœopathy, and the writer of these paragraphs does not hesitate to express the opinion that this exposure is complete and unanswerable. The three volumes of Dr. Hooker may be earnestly commended to all who have a love or a liking for the homœopathic mode of treatment, whether from a belief in its theoretical truth or its supposed practical success. They are well worth reading, in any view; for, whether right or wrong, their author is a man of ability, character, and professional repute. And their style is so spirited, their reasoning so clear and close, and their illustrations so pertinent, that they are readable if not valuable.

But the writer, as before remarked, believes their positions to be impregnable, as founded on common sense and experience; and he is convinced that a thorough and candid perusal of their pages will work a perfect cure in the case of many of those intelligent persons, who, somehow or other, have been led astray by the medical delusions of the time. The volume in hand is upon homœopathy only, and its author proves that the pretended principle of "like curing like" *does not exist* as respects any considerable fraction of medicines—that Hahnemann's experiments with Peruvian bark have been tested time and again, by eminent French physicians, and found to be utterly erroneous—that Hahnemann's assertion that drugs gain power by attenuation and trituration is absolutely false—that homœopathic practitioners often use, in acute cases, the same medicines in the same strength, quantity, and manner, as the regular physicians—and that, in a word, homœopathy, if practised honestly, according to Hahnemann and other leading authorities, is entirely inoperative. Dr. Hooker further maintains that although Hahnemann, as he proves by a quotation, thought little of nature and much of medicine, the honest homœopathist does all that he does do, by nature alone—or by nature assisted only by a proper course of diet.

By the term "honest practitioner," Dr. Hooker means one who gives, and *always* gives, genuine homœopathic medicine, in infinitesimal doses, administered on the principle of "like curing like." He does not mean a man who, assenting to the positions that this principle is an all-prevailing one, and that the more attenuated the dose, the more efficacious will be its effect—gives homœopathic medicine when nothing is the matter, and allopathic or antipathic, when the case is grave or violent. The latter, of course, is no genuine homœopathist, whatever he may call himself. He is not to be distinguished from the regular faculty, except as desiring to make money out of deluded people, by a new and abstruse name.

As before hinted, the essay is very interesting. It is written boldly, strongly, and with considerable humor. The expositions of the inconsistencies of Hahnemann and the follies of his followers, as regards the "infinitesimals" and "symptoms," are well brought forward.

The publication will attract attention, and perchance, be answered. But as far as the writer can perceive, it strikes a heavy blow to theoretical homœopathy, while it does not allow the practical homœopathist to escape without a severe drubbing.

W. B. S.



From the Times, 23d Dec., 1851.

DEATH OF J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ., R. A.

THE fine arts in this country have not produced a more remarkable man than Joseph Mallord William Turner, whose death it was yesterday our duty to record ; and, although it would here be out of place to revive the discussions occasioned by the peculiarities of Mr. Turner's style in his later years, he has left behind him sufficient proofs of the variety and fertility of his genius to establish an undoubted claim to a prominent rank among the painters of England. His life had been extended to the verge of human existence ; for, although he was fond of throwing mystery over his precise age, we believe that he was born in Maiden-lane, Covent-Garden, in the year 1775, and was, consequently, in his 76th or 77th year. Of humble origin, he enjoyed the advantages of an accurate rather than a liberal education. His first studies, some of which are still in existence, were in architectural designs ; and few of those who have been astonished or enchanted by the profusion and caprice of form and color in his mature pictures would have guessed the minute and scientific precision with which he had cultivated the arts of linear drawing and perspective. His early manhood was spent partly on the coast, where he imbibed his inexhaustible attachment for marine scenery and his acquaintance with the wild and varied aspect of the ocean. Somewhat later he repaired to Oxford, where he contributed for several years the drawing to the *University Almanac*. But his genius was rapidly breaking through all obstacles, and even the repugnance of public opinion ; for, before he had completed his 30th year, he was on the high road to fame. As early as 1790, he exhibited his first work, a water-colored drawing of the entrance to Lambeth, at the exhibition of the Academy ; and, in 1793, his first oil painting. In November, 1799, he was elected an associate, and in February, 1802, he attained the rank of a Royal Academician. We shall not here attempt to trace the vast series of his paintings from his earlier productions, such as the "Wreck," in Lord Yarborough's collection, the "Italian Landscape," in the same gallery, the *pendant* to Lord Ellesmere's Vanderwelde, or Mr. Munro's "Venus and Adonis," in the Titianesque manner, to the more obscure, original, and, as some think, unapproachable productions of his later years, such as the "Rome," the "Venice," the "Golden Bough," the "Téméraire," and the "Tusculum." But while these great works proceeded rapidly from his palette, his powers of design were no less actively engaged in the exquisite water-colored drawings that have formed the basis of the modern school of "illustration." The "Liber studiorum" had been commenced in 1807, in imitation of Claude's "Liber veritatis," and was etched, if we are not mistaken, by Turner's own hand. The title-page was engraved and altered half-a-dozen times from his singular and even nervous attention to the most trifling details. But this volume was only the precursor of an immense series of drawings and sketches, embracing the topography of this country in the "river scenery" and the "southern coast,"—the scenery of the Alps, of Italy, and great part of Europe—and the ideal creations of our greatest poets, from Milton to Scott and Rogers, all imbued with the brilliancy of a genius which seemed to address itself more peculiarly to the world at large when it adopted the popular form of engraving. These drawings are now widely diffused in England,

and form the basis of several important collections, such as those of Petworth, of Mr. Windus, Mr. Fawkes, and Mr. Munro. So great is the value of them that 120 guineas have not unfrequently been paid for a small sketch in water-colors ; and a sketch-book, containing chalk drawings of one of Turner's river tours on the continent, has lately fetched the enormous sum of 600 guineas. The prices of his more finished oil paintings have ranged in the last few years from 700 to 1,200 or 1,400 guineas. All his works may now be said to have acquired triple or quadruple the value originally paid for them. Mr. Turner undoubtedly realized a very large fortune, and great curiosity will be felt to ascertain the posthumous use he has made of it. His personal habits were peculiar, and even penurious, but in all that related to his art he was generous to munificence, and we are not without hope that his last intentions were for the benefit of the nation, and the preservation of his own fame. He was never married ; he was not known to have any relations, and his wants were limited to the strictest simplicity. The only ornaments of his house in Queen Anne street were the pictures by his own hand, which he had constantly refused to part with at any price, among which the "Rise and Fall of Carthage" and the "Crossing the Brook" rank among the choicest specimens of his finest manner.

Mr. Turner seldom took much part in society, and only displayed in the closest intimacy the shrewdness of his observation and the playfulness of his wit. Everywhere he kept back much of what was in him, and while the keenest intelligence, mingled with a strong tinge of satire, animated his brisk countenance, it seemed to amuse him to be but half understood. His nearest social ties were those formed in the Royal Academy, of which he was by far the oldest member, and to whose interests he was most warmly attached. He filled at one time the chair of professor of perspective, but without conspicuous success, and that science has since been taught in the Academy by means better suited to promote it than a course of lectures. In the composition and execution of his works Mr. Turner was jealously sensitive of all interference or supervision. He loved to deal in the secrets and mysteries of his art, and many of his peculiar effects are produced by means which it would not be easy to discover or to imitate.

We hope that the Society of Arts or the British Gallery will take an early opportunity of commemorating the genius of this great artist, and of reminding the public of the prodigious range of his pencil, by forming a general exhibition of his principal works, if, indeed, they are not permanently gathered in a nobler repository. Such an exhibition will serve, far better than any observations of ours, to demonstrate that it is not by those deviations from established rules which arrest the most superficial criticism that Mr. Turner's fame or merit are to be estimated. For nearly sixty years Mr. Turner contributed largely to the arts of this country. He lived long enough to see his greatest productions rise to uncontested supremacy, however imperfectly they were understood when they first appeared in the earlier years of this century ; and, though in his later works and in advanced age, force and precision of execution have not accompanied his vivacity of conception, public opinion has gradually and steadily advanced to a more just appreciation of his power. He is the Shelley of English painting—the poet and the painter both alike veiling



their own creations in the dazzling splendor of the imagery with which they are surrounded, mastering every mode of expression, combining scientific labor with an air of negligent profusion, and producing in the end works in which color and language are but the vestments of poetry. Of such minds it may be said, in the words of Alastor:—

Nature's most secret steps  
He, like her shadow, has pursued, where'er  
The red volcano overcanopies  
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
With burning smoke; or where the starry domes  
Of diamond and of gold expand above  
Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
Frequent with crystal column and clear shrines  
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.  
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
Than gems or gold—the varying roof of heaven  
And the green earth—lost in his heart its claims  
To love and wonder . . . . .

It will devolve on our contemporaries, more exclusively devoted than ourselves to the history of the fine arts, to record with greater fulness and precision the works of Mr. Turner's long and active life; but in these hasty recollections we have endeavored to pay a slight tribute to the memory of a painter who possessed many of the gifts of his art in extraordinary abundance, and who certainly in dying leaves not his like behind. He will be buried, by his own desire, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

#### AN IRISH EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—The notice taken in your columns of what is called the "Celtic Exodus" suggested to me the idea of offering for your perusal some of the letters that frequently reach me from late settlers in America. The letter you find enclosed is a fair specimen of the epistolary encouragement afforded to Irish emigration by every Transatlantic post. I will not add one word of comment on a letter, of its kind, so intelligible as I trust you will consider it. All letters of this description are for many days in great requisition, and are, as this was, sent a considerable distance, to satisfy the anxious or curious inquiries of a large circle of relatives and friends.

I have the honor to be, sir, your humble servant,  
JOHN KELCHER, P. P.

*Dumanway, Cork, Dec. 15.*

Detroit October 22th 1851.

My dear friend Cornelous farrel and family & mrs coffee & family, I teak The pleasure of Sinding you these few lines hoping to find all of you in as good a steat of health as this leaves me and all the rest of my family at present thanks Be to god for his mercy. now my deer friends I am happy to inform you that we arived Safe Being only 6 weeks from the day I left home untill I landed in detroit where I met my own friends which was not a place of hunger nor Starvation thanks Be to the lord for his blessing. my deer friends to tell the truth about my friends here and of the country I See that Every thing is to be preased By giving Every one its own du. the friend are doing well and in good health and the country cannot Be Beat in the whole world unless By amans own faught By drinking or otherwise to leasy to work where a man can Earn 7 shillings per day here now, in sum places 8c. and by Jobing this Season of the year around the Stores & docks his pay will be from 10 to 15 cents per hour. 100 cents maiks 1 daller that is 8 shillings of our currincy. prises of provisions By the 100 lbs pork

5 dallers now it Sells Sum times for 3 dallers beef from 3 to 4 dallers per 100 lbs 100 lbs maiks one hundred wt here Butter 1 shilling per lb potatoes Sumtimes Sells for 2 Shilling they Sells now for 4 shilling that is 50 cents which is  $\frac{1}{2}$  daller. house rent in the citty is high But out in the country if a man would work for a farmer he might get a house for little or nothing. my deer daughter mairy I want to inform you that timothy coffee and me met his Sister mrs dinan in new york and coffee got work there the same day he landed he concluded to Stap there untill I would rite to him from Ditroit. after I arived I rote to him aand got no answer very likily he maid up his mind Stay there untill he will have mains to Sind for you that is the best of my opinion. if he did not rite to you from new york, for feer I would not receiv any account from him you can rite yourself Direct you letter John dinan No 86 pine Street New york up stairs. Dan donovan wishes that Cornelous farrel would sind him all the information he can about his Brothersinlaw he might try to send for them. This is the place for any man let him be rich or poor. the more money a man bring here the sooner he can Settle down here is the abgeet whin a man starts poor it will teak double the time to put the thought of home out of his mind. I would advise the Best farmer from cork to Bantry to leav that country of Starvation. what signify is the term of their lease on land at home where they could have maid property here that no man could dare Say leave my land? as I said above it will teak a man sum time to forget the foolish thoughts of home then a man will feel satisfied when he will see the differince. I dont like to mention any mans name to come for feer of their landlord. James Cullins wishis you to show this letter to charly collins. I am the man that rote the letter and told no fawlse story. and I would like to hear from my Brothers John and timothy Cullinane. Charly collins will find it out and sind us all accunts. I hope to do something for them next spring with the Help of god. My deer frinds I am happy to inform you that Micheal is here & Denis is about 12 miles out in the country to work and in good health. Dan and his family is will and doing well James Cullin and family is in good health & doing will I staps with Bigs. cornelous died in the citty of Detroit had his sickinis after the voige died 2 months after he landed. and James Driscole is very much oblige to me for all the information I gave him about his mother and Brother, he rote 3 letters and got no answer Before. he and his family is in good health. he wishes to heer from thim. the Big deary John Driscole John Mahony and his family is will the mayburys are doing will. thomas maybury Berried his wife 4 months ago. Jerry Cullinane left here 12 months ago I herd only wonst from him sinc, he was in good health thin. I would like hear from teady. tell the widow carty of tallaugh that this is a Better place than Boston. this is as good a times we had in a merrice this last 20 years for Earning money. the first people that in this part of the citty was the maburys & John mahoney & 3 more familys from the county cork it got the name of corks town. let no man that can pay for his passag loose no more of his time let him land in any part of the country he never again will See an hour of hunger let his family be Ever so large. If any of you will come out come by they way of new york & albany & Buffalow from there to Detroit then. you Jerry Donovan gobleen would do well here. I would have mor than I could think of to mention if I had room. Direct your letter to James Cullinane Detroit Steat of michigan wayne county So no more at prest from you affectionate motherinlaw But Sinds you our Best respect and to all inquiring friends and neighbors

Daniel Donovan & Mrs & Michieal & James Cullinane and wife Sinds their Best respect to al the neighbours. Denis came in at the time I was going to inclose it



From the Stirling Journal.

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE following facts possess some striking points of interest. We may premise that the story is strictly true, the names only, for obvious reasons, being suppressed.

In the year 1827, a young woman, of decent parentage, engaged in the service of a clergyman's family in the west country, became acquainted with, and formed an attachment to, a young man in the neighborhood. A child, the result of this attachment, was ultimately, from the inability of either of the parents to support it, consigned to the care of the grandmother on the father's side. The mother had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing of her boy while she remained in that quarter of the country, but some time afterwards she left the neighborhood, and removed to a distance. Afterwards the father left the same district also, and removed to Ireland, taking the boy along with him. Some years passed away, and, being mutually ignorant of each other's place of residence, the mother, after using means to discover whither her child had been removed, gave up all hope of obtaining the much-desired intelligence. She conducted herself well in the gentleman's family in which she served, and, in a few years after, an offer of marriage was made to her by a respectable tradesman, which, after candidly relating to him the circumstances of her previous life, he was, by reason of his attachment to her, induced to repeat, and she gratefully accepted the offer. In the prosecution of his business he soon after removed to Glasgow, where he commenced business as an engineer. The father of the boy, in the mean time, had also married, and by him the youth, when he grew up, was sent to and completed his apprenticeship with an engineer in Ireland. Subsequently the lad went to Glasgow in search of and obtained employment, by a singular coincidence, and without a knowledge on either side of the relationship, from the engineer who, as we have stated, had married the boy's mother, and, from the fact of her not having seen him since he was an infant, she never suspected, and indeed could not possibly have recognized him, as her long-lost boy.

It appears that a brother of the lad's father happened to keep a booking-office for parcels, &c., in the city, and to him, among others, the father had sometimes, in his letters, alluded to the mother of his boy, and his natural curiosity to know what had become of her. The young man was occasionally in the habit of calling on his father's brother, and reading or talking over any mutual letters they might receive from his father in Ireland. It chanced one day that a well-dressed, and even lady-like woman, entered the office to book a parcel; the man fixed his eyes upon her, and said he had some distant recollection of having seen her before, and begged, with all civility, to inquire whether, in her youth, she had been in employment as a servant at a manse in the west country which he named. The lady replied that she had; and, ever anxious regarding her boy, and having no reason for concealment, eagerly inquired if he could give her any tidings of her son, or if he knew anything concerning him? The man told her that he was himself the brother of the boy's father; that, having seen her in former years, he remembered and recognized her countenance, and if she would call at his office on the succeeding

evening at seven o'clock, he would make arrangements whereby her son should be in attendance, and she might see him. The interest and anxiety, it may be imagined, of the woman were great. She had not heard of her boy, after many vain endeavors, for the long space of twenty years—not even by letter; and here, by a singular accident, when she least expected it, she was on the following evening to see and converse with him. She immediately went home and told the circumstance to her husband, and deep was the interest he also took in the matter which so much concerned her; for she had been to him a good and faithful wife, and if she had erred she had washed it away with long sorrow and repentance; and he, of all others, had freely forgiven her. The intervening time, it may be supposed, seemed long and tedious, and it was with an anxious eye and a palpitating heart that she entered the office of the bookkeeper the succeeding evening, a few minutes before the appointed hour. The man informed her that the lad had not yet arrived, but would be there soon, and, handing her a seat, told her that he would close a half-shutter of the side window when he came in, by which signal she would know that it was her son who entered. People came and went for a considerable time, and the mother's feelings and anxiety were every moment increasing, when one of her husband's workmen entered the office. She instinctively turned away her head, for she liked not that one in her husband's service should observe her at such an anxious time, but at that instant the half-shutter was hastily closed; for it was indeed her son who had entered. She gazed at him as he stood in his prime, and her wonder was great that she should recognize in one of her husband's workmen her long-lost son; but the preceding anxiety and the shock were too much, and as she looked she became pale and fainted away. Restoratives were immediately procured, and, on her being completely recovered, an explanation of the extraordinary circumstances was communicated to the son. Although he had had frequent occasion to speak to his mistress, there had not been the least suspicion on either side, of the close relationship. They went home to her husband's house and his place of business together. Her husband was amazed, as well he might be, at the turn matters had taken, and indeed it was a subject of deep interest and wonder to all of them. He was pleased to find that his wife's son was doing so well; for, of course, as his master, he knew him well; and shortly afterwards, having used influence with his friends on his behalf, and knowing the lad's ability, he procured for him a situation as engineer on one of the English railways, which he still holds. Only about ten months ago the lad interceded and obtained for his father a subordinate situation on the same line of railway. The subdued and grateful thoughts of the mother may well be imagined. An absence of nearly twenty years could not in any degree abate the feelings of maternal attachment; and, though she had often deplored the error of her youth, it was with feelings of thankfulness and a gladdened heart she contemplated the extraordinary chain of circumstances which, under Providence, had restored to her, after such a protracted separation, the child of her affections.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—Don't degrade yourselves by gambling on the Turf; if you do, the veriest blacklegs will become your *bettors*.—*Punch*.



From the London Morning Post.

## ANOTHER ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE late Basil Montagu, Q. C., whose death, at the advanced age of eighty-two, is recorded to have occurred at Bologne, sur Mer, on the 27th ultimo, was formerly a commissioner in bankruptcy, and was so eminent a practitioner in such matters that for many years he was regarded as an oracle of the bankrupt laws. So little had been heard of him of late years that many of his *quondam* friends labored under the impression that he had long ago discharged the debt of nature. It is not generally known that this lawyer was the fourth son of John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. The melancholy fate of this lady inspired the deepest public interest at the time, and the whole affair has been justly styled one of the most romantic and extraordinary love-tales ever recorded—so much so, that it has often struck us with astonishment that in these novel-manufacturing and ready-reading days, none of the novelists who cater so strangely at times for the public taste have seized upon the ample materials this case affords as the groundwork for a book of lasting and intense interest. Miss Margaret Reay, the mother of the late Mr. Basil Montagu, was the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent-garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker in George's court, St. John's lane, Clerkenwell. Having, during her apprenticeship, attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection, and treated her from that period until her melancholy assassination with the greatest tenderness and affection, which was sincerely returned by Miss Reay until her introduction by his lordship to a young ensign of the 68th regiment, then in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighborhood of which stands Hinchinbrook, the splendid mansion of the noble house of Montagu. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, from the first moment of his introduction, fell desperately in love with the mistress of his noble host, and his passion increased with the daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately engaging her affections, he quitted the army, and, taking holy orders, obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given some encouragement to his fiery passion, cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the earl, and prudential motives respecting the welfare of her children, induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the reverend gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits for their mutual interests and their peace of mind. Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have carefully perused the highly interesting correspondence between the parties, published many years ago by Mr. Hubert Croft, in a volume entitled "*Love and Madness*," that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled, and, without meditating a crime which, properly speaking, could scarcely be fairly classed in the category of murder, there is no doubt that he became weary of his own life, and, finally, though without

distinct premeditation, determined that she whom he loved so passionately should share his fate.

At this time the Rev. Mr. Hackman was lodging in Duke's court, St. Martin's-lane, and on the fatal day, the 7th April, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading "*Blair's Sermons*;" but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed, and discovered that she alighted at Covent-garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of *Love in a Village*. Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and, arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre; and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her and killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt-end of the pistol, in order to destroy himself; but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothill-fields, Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly after tried at the Old Bailey, before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the Commentaries, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law with all the firmness becoming a gentleman and a Christian, who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative, which redounds so highly to the honor of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair, must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich, with a noble-mindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman, after sentence of death was passed upon him—

7th April, 1799.

If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.

The prisoner replied the same day:—

Condemned Cell in Newgate.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—oh, my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

It is almost needless to observe that the noble earl faithfully complied with the dying wishes of the wretched man, and was a good and generous father to all the children of this connection, of whom the learned gentleman just deceased was one.

WHY are persons born deaf the most virtuous of beings? "Those born deaf are the most virtuous, because they never err'd."—*Punch*.



From the Examiner.

*Recollections of Manilla and the Philippines, during 1848, 1849, and 1850.* By ROBERT MAC MICKING, Esq. Bentley.

AT length we have some information about the Philippines; and soon we shall have a great deal more, for at this moment there is under publication in Madrid a complete statistical and geographical account of the whole group. What is contained in the volume before us is not great, but it is valuable. Mr. Mac Micking is, we believe, a merchant of Singapore, who resided three years in Manilla, the chief town of Lucon, and the capital of the whole group. He has made good use of his time, and the result is an unpretending volume of some 320 pages, abounding in practical knowledge, valuable to the merchant and politician.

As the great and important group of the Philippines is very little known to the English reader, we shall endeavor, with the assistance of Mr. Mac Micking, to give a rapid sketch of it. It lies between the sixth and eighteenth degree north of the Equator, and contains, in all, besides islets, about fifteen islands, two of which are of great size and six of great value. The main part of the group is within five days' sail of the populous Empire of China; and, what is better, the outward and homeward voyage may be performed with ease at any season of the year, across either of the monsoons; an advantage possessed by no other country of Asia, not even possessed by the coasting trade of China itself. The only drawback against this auspicious position is, that all of the Philippines lying north of the ten degrees of latitude is infested by the typhons, or terrible equinoctial tempests of the China Sea.

The principal island of the Philippine group is Lucon. The origin of the name is whimsical. Lesong, in some of the languages of the island, means "a rice mortar." The first Spaniards demanded of the natives the name of the island; and these simple and ignorant people, who certainly had no name for it, and probably were even ignorant of the insularity of their country, fancying the strangers were asking the name of the domestic utensil, answered accordingly. So Lesong became Lucon, which some of our geographers have turned into the euphonious word Luconia. This great island has been estimated to contain 57,000 square miles, and is consequently not much less than twice the size of Ireland. According to a recent census of the Spanish government, Lucon contains a population of 2,250,000; while the four fertile islands of Leyte, Zebu, Negros, and Punay, contain 1,200,000, making the total population under the Spanish rule, but excluding wild and independent tribes, 3,350,000—probably now three millions and a half. The Spanish census is taken from the rolls of the capitation tax, and Mr. Mac Micking, thinking it greatly underrated, computes the population at not much less than 5,000,000. According to the Spanish census, the relative population of Lucon is under forty inhabitants to a square mile. It is evidently under-peopled; for Java, the tropical island which bears, in social condition and physical geography, the nearest resemblance to it, contains 250.

The Philippine Islands were discovered in 1521, near thirty years after the discovery of the West India islands. The discoverer was the first circumnavigator of the globe, the great Magellan. But he never saw Lucon, and only visited two or three

of the smaller islands, at one of which he lost his life in a very silly manner, by involving himself in a miserable squabble between two native tribes. Armed *cap-a-pie*, the hero, who had achieved what Columbus only imagined, was slain in a bog by savages armed with no other weapons than long bamboo canes sharpened at the point, and hardened in the fire. The Philippines were not settled by the Spaniards until 1564, forty-three years after their discovery. The conquest was a bloodless and a cheap one, for it was effected, not by sword and gunpowder, but by the cross and the cross.

To understand how this came to be so easily effected, we must look to the social condition of the Philippine Islanders when they were first seen by the Spaniards. They were evidently at that moment a very simple and rude people, greatly below the principal inhabitants of the western islands, such as the Malays and Javanese, in civilization. They were divided into many nations, speaking distinct languages. Lucon exclusively had, and still has, six different tongues; and this alone is clear evidence of barbarism. Yet they were greatly in advance of the South Sea Islanders, and we suspect, also, even of the Aztecs and Peruvians. They were clothed in cotton garments, or in tissues, woven in the loom from the banana. They possessed a knowledge both of the useful and precious metals; they had tamed a few of the useful animals, although none for labor; they had a respectable agriculture; and they had a phonetic alphabet of their own invention. The Philippine Islanders, however, had little religion of their own—none that had taken a strong hold of their imaginations. The Hindu religion, which had been propagated at an early time among the principal islanders of the west, had made but slender progress among them; and the Mahomedan, recently adopted by the same people, had made hardly any at all. In a word, so far as regarded religion, the mind of the Philippine Islander was a rich fallow field prepared to receive the seed, and at this happy moment the Catholic religion, with its imposing ceremonies, presented itself, and was adopted. To such a people the Spanish priests must have seemed nothing less than powerful and benignant magicians, and they were rapidly converted. Magellan, and the ecclesiastics who accompanied him, converted 2,000 of the inhabitants of Zebu in a single day. He destroyed the heathen image of a famous temple. This temple had been dedicated to an Avatar of the Hindu god Vishnu, and in room of it he substituted an image of the infant Jesus, which the natives, having preserved, delivered over to the Spaniards forty-three years afterwards. A church was erected on the spot, which both Spaniards and natives, not Sanskrit scholars, call to this day the Church of the Avatar, a singular name for Christians!

Two races of aboriginal inhabitants occupy the Philippine Islands, a brown-complexioned people, with long lank hair, and a race of little negroes, hence called by the Spaniards Negritos, with woolly heads and sooty skins. The first of these, and which alone for numbers and civilization is of importance, is well described by Mr. Mac Micking as follows:—

In person, the native Indians are a good deal slighter and shorter than Europeans, but are, on the average, taller and stouter than the Malays, many of them having that broad make of shoulders and lustiness of limb which indicate personal strength. Their countenances are in general open and pleasing, and



would be handsome, but for their smallness of nose, which is the worst feature in the native physiognomy ; however, when that feature is well shaped, as it frequently is, their faces are decidedly handsome and good-looking. These remarks apply to both sexes ; a number of the women are very beautiful, for although their skin is dusky, the ruddiness of their blood shows through it on the cheek, producing a very beautiful color, and their dark lustrous eyes are in general more lit up with intelligence and vivacity of expression, than those of any Indians I have seen elsewhere. A very pleasant trait, to my taste, is the nearly universal frankness and candid look that nature has stamped upon their features, which, when accompanied by the softness of manner common to all Asiatics, is particularly gratifying in the fairer part of creation. Their figures are well shaped, being perfectly straight and graceful, and nearly all of them have the small foot and hand, which may be regarded as a symbol of unmixed blood when very small and well shaped ; as, although the Mestizas gain from their European progenitor a greater fairness of skin, they generally retain the marks of it in their larger bones, and their hands and feet are seldom so well shaped as those of the pure-bred Indian, even although the Spaniards are noted for possessing these points in equal or greater perfection than the people of other European countries.

The common belief is, that the Philippine Islanders are of one and the same race with the Malays ; but we confess that we had ourselves been long disposed to think that they differed, at least as much as the Teutonic does from the Italian family, and this would seem to be the opinion of Mr. Mac Micking, to judge by the foregoing description, and by what he asserts in another place, where he tells us that "so far as regards personal strength and mental activity, they are much superior to any of the Javanese or Malays I have seen in Java, or at Batavia and Singapore."

The character of the brown race is thus represented by Mr. Mac Micking :—

The most noticeable traits in the Philippine Indians appear to be their hospitality, good-nature, and *bon-homme* which very many of them have. Their tempers are quick ; but, like all of that sort, after effervescing, soon subside into quiet again. Very frequently have I been invited to enter their houses in the country, when loitering about during the heat of the sun, under the protection of an immense and thick sombrero which prevented me suffering much from the exposure ; and, on going into one of them, after the host or hostess had accommodated me with a seat on the *banco* of bamboo, a cigarillo, or the *buyo*, which is universally chewed by them, and composed of the betel nut and lime spread over an envelope of leaf, such as nearly all Asiatics use, has been offered by the handsome, though swarthy, hands of the hostess, or of a grown-up daughter : or, if their rice was cooking at the time, often have I been invited to share it, and have sometimes so made a most excellent and hearty meal, using the natural aid of the fingers in place of a spoon or other of the customary aids for eating. After eating they always wash their hands and mouths, so cleanly are their habits. So long as any white man behaves properly towards them, and treats them as human beings should be treated, their character will evince many good points ; but should they be beaten or abused without a cause, or for something that they do not understand, as they but too frequently are when composing the crews of ships, the masters of which are seldom able to speak to them in their own language or in Spanish ; who can blame them if the knife is drawn from its sheath, and their own arm avenges the maltreatment of some brutal shipmaster or his mates at the wrong they have suf-

fered at their hands ? In all I have seen or had to do with them they have never appeared as aggressors, and it has only been when the white men, despising their dark skins, have ventured on unjustifiable conduct, that I have heard of their hands being raised to revenge it. When they know that they are in the wrong, however, should the harshest measures be used towards them, I have never known or heard of their having had recourse to the knife, and I have frequently seen them suffer very severe bodily chastisement for very slight causes of offence. They are easily kept in order by gentleness, but have spirit enough to resent ill-treatment if undeserved. Not long ago an instance of the kind happened to a person who has the character of being a violent and irascible man. He one day fell into a passion about something or other, and fastened his ill-nature and passion on an inoffensive servant who chanced to be near him at the time, and ended some abuse by ordering the man to go into a room, where he followed him, and after locking the door and putting the key into his pocket, took up a riding switch and began to flog the servant, who bore it for a while, until, losing his temper completely, he seized his master by the throat, and, taking the whip from him, administered with it quite as much castigation as he had himself received. Their general character is that of a good-natured and merry people, strongly disposed to enjoy the present, and caring little for the future.

The Philippine Islanders are a sober and temperate people, neither addicted to brandy nor opium. They are, however, passionately addicted to gaming, which chiefly takes the shape of cock-fighting. Mr. Mac Micking gives an amusing account of this propensity :—

Among the amusements of the Indians the greatest is cock-fighting, for which they have a passion ; and nearly every native throughout the islands gratifies this taste by keeping a fighting-cock, which may be seen carried about with him, perched on his arm or a shoulder, in all the pride of a favorite of its master. During Sundays and feast-days, when no work is allowed to be done, nearly the half of the native population, if able to muster a few rials, repair to the village cockpit, to arrange some match for their favorite fowl, on which they will sometimes stake large amounts, or to see the sport of their neighbors. The privilege of opening a cockpit is an important source of revenue to the government, which farms it out to the highest bidder, who, I believe, has the power to stop fighting for money at any place within the limits of his district other than the privileged arena, for an admission to which he exacts a small charge from each person, which is the mode of reimbursing himself for the amount paid to the government. This place is generally a large house, constructed of *cana*, wattled like a coarse basket, and surrounded by a high paling of the same description, which forms a sort of court-yard, where the cocks are kept waiting their turns to come upon the stage, should their owners have succeeded in arranging a satisfactory match. Passing across the yard, the door of the house, within which the matches come off, stands open : after entering and ascending the steps, the arena is before us, surrounded by seats sloping down from the wall towards it, so that every one may be able distinctly to witness the event. After the owners of the contending cocks have walked into the ring and displayed them, each armed with a long and sharp steel spur, many critical opinions are expressed by the Indians ; and the judgments of the old men, who are keen upon the sport, are worth hearing by the visitor. The spectator, having viewed the birds carefully, the bets are made, by calling one of the men who are constantly walking round the outside of the arena, for the purpose of arranging the amounts of bets ven-



tured on either of the birds. Giving him the money with which you back your opinion, he generally quickly finds, or may at the moment hold in his hand, the money ventured by some one else on the other cock, and apprizes you of the arrangement. But should your cock chance to be a favorite, and the broker be unable to arrange an equal bet against the other, he tells you so before the set-to begins, and returns your money if you are not disposed to give odds. In general the conflict does not last long: in from about two to five minutes after the set-to, one or other of the birds is pretty sure to be either killed or so badly wounded by the steel spur as to show he has had enough of it, and to give in. Until this happens, the utmost quietness is maintained by the people, and their intense interest is only shown by their outstretched necks and eager looks, as well as by their muttered exclamations at the various stages of the fight; at the end of which, of course, the gainers are noisy, and in high spirits at pocketing the money, which is heard clinking all round. The amount of money staked on the issue is never very large; at least, I have not seen more than eighty or a hundred dollars staked in any cock-pit, and the usual bet is an ounce of gold, or nearly four pounds. Chance, in a great measure, appears to decide the event; as an early blow with the sharp spur is quite sufficient to cripple the bird which receives it so much as to determine the fate of the battle. Quickness and game no doubt tell to some extent, but not very much. Of course, the breeding of cocks engages a good deal of attention by those interested in the amusement; but with the details of it I am not acquainted. Many of the Indians, however, appear to be more fond of a good cock, and to display more anxiety about it, than would be shown by them to their wives and children, who are not objects of nearly so much attention.

In any account of the Philippine Islanders, the influence of the Christian priesthood is not to be overlooked. They effected the conquest; they keep it; and they will long preserve it to Spain after she has lost every other colony. After noticing some very palpable abuses in the administration, Mr. Mac Micking makes, on this subject, the following judicious and instructive observations:—

Notwithstanding these abuses, however, the government of the people is on the whole much more effective, and consequently better, than it is in many places of British India. No such thing was ever known as disaffection becoming so generally diffused among them as to lead to a rebellion of the people, or an attempt to shake off the leeches who suck them so deeply; and this can only be attributed to the sway the priesthood have over the minds of the Indians, as, without their influence and aid, beyond a doubt, such an attempt would be made; and, if it should ever come about, it would be no very difficult affair for the natives, if properly led, to overthrow the sway of the Spaniards. Although there is very little religion among the Indians, there is abundance of superstitious feeling, and fear of the padre's displeasure; indeed, the church has long proved to be, upon the whole, by much the most cheap and efficacious instrument of good government and order that could be employed anywhere, so long as its influence has been properly directed. In the Philippines there appears to be little doubt but that it is one of the most beneficial that could be exerted as a medium for the preservation of good order among the people, who are admonished and taught to be contented, while it is not forgetful of their interests, as they very generally learn reading by its aid—so much of it, at least, as to enable them to read their prayer-books, or other religious manuals. There are very few Indians who are unable to read, and I have always observed that the Manilla men serving

on board of ships, and composing their crews, have been much oftener able to subscribe their names to the ship's articles than the British seamen on board the same vessels could do, or even on board of Scottish ships, whose crews are sometimes superior men, so far as education is concerned, to those born in other parts of Great Britain. This fact startled me at first; but it has been frequently remarked upon by people very strongly prejudiced in favor of white men, and who despise the black skins of Manilla men, regarding them as inferior beings to themselves, as many of our countrymen often do.

But the Christianity of the Philippine Islands, it must be admitted, is not without its disadvantages. The people are at least as superstitious as they are pious, while, at the same time, they are both credulous and excitable. A memorable and frightful example of the effects of this character was displayed in 1820. In that year the Asiatic pestilence, for the first time, made its appearance in the Philippines, and, as usual in its first attack, accompanied by an appalling mortality. The native inhabitants of Manilla, panic-stricken, were led to believe, it is alleged by the lower order of priests, that the poison had been wilfully introduced by foreign heretics, and they rose and massacred many of the foreign Europeans, the first victims of their infatuated fury being two French naturalists, whose vials, with preserved insects and reptiles, were paraded in the streets as the actual poison imported by the malignants. The government of the day, from cowardice or incapacity, was paralyzed, and simply looked on, doing nothing for its own honor, or the safety of the strangers. No such sanguinary tumult ever took place, or can be supposed possible to have taken place, in any other Asiatic population, whether, Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese, or Mahomedan. Let the Christian priests of the Philippines explain the cause of so discreditable a difference.

We may add, in corroboration of the account of the superior personal and mental endowments of the Philippine Islanders, a fact which is well known to all who have navigated the Indian Sea in ships manned by natives of Hindustan. Not one of these has ever been found to possess the firmness or knowledge necessary for the task of steering a ship, and the quartermasters or steersmen are almost invariably Christian natives of the Philippines, on double the pay of an Indian lascar.

The capacity of the Philippine Islands and their inhabitants may be inferred from the amount and variety of their produce. They feed, and feed well too, near three millions and a half of people, perhaps even five millions; and, besides doing so, they export largely. Nearly the whole foreign commerce of the Philippines centres in the Port of Manilla, which arises, in some degree, from its natural convenience for trade, but perhaps fully as much from the idle and foolish restrictions of municipal law. Manilla, situated on the river Pasig, which, after a brief course, discharges the waters of a spacious navigable lake into the great bay that bears the same name as the town, contains a population of two hundred thousand souls, and stands to the Philippines in the same relation that Paris, Havre and Bordeaux, put together, do to all France. Its population is motley as to nation and color, consisting of Spaniards, Creoles, Mestizas, Indians of many nations, Chinese and half-bred Chinese, Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, and Germans. The whole government and the whole foreign commerce centre in it. Mr. Mac Micking furnishes us with a list of



the quantities, but not of the values, of eighteen of the staple articles exported from Manilla for the two years 1847 and 1850. We shall offer a few remarks on some of the most prominent articles.

In 1850, Manilla exported sugar to the amount of 28,740 tons, of which more than one half went to Great Britain and her Australian colonies. A kind of hemp, the product of a banana or *musa*, is a peculiar product of the Philippines, and, by those who are capable of judging, considered excellent as running rigging. In 1850, the quantity exported, raw and wrought, amounted to 8,726 tons, of which 6,390 tons went to the United States of America, and to Britain no more than 1,010 tons. We should not be surprised to hear that the running rigging of the victorious American yacht was made of this very material. Tobacco is another large export of the Philippines, although under the pressure of heavy taxation and government monopoly. The quantity of cigars exported in 1850 was 73,439 boxes, of 1,000 cigars each, while the quantity of leaf tobacco was 42,629 quintals, of 102 pounds each. The cigars are chiefly made up by women, a factory giving employment to from 800 to 1,000, and the factories of the town of Manilla alone employing 4,000 hands. The export of sapan, a dyeing wood, most of which goes to Great Britain, amounted in 1850 to 96,798 arrobas of twenty-five and one half pounds each. The grass-cloth amounted in 1850 to 37,552 pieces, and of this 22,975 pieces went to the United States, 13,252 to the continent of Europe, and just 175 pieces to Great Britain. The finest of the so-called grass-cloth is made from the fibres of the leaf of the pine-apple, and hence called Piña, and the coarsest, though still a very beautiful fabric, from the fibres of a *musa* or banana. We wonder much that the raw materials of both these articles have not been imported into this country, where the skill of our manufacturers would assuredly soon convert them into fabrics at once beautiful and durable. The quantity of coffee exported from Manilla in 1850 amounted to no more than 647,080 pounds, most of which went to France, where it is greatly esteemed; and the indigo to no more than 430,940 pounds, nearly the whole of which went to the United States. Gold is found in Lucon; and although much of the island is of volcanic formation, the fact of the existence of this metal proves that primitive formations also belong to it. The quantity exported in 1850, as entered at the custom-house, was only 5,068 oz., but our author supposes the actual quantity to be double this amount. Of the greatest export of all, rice, no account can be rendered; because this alone is allowed to be exported from any port near the place of production, and is not confined to Manilla. Most of it goes to China.

The whole of the articles of export to which we have alluded, with many more which are consumed on the spot, are the products of the labor of the native proprietors of the soil from their little patches of land; and, with the exception of China, we doubt whether the peasantry of any other country in Asia would do so much. There are no large estates cultivated for a proprietor by day-laborers. They have been tried, and failed; in consequence, it is alleged, of the high price of labor, and the difficulty of procuring men to work for hire. The wages of day-laborers, when they can be procured, is a quarter of a dollar, or 13d. a day, which is nearly, as far as we remember, the wages of labor in Jamaica. For the amount of labor performed 13d. a day is no doubt high wages; for, supposing the labor of a

native of the Philippines to be no better than that of a native of Hindustan, the remuneration is about six-fold as great. But the wages, however, are the natural and inevitable ones in both cases. In the one they are high, because the country, with near three millions and a half of people, and populous China within a few days' sail, is still under-peopled; and in the others they are low, because the country is deusely, perhaps over peopled. Those who have attempted to become planters in the Philippines have speculated on the importation of laborers from China, in the hope of reducing the wages of labor; just as the West Indians hope to reduce wages by the importation of Coolies, Africans, and even Chinese. The expectation in both cases is equally vain and delusory. Double the population contained either in the Philippines or the Antilles would still leave abundance of fertile land unoccupied. The population of the United States is seven-fold what it was seventy-five years ago, but wages have undergone no fall.

With equal good feeling and sound philosophy, Mr. Mac Micking observes:—

These reasons make me loath to see the present system of small holdings changed, which would sever old and respectable ties, and would force the present independent Indian cottage-farmer to seek employment from the extensive cultivator, and, without getting more work out of him in the course of a year, would lower him in self-respect, and in the many virtues which that teaches, without deriving any correspondent advantage to society.

Wages will fall in both cases when the land is fully occupied, and the condition of the laborer is deteriorated, but not until that shall happen; an event not to be looked for under some centuries, and not desirable when it does come.

The Philippines can hardly be said to have had any foreign trade before 1814. Their commerce was as jealously restrained as if the object were to crush it as a public nuisance. A far more liberal system is now pursued, but still the foreign trade is burthened with many restraints equally foolish and vexatious. Discriminating duties are levied, not only on foreign goods, but on foreign tonnage, and on goods imported in foreign tonnage. No foreigner is allowed to hold land, unless he marry a Spaniard or native of the islands. Some of the regulations have even a ludicrous character. Duties on goods are imposed, increasing with the facility of bringing them to market. On blue Manchester cotton twist, which is in much vogue with the natives, there is a heavy duty; but on yellow, which the natives will not use, there is none at all. Two articles only are expressly prohibited, and they look strangely in company, "bibles and pocket-pistols."

We conclude by strongly recommending Mr. Mac Micking's instructive and amusing book, evidently the work of a man of the world, of a man of sense, and of an intelligent merchant.

MR. PUTNAM has planned a readable series of books for the traveller or the tarrier at home, to be published at intervals of a fortnight. The initial volume embraces selections from Dickens' Household Words, to which the title of "*Home and Social Philosophy*" has been fitly given, and its successors are to extend these selections to the Stories and Every-Day Topics embraced in the same periodical. A "Humorous Series" will follow, and, altogether, we shall have a very pleasant little library of it, at the nominal cost of twenty-five cents a volume.—*N. Y. Times*.



From the Morning Chronicle.

## SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S DOGS.\*

WE have before us a series of engravings, published by Mr. Maclean, of the Haymarket, from the celebrated dog pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer. The plates are all upon steel, they convey exact impressions of the original paintings, and are elaborated with the nicest mechanical delicacy. The engraver, in all instances save one, is Mr. Davey. The "Good Doggie" alone is from the burin of Mr. Thomas Landseer.

It will be generally admitted that Sir Edwin Landseer's animal pictures constitute of themselves a distinct and individual school of art. Previous painters had generally been content to represent the form and features of the animal delineated, without seeking to catch and reproduce that subtle expression, not only of face, but often of limb, which frequently lends to dumb brutes their real character and individual degree of intelligence. Landseer went far deeper than any of his predecessors into the study of brute physiognomy. He became, in fact, the Lavater of the beasts; and in the faces of the animals produced by his pencil you read—almost as clearly as if from the page of nature—the distinct and individualized expression of the specimen presented. Nor is this happy faculty of catching up the character of the face, the very cock of the ears, and the very gleam of the eye, the only quality which stamps Sir Edwin's pictures with their peculiar value. Of course all the world knows how he paints textures—how the glancing pile of a well-kept horse, the silken curls of a well-washed spaniel, the shaggy coat of a wiry terrier, and—not less remarkable—the clotted and lumpy appearance of the fleece of a Highland sheep, have all been reproduced upon the canvass, absolutely as though in a mirror. But the artist has another strange faculty of representing peculiar gaits, and odd manners of locomotion, of animals. By some cantrip of the pencil, he conveys to you the notion of the exact amble of a horse, or the flight of a bird, although, of course, you can only see them as they would appear at one certain moment of their progress. Take, as an example, a picture exhibited in the Exhibition of last year, if we remember right, and called the Forester's Wife, or the Forester's Daughter. There, in the background, a crane is represented as just rising into the air from the mossy borders of a Highland loch. Everybody who knows anything at all of the habits of the bird will recognize in an instant, from the position and apparent motion of the wings, the style of the creature's flights—the ponderous flaps and laboring jerks with which it raises itself from the ground and gathers headway, ere the big hollow wings become inflated like parachutes, as it sails horizontally in the air. Landseer's animal pictures are, then, characterized by three distinct sets of peculiarities. He paints the form and coat of the creature to perfection; he catches and reproduces its gait in motion, or its really natural attitude at rest; and he represents with the most curious happiness the perfect expression of the creature's face—its fierceness or sullenness, playfulness or stolidity, with the very depth and essence of meaning visible

in its eyes and in the working of the nerves and muscles of the countenance. In the first respect Landseer immeasurably outstrips all competitors; in the two latter he can hardly be said to have any. Herring's animal pictures are good bits of manipulation, but "soul," or whatever dumb beasts have as a substitute, "is wanting there."

Of course, dogs have formed the favorite subjects of a painter fond of reproducing animal life, and bringing out the highest phase of animal intelligence with which his sitters were gifted. "Is thy servant a dog," said Sydney Smith, when Sir Edwin proposed to paint him, "that thou shouldst do this thing?" and, admirable as the artist's human faces and figures are, somehow we think we prefer the quadrupeds. *Titania*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* picture, was lovely, yet we would have sacrificed the Queen of Fairyland and all her fays for these two wonderful white rabbits with pink eyes. At all events, Sir Edwin's dogs have generally more expression in them, more intelligence, and more mind, than most portrait-painters' men and women. Look at the "Portrait of a Gentleman" on the Academy's walls—a blank face sticking out of a coat with the usual appurtenances and a curtain and a pillar in the background, while beside him there hangs one of Sir Edwin's dogs, and tell us which you think the noblest creature of the twain—the "dumb brute" or the "gentleman?"

Sir Edwin has been accused of attaining these efforts of intelligence by exaggerating the natural expressions of his dogs' faces, and endowing them with a semi-human look, which it is contended the animals do not really possess. If there be anything in the imputation, it applies only to those half-sportive subjects which the French call pictures of *fantaisie*, and in which animals are represented as performing human functions. One of these lies before us—"Laying down the Law;" and although it is, we believe, a favorite with the artist, we, for our own part, cannot but rank it as amongst the lowest of his works, and purely for this reason, that the expression of the principal dog—the white poodle—is overstrained, with the intention of making him look like a doughty lord chancellor in a wig—a poor conceit, we think, and wholly unworthy of the genius of the artist. No, Sir Edwin, let your dogs be dogs, every inch and every glance. They have no need to borrow their looks of intelligence from lawyers. The notion of grafting one upon the other may be very successfully pursued by people who can do no better. The "Comical Creatures from Wurtemberg," in the Exhibition, were very clever, very funny, very capital. The gentleman who formed them was an excellent caricaturist, but he who stuffed the figure of the "Gorged Falcon" was an artist.

We glance again, however, upon the "Laying down the Law," and then we ask is the expression of intelligence in this picture of *fantaisie* after all so profound and so intense as we have it in many reproductions of dogs, done with literal and spiritual truth? We have not before us visibly, but we have just as clearly in our own mind, the inimitable picture of the bull-dog, called "Low Life." Was ever anything more real—was ever anything more expressive? A low man would not express the idea of "low life" half so well. That dog is the essence of greasy vulgarity, and yet he is a dog every inch and every hair of him. His eyes, half shut and winking, are "low"—his tongue lazily curled out of his greasy chops, is "low"—

\* "Lion Dog, from Malta," "There is no place like Home," "Dignity and Impudence," "Her Majesty's favorite Terrier and Macaws, &c.," "Laying down the Law," "Lady and Spaniels,"—Painted by Sir E. Landseer, Maclean, Haymarket.



his clumsy knotted legs are "low"—his ungainly inturned toes are "low"—and behind him stands a pair of boots, stubborn, squat, squab coarse boots, irredeemably and hopelessly "low." The whole picture, in fact, dog and accessories, presents the most perfect idea of "low" comfort and ungainly free-and-easyism that ever was put upon canvass, and yet you cannot point to one touch of the brush that is not literally and absolutely true to nature.

A prime favorite with Sir Edwin is the Highland terrier. And rightly so. Whether he be the wisest of the dogs or no—and he has strong claims to the palm of intelligence over all his race—he looks the wisest. As Pitt wondered whether there ever was a man so wise as Thurlow looked, so we may wonder whether there ever was a dog so sensible, acute, and shrewdly divining as a fine Skye terrier appears to be. See those black eyes—how they sparkle and gleam with intelligence, and generally, too, with affection! Look down into their depths, so shrewd and quickly appreciative—like the motto of the good Lord Douglas—"Tender and true." Speak to the little fellow. If he does not understand you, he is trying to do so. Look how he gathers his little wits to listen and to comprehend. How he arches up his ears, so as not to lose a sound, and gives his head a smart shake, as if to put his tiny brain in order. James Hogg, looking wistfully into his collie's eyes, as the dog gazed fondly up to him, imagined that man was the god of the dog. If so, then the dog stands above his quadruped peers, as man above the beasts; and certainly, in the canine rank, the terrier, little as he is, takes the foremost place. Mere sporting dogs, it may be observed, have no great claim to intelligence. A pointer's or a beagle's head is fit for nothing but hanging up in the hall amid "Winners of the Derby" and "Pullings up to unskid." The greyhound is not much better; but Landseer, availing himself of the aristocratic elegance of outline of the creature's head, and the slim beauty of his limbs, has frequently introduced him as typifying "high life" with great success. Still there is no moral breadth or raciness about the creature's visage. The bull-dog, again, has an expressive face, without being in the least intelligent. You see that he is a character, without being an exalted one. The mastiff has a noble face, with a broad and bulky expanse of brain, and an expression of calm power, dignity and strength, a good portion of which is, perhaps, to be attributed to the massiveness of the jaws, and the evident appearance of vast muscular capability. Strength in repose is always an essential element of dignity, and that the mastiff possesses in perfection. He is the king of dogs—not intellectually, but the king so far as regal port and stateliness can crown a king, and so may well find favor in Sir Edwin's eyes. The character of the mastiff's head applies in no small degree to that of the Newfoundland. The latter is calm and dignified, but with perhaps more mildness and humanity of expression breathing through the soft, lustrous eyes, while the smaller and weaker jaw is not so suggestive of fierce gripes and crackling bones. The collie or sheep dog must be studied to be appreciated. At first sight he appears a sufficiently common-place cur; but he is far from that, and may, indeed, in his own peculiar sphere, take rank with the terrier. Landseer has studied the collie well, and faithfully reproduced him. He has the softest and the meekest eyes of all dogs, and yet, if you watch them long and well, and talk to him, and get him to look at you, you will not fail to perceive a glim-

mering of that shrewdness which characterizes the terrier—a sort of homespun knowingness, coming up bashfully out of the depths of his brain. The sheep dog, if we can believe the stories told of it, possesses in a greater degree the faculty of understanding human speech than any other four-footed creature. A shepherd in the Highland or Border hills will give his dog a regular series of instructions as to where he is to drive the sheep. The animal will look up patiently into his master's face the while, and then start off to do his duty. Hogg tells a number of, we fear, rather over-marvellous stories in this respect; but the well-authenticated instances of the extraordinary sagacity of the dog, particularly in all that concerns the management of a hill flock of sheep, are beyond a doubt. Sir Edwin Landseer has given a true and beautiful portrait of a collie's head in his "Poor Doggie."

The plates before us are one and all well-known. The first is "The Lion Dog from Malta—the last of his tribe." This is rather a portrait of a specimen than a picture of a race. The tiny lion dog is apparently of a diminutive poodle species, being hardly bigger than the head of the majestic Newfoundland against which he is lying. The introduction of the former was exceedingly well judged. The Maltese animal has as little of the dog look in his face—of the peculiar, mild, and open expression of the dog—as the Newfoundland is bountifully endowed with the true canine character. The little creature, on the contrary, has a pert, monkeyfied grin, peering out from beneath its long silky hair, which puts you in mind of a marmoset or chimpanzee. "The Lion Dog of Malta" is the last of his tribe; and curious in some respects although he be, and much as ladies would covet him for looking out of the window of a brougham in the Park, we are not sorry his race is drawing to a close. He looks somewhat like a weazened and enervated poodle, who has lost all his better faculties from a long course of debauchery and riotous living.

Let him give place to a couple of terriers. Almost every reader will remember the look, so pitiful and so earnest, half-terror, half-appeal, which the little terrier casts upon the stern master who ruthlessly orders him into his kennel, rudely knocked up from an old barrel. You see nothing of the stern master, but you know he is there. You can read his presence in the terrier's attitude, and translate his language in those supplicating eyes. How one encouraging tone would change the aspect of the animal into a bound and a tossing head, gleaming with joy. But no. "To your kennel, dog"—"There is no place like home."

"Dignity and Impudence" are portrayed by a noble mastiff, looking out as placidly as Jove from heaven, from the frame of his kennel; while a confoundedly smart, slangy, dissipated scamp of a terrier sticks forth his perked-up visage, cheek by jowl with the grand old big fellow—a grin upon his lip—a grin upon the point of his protruding tongue—a grin in his merry, ill-behaved black eyes—a grin in even every hair upon his impudent mug. Who can forget Leech's wonderful adaptation of this masterly picture?—a solemn face, beaming with grave intellect and self-reliant might, contrasted with a peering, blinking little ugly human mouth—the personification of the audacity which would have undertaken the building of St. Paul's, the command of the Channel fleet, or the operation for lithotomy—all at a moment's notice.

"Islay, her Majesty's favorite Terrier, with Macaw Love Birds, and Spaniel Puppy," make a



charming group, and one which every amateur of print-shop windows knows full well. The macaw, consummately painted, the eyes and claws in particular being wonderfully given, holds in one foot a tempting piece of biscuit; the love birds upon the same perch look timidly on. Islay, below, raises his supplicating paws, and more supplicating eyes, for a crumb, while the spaniel puppy, having neither age to give him wisdom, nor Scotch blood to give him foresight, contents himself with the unprofitable task of gnawing a feather.

"The Good Doggie" is a handsome sheep dog—affection and good nature beaming charmingly out of his eager eyes and open mouth and caressing tongue. He has heard and appreciated the kindness of the tone in which some one has said, "good doggie," and, with his honest heart leaping and beating at the praise, would fain show his gratitude and devotion. You almost hear his quick panting, and the scratching of his eager feet.

The two last plates upon our list are—"Laying down the Law," of which we have already spoken, and "Lady and Spaniels." The former is consummately clever, but tricky and exaggerated, and therefore unworthy of Landseer. No other artist could have done it so well, but it was not worth Landseer's while to have done it at all; just as it would not be worth Sir Bulwer Lytton's while to write a pantomime, even supposing him able to do it. Let us cultivate imagination and fancy as much as we may, but let us leave burlesque to those who are fit for nothing better.

The "Lady and Spaniels" is another well-known print. The lady reclines back on silken cushions, glossy and bright, but not glossier than the curling pile of the three attendant lap-dogs—one nestling in her bosom, one coiled beside her, one couched, with long ears hanging beside its bright keen eyes, ready to leap and gambol in its playfulness. The lady's face is in profile—clearly and eloquently cut—with her long rich hair falling in braided masses on the pillow. Leaning back in all the luxury of repose, she is reading with interest, but not anxiety, an open letter. The whole atmosphere is one of calm and refinement, and the petted, yet not pampered, spaniels, form a charming group.

Beautiful, however, as are Sir Edwin Landseer's pet dogs, his spaniels, and his lion dog, we cannot but give a hearty and energetic preference to his delineations of the nobler species of the race. Give us the terrier, shrewd, clever, and affectionate; the mastiff in his noblest development, grave, fond, and dignified; the Newfoundland, as fond, and, if less dignified, more sportive; the collie, fond, sagacious, and with a touch of Scotch pawkiness in his sagacity—give us these—or, rather, as we should hardly know what to do with them when we got them—give us Sir Edwin Landseer's portraits of them; and we well know that, so far as human art can go, we are looking on the noblest expressions of the noblest of the lower animals.

From the N. Y. Religious Monthly.

#### ATHEISM AMONG THE GERMANS.

WE love the Germans. Their character and history as a nation inspire respect. Their political wrongs and religious vagaries awaken sympathy. Their growing importance, as a component part of our population, compels attention to the influences operating to form their character in their new home. Difference of language consti-

tutes no valid plea for indifference, inasmuch as there are channels of intercommunication which may be available for acquiring and diffusing light. The intimate relations which the Tract Society sustains to the German interest, and the abundant sources of information it enjoys, impose on us the obligation to keep the American public apprized of the peculiar dangers of the Germans. In discharging this trust, we ask attention to the latest phase of the false philosophy of Germany—*atheistic socialism*.

Rationalism began its ravages in Germany a hundred years ago, degenerating into Pantheism about twenty-five years since, under the auspices of Fichte, Hegel, and other philosophers. Pantheism ultimately passed from the schools to the popular mind, and assumed there a grosser and more hideous form than its philosophical originators ever intended. About five years ago this ranker type of Pantheism—"Young Hegelianism"—ripened into avowed atheism. From resolving *everything* into Deity, the transition was easily made to the opposite pole of error—the explicit denial of the very *being* of a personal God and a personal immortality. Thus briefly may be traced the progress of error in a country which but a few years ago boasted its freedom from the atheism of France, but which may now be regarded as the stronghold of infidelity.

Monstrous as is this doctrine, it has spread far and wide among the Germans. Among the political refugees who have reached this country, hundreds are professed atheists. They glory in having outgrown the nursery tales of a Supreme Being governing the universe. "There is no God" is their watchword, and the theme of public harangues at their Hoboken summer conventicle, and at their three places of Sabbath meeting in the city of New York. In whatever form the gospel is presented to them, they indignantly scorn it, with the remark, "I have done with that."

If it be inquired whether these theories concern real life, we answer, Yes, deeply. Atheism has become married to socialism of so rank and wild a character, as would revolt the American or even the French school of reformers. They declaim against "property," denounce the marriage institution, and raise the unblushing cry of anarchy. One of the organs of this infamous school exclaims, "Down with all restraints which the prevailing, cursed system throws around woman. Down with the church! Down with that lie about religion! Long live universal anarchy!" We will not pollute our columns by inserting the translations now before us of the almost Satanic paragraphs with which the paper in question is filled. We doubt if the press, in the "Reign of Terror," was more utterly profligate and abandoned than some of the German papers now issued in New York.

Indeed, with the exception of most of the papers published in Pennsylvania, and a few other honorable exceptions, the German newspapers in this country avail themselves of every opportunity to assail evangelical, earnest, decided Christianity, by scoffing at the Bible, missionary, and tract enterprises, and especially by attacking the Sabbath. And since the new atheistic "development," several able weekly or daily papers have sprung into being in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, making no secret of their atheism. Their literary talent secures a circulation beyond the confines of atheistic sympathies. One of these journals is edited by a man once a Jesuit, who still continues



to preach in a rationalistic church, and to advertise services, marriages, and baptisms!

Alas for the countrymen of Luther and Neander! Lately, as compared with other kingdoms of the continent, a religious nation, how is Germany becoming the hot-bed of error! And how gloomy the future of the father-land! Her thinking men anticipate a dreadful harvest from the seeds of error and perverted truth sowing broad-cast over that fair field. They say: "England had her revolution in the seventeenth century; France in the eighteenth; Germany will have hers in the nineteenth; and the German revolution will exhibit more awful scenes of bloodshed and anarchy than the French." The socialists, also, in their books and poems, frequently speak of "a great day of vengeance," when "the last king will be hung with the entrails of the last priest," when the "red banner" will float over rivers of blood; and *then* peace and joy will triumph!

Alas for our country, that it must receive the influx of such an emigration, and that the feeble band of evangelical Germans must be exposed to the assaults of such an enemy! Thank God, there *are* evangelical Germans in considerable and increasing numbers among us. Let us throw around them the arms of fraternal sympathy, and extend to them the ready hand of communion and support. And let every spiritual weapon for the overthrow of error and the establishment of Christ's kingdom be freely employed *now* and constantly, until American freedom and evangelical piety shall become the heritage of every immigrant German.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE eminent place attained by Sir James Stephen among contributors to the leading periodicals of the day has prepared us for any exhibition of his rare taste and talent. His appointment three years ago to the Chair of History at Cambridge—a chair which Professor Smythe, the friend and rival of Dr. Arnold, had filled with such acknowledged ability—was the signal of new triumphs. History was a favorite theme. Readers of the "*Essay on the Port Royalists*" need no information about the historical charms and graphic fidelity of the writer. The fact that among the best judges the performance was long ascribed to Macaulay, is the best evidence of its eloquence and power. When nominated to the Cambridge professorship, Sir James experienced much difficulty in determining what era of history, or the history of what country should furnish the text of his lectures. Consultation, however, with Dr. Whewell, the distinguished writer on Moral and Physical Science, and with other friends, among whom was Mr. Macaulay, elicited advice so entirely agreeable to his own predilections, that the History of France was pitched upon, and became the subject of a course of lectures, memorable, in the annals of the University, for their brilliant finish and nicety of critical investigation. In the published volume, of course, there are numerous passages omitted in the oral delivery, because of the limited time allotted by the college roster to each lecture. A yet finer polish has, if possible, been added by subsequent retirement and labor; and the result is, not one elaborate work, but a series of elaborate works, treating of different points connected with the general subject of French history. The whole may be well divided, independently of the division into twenty-four lectures, into Essays upon the Period of Transition from Roman to Capetian Rule; the Anti-Feudal Influences of the Middle Ages; Influences operating upon the Monarchical System; the States General; Finances and the Power of the Purse;

the Religious Wars; the Power of the Pen; the Absolutism of the Monarchy under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., and a Comparison between the French and the English Monarchies. The bare recapitulation of titles can give very little idea of the delightful attributes of the matter and style. The scholar and general reader will, of course, procure the volume. Harper & Brothers publish a very elegant reprint in octavo.—*N. Y. Times*.

"*Wesley and Methodism*" is the title of the latest work of Isaac Taylor, recently reproduced by the Harper Brothers. The earlier writings of Mr. Taylor, the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and of "Fanaticism," fixed his reputation as an always profound and frequently obscure logician, a schoolman of the nineteenth century, too frequently lost in the mazes of metaphysical reasoning. The earnest religious meaning of his books, nevertheless, lent them an extraordinary degree of popularity; and they were doubtless read ten times where they were comprehended once. For many years Mr. Taylor has produced nothing new. His advanced age and the measure of fame already acquired, were regarded as competent dissuaves from further labors; and his admirers had almost ceased to look for more, when it was announced that a work analytic of Methodism was under way, and pretty near ready for the press. And the present is the work.

Of its character we shall not attempt to give an opinion. The following proposition, laid down in chapter first, is, perhaps, the best indication of the general scope; and furnishes at the same time a slight taste of the general quality.

Christianity being true, without abatement, in its own sense, Methodism, as a general development of its principal elements, must be religiously regarded as such; while yet it may be open to exceptions on many grounds as the product of minds more good and fervent than always well-ordered.

The author, in brief, considers the Wesleyan movement as similar in character, though not of equal importance, with the Lutheran movement of the sixteenth century; and as forming a part of the great forward tendency of the religious element which shall finally bring the whole human family beneath its sway.

The estimate of the great Wesley is perhaps as impartial as could be wished, and does full justice to one who ranks among the most extraordinary men of his age. A strong, massive, decided character like his, requires such a pen as Taylor's to characterize it.—*N. Y. Times*.

HEADLEY's new book, "*The Old Guard of Napoleon*," has been from Scribner's press some weeks. With characteristic vividness and energy of style, he has given us clear glances at the domestic life and personal habits of that renowned phalanx which was the right arm of Napoleon's strength. The power which the Old Guard wielded—its military renown, and the vast schemes in which it played so tremendous a part, give its history peculiar fascination. Of the battles it fought, moreover, we have already descriptions enough. The world is familiar with them. But of the composition, character, discipline, and daily life of the Old Guard we know little, and those are precisely the points of most immediate interest. Mr. Headley's book cannot fail to have a universal popularity. It embraces but one volume—and is full of that life and vigor which mark his style. He has seized upon the points essential to the sketch, and gives us the picture at a few strokes. Like all his works, it is graphic, energetic, and in the highest degree interesting. It is elegantly printed and contains numerous illustrations from a French work to which Mr. H. acknowledges his obligations for much of the material for his book.—*N. Y. Times*.



From the Spectator.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK'S VOLUME ON THE STUDIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.\*

THE title of this book gives about as much notion of its contents as the invitation of a rich citizen to "take your mutton with him" conveys an adequate impression of the dinner that awaits you at Clapham or Hampstead. Originally consisting of a sermon of ordinary length, followed by a few illustrative notes, it has swelled into a bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages. To those who have suspected the studies of the University to be rather more limited than the requirements of the age, the table of contents, embracing almost every disputed question in physical science and theology, will be somewhat startling. Grumblers, however, may still derive consolation from remembering that the link binding together these various topics is not the fact of their forming a necessary portion of the academic course, but the alarm of the professor lest the alumni of his University should, in their voyage over the ocean of knowledge, strike upon some of the rocks and quicksands with which that ocean abounds, and so make shipwreck of their moral and intellectual well-being. If he occasionally takes fright at a harmless ruffling of the surface water, and lays down in his chart dangerous rocks where bolder mariners have found smooth sailing—or, in language vividly picturesque from the passion of terror which inspires it, describes appearances of the sea-serpent, which a closer and less panic-stricken inspection would soften down into well-known types of the animal kingdom—still it is plain, that in these cases he has relied on the reports of others, and that within the sphere of his own personal observation he is an accurate delineator; and even beyond this limit his thoroughly sound heart and clear head often lead him instinctively to a right result.

The various points treated of group themselves round a tripartite division of the studies of the University, into Physical, Philological, and Ethical. On the second of these heads, beyond a few sensible remarks in the sermon itself, the author is silent. As he pursues his path through the kingdoms of nature and the realms of thought, like another Christian he finds his way beset by strange and monstrous forms of evil, with all of whom he successively does manful battle, and beats them

entirely to his own satisfaction. One of his earliest foes is the visored knight upon whose dusky shield is traced, in murky characters of flame, "Vestiges of Creation." This is a combat in which our author's training and prowess are displayed to advantage; and we will endeavor briefly to present the outlines of his argument.

The two questions for discussion are, Has the animal kingdom been first produced by spontaneous generation? and, secondly, Has it been afterwards perfected by transmutation and progressive development? With respect to the first, all the instances adduced by the author of the *Vestiges* "are drawn from the dark corners of nature's kingdom, where it is almost physically impossible to trace the progress of her workmanship. Sober philosophy would tell him, in such cases, to be guided by analogy; and all analogy is against him." Those instances, moreover, only prove, that we have not been able as yet to bring a few exceedingly obscure and partially investigated cases under the operation of a law of nature known and acknowledged in the generation of the overwhelming majority of organic beings. To push our inference beyond this, is against all reasonable procedure. Besides, the whole history of many species of Entozoa, beyond comparison the cases most difficult to account for, has been well explained in conformity with the common laws of generation. The famous *Acarus Crossii*, so far from being a new development of the lowest organic type, produced by the action of galvanism on inorganic matter, was in reality a well-known animal of highly complex structure, the ova of which in tens of thousands probably existed in the dusty corners of the room where the experiments were carried on. In fact, to derive an acarus, one of them moreover a female well filled with eggs, at once from inorganic matter, is just as abhorrent to any rational view of the theory of development, as it is abhorrent to any known law of atomic combination. Some of the difficulties in the way of accounting for certain very humble forms of organic life may be obviated by a consideration of the known transporting power of the air, which at once explains many of the supposed cases of spontaneous generation. Others are cleared up by a knowledge of the wonderful tenacity of life exhibited by some of the lower animals, which endure without injury the extreme temperatures of boiling water and long-continued Polar frost; and we know that the ova of these animals are far more tenacious of life than the animals themselves.

But passing to the second question—

Have we any proof of specific transmutations in the living world? We have not, so far as I understand the question, so much as the shadow of

\* A Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge. By Adam Sedgwick, M. A., F. R. S., Woodwardian Professor, and Fellow of Trinity College. Fifth edition, with Additions, and a Preliminary Dissertation. Published by John W. Parker, London; Deighton, Cambridge.



any proof of them. The constancy of organic forms—like species producing like according to a fixed law of generation—is the obvious and certain fact. \* \* \* Art has been pushed to the utmost in modifying the natural forms of organic life; but not so much as one true specific change has been ever brought about, so as to raise the progeny of any known animal to a higher grade on the organic scale.

Probably none of the supposed facts on which the theory of specific transmutations has been based by the author of the *Vestiges* has made a more lively impression on the popular mind than the asserted foetal transformations of the vertebrate animals. He states that the foetus of a man during the successive periods of gestation, is “a monad, a polype, an insect,” &c. In contradiction, Professor Sedgwick, resting mainly on an “admirable memoir” by Professor Clark, who has made this fact an especial object of investigation, demonstrates five points—1. That in the very beginning of foetal life, in the Spermatozoa, there are definite and specific differences; 2. That in animals of the higher grade, three great divisions of the animal kingdom, the Radiata, Articulata, and Mollusca, are passed over without any corresponding foetal type; 3. That the foetus of a mammal never breathes by gills, and is never for an instant in the true anatomical condition of a fish; 4. That whereas, in the normal type, a fish’s heart has one ventricle and one auricle, and a reptile’s heart one ventricle and two auricles, the foetal heart of the mammal does never assume either of those types, but does pass through a form not found permanent in any known creature, having for a time one auricle and two ventricles; 5. That there are essential appendages to the foetus of the mammal in every stage of its growth, which have reference to its perfected organic structure, and which, if taken into account, completely upset the supposed resemblances between it and the lower types. This point seems to us so important, that Professor Sedgwick shall state it for himself.

There is one grand fallacy which has warped all the descriptive writings of our author’s school. To serve the purpose of an hypothesis, they have described the foetus, in the successive stages of its growth, only by its central portions; and not by its whole mass, including its organic appendages. But it cannot be separated from these appendages without instant death, unless it have reached that maturity of structure which will enable it to maintain an independent life. Had they reference only to existing conditions of foetal life, we might perhaps suppose, with a semblance of reason, that different classes of the animal kingdom were not merely laid down upon the same general plan, but that they passed, by insensible gradations, into one another. As a matter of fact, however, to which there is no exception, these foetal appendages are not defined by existing conditions. Their office is to perfect the animal form: they are true prospective contrivances, implying, under strict anatomical necessity, a subsequent and more perfect condition of organic life. We cannot hatch a rat from a goose’s egg (one of the author’s pleasant dreams;) because, during every stage of incubation, there are

organic contrivances within the egg which have a prospective reference only to the structure of a bird, and apply not to that of any mammal. There is therefore, so far as we can comprehend it, no obscurity in this part of Nature’s workmanship, nor any semblance of confusion or structural interchange between the different classes of the living world.

We have dwelt upon this portion of the refutation because it admitted of being presented entire. It is, however, in the rapid and condensed but masterly exhibition of the facts made known to us by the remains of organic life preserved within the crusts of the earth’s surface, that the main strength of the argument lies. If development had been Nature’s process in ages past, it is not so any longer; but this series of geological facts proves most incontestably that the theory not only is untrue for the present time, but is a falsification of all the examined records of Nature. Here is the professor’s judgment, all the more effective from its quiet though determined tone.

Resting, then, on no hypothesis, but guided by the evidence of the animal types that mark many successive epochs in the natural history of the earth, and carry us back through countless ages before the existence of man or any of his fellow beings, and interpreting these types by the rules of analogy and sound induction, I adopt in all its fullness the conclusion of the Edinburgh Reviewer—“that geology, not seen through the mist of any theory, but taken as a plain succession of monuments and facts, offers one firm cumulative argument against the hypothesis of development.” This is not the enunciation of a positive, dogmatic theory; it is but an humble negative conclusion, wherein we cast away from us the words of boasting, and do our best to place our language on the same level with our knowledge.

And again—

It is now beyond dispute, and is proved by the physical records of the earth, *that all the visible forms of organic life had a beginning in time.* To have established this point is the glory of geology.

In concluding our quotations from this part of the work, we must add the expression of our conviction that Professor Sedgwick has fully succeeded in showing, that, viewed as an *inductive demonstration* of the origin and progress of organic life upon the earth, the theory of the *Vestiges* is a complete failure. These remain shrouded in the same impenetrable darkness as before, only rendered more visible by the ignis fatuus of rash speculation playing over its surface.

In passing on to those portions of the book which treat less directly or not at all of physical fact, we confess to a sense of disappointment, arising partly from a merely popular and declamatory treatment of metaphysical subjects, partly from an utter want of order or arrangement, which sadly weakens the impression its arguments would produce if directed in condensed and orderly array against the Atheistic and Pantheistic positions which are the object of assault. We regret that the latter fault is accounted for and excused by the interruption to continuous composition



caused by the author's bad health, aggravated as it was in the earlier part of this year by a dangerous accident. But apart from this, he seems never to have fitted himself by special study, and to be very unfitted by individual temperament, for earning laurels in an arena where, of all qualities of mind, judicial calmness and the skill to avoid circular arguments are most needed. We meet far too often with vituperative epithets and violent denunciations, which an eminent man of science should have avoided; especially as this very book shows him to have suffered himself in earlier days from the wretched habit that well-meaning orthodox folk have of shrieking and calling names, when they spy an object in the dark, and mistake it for a hobgoblin. With the slight difference (owing probably to the difference of the times) that he "speaks daggers but uses none," he seems to have adopted the advice which St. Louis gave to Joinville, as the latter naïvely tells the story—"Aussi vous dy-je, me fist le Roy, que nul *si n'est grant clerc et theologien parfait*, ne doit disputer aux Juifs. Mais doit l'omme lay, quant il oit mesdire de la foy Chrestienne, defendre la chose non pas seulement de parolles, mais à bonne espée tranchant, et en frapper les mesdisans et mescreans à travers du corps, *tant qu'elle y pourra eneter*." The delicious climax of the Italics at the close of our quotation is a fair representation of the "vis intemperata" with which Professor Sedgwick, not being as we think *grant clerc et theologien parfait*, aims at his luckless and heretical opponents. Such blows, if hard words broke bones, would give them very little chance of again calling in question "la foy Chrestienne." The following summary of the most prominent movements of the age we live in, is a specimen of the vehement and effective eloquence of the book.

Men are the fools of fashion, and schemes of development are the fashion of the hour. Constitutions that once came to life only after long gestation and many a mortal pang, are now to be developed into full stature while the sun is making one of its daily rounds in the sky. Law is to develop its true supremacy by the dissolution of the elements of order. Nations are to be developed into riches, power, strength, and happiness, by the abolition of the rights of property. On a revolving mechanism, all things once thought great and glorious are to descend into the kennel; and out of it are to rise the elements of another system, which are to be twirled into something newer and more glorious. One develops all knowledge from the mind, and laughs at the drudging materialist and experimentalist. Another, bristling up and blundering among small facts, tells us that in them he finds the elements of all nature within his material ken—that he has machinery fit for all work, by which he can grind mind out of matter, rationalize the brute forms of nature, fabricate a new web of humanity, and teach us something better than Christian charity. Things most sacred are to be swept into a fashionable whirlpool, wherein the strangest incongruities are now making their gyrations side by side. One, calling himself an Idealist, makes our religion nothing but a turn of thought evolved naturally by the mind during its whirl of develop-

ment; as if the followers of Jesus had been a set of moody speculative philosophers, and not (as we know they were) a set of very simple and earnest men. Lastly, in the same vortex, and side by side with the whirling Idealist, we see a dark being with many faces, who first proclaims himself an Anti-Rationalist; and, to justify the symbols of this creed, becomes a vender of preposterous miracles and bygone fables; and then, to bring his morality down to the level of his credulity, publishes what he believes not true, and dares to tell us afterwards, that truth is not the verbal expression of our individual belief, but the watchword of a party. And then he makes another gyration that draws him within the whirlpool of the Pantheist, and his brain turns with it: and by whatsoever name he may now pass, and whatsoever may be the last form and color of his symbols, he is but the hierophant of Pantheism; for he sees in the simple elements of his faith nothing but an organic germ that by a process of incubation may be hatched by man himself into a new organic type and a higher grade of supernatural development. Where these drunken movements are to end, I know not.

Ludicrously onesided and exaggerated as all this is, if taken as a serious representation of the religious and philosophic movements to which it refers, it is yet a caricature which probably no one else in England could have written; and it suggests a curious comparison between our author and the well-known original of the richly-colored portrait at the close, whose most telling passages rest upon a onesidedness quite as startling and an eloquence just as singularly graphic.

In truth, the cardinal weakness of Professor Sedgwick's mind is his utter inability to judge either a man or a system from any but his own point of view. Like most men who reached manhood amid the fierce conflicts and exasperated passions whose recollection even yet throws a stormy grandeur over the opening of the present century, he has not escaped the contagion of his time. His liberality, his love of truth, his attachment to the maxims and traditions of a free and enlightened policy, are all fierce, passionate, bitter and dogmatic. He has learned little of that philosophy of reconciliation which characterizes the higher minds of the generation which succeeded him. He does not practically recognize that every great movement, whether literary, social, or religious, is by the very fact of rousing and impelling vast masses of men evidenced to be a revelation of unknown or forgotten truth; and, failing in this recognition, he is not master of that noblest mode of confutation which consists in getting at the truth seen, it may be dimly and through clouds of error, by the author of every insurrection in the realms of thought, showing its consistence with all that is true and permanent known before, and thankfully claiming it as a new conquest and higher starting-point for the race. Thus alone, while every age and every system reveals some new side of humanity, does the great idea shape itself brighter and more definite in the vision of the future, and men do feel it to be an actual and a living truth that



Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process  
of the suns.

We have animadverted on the intemperate manner of the book, because it seems to us directly connected with a fault in matter which we have already indicated. The author has undertaken to grapple with questions which demand for their solution an analysis of our Theistic conceptions and an exhibition of the axiomatic character of our fundamental beliefs. Yet, in spite of various approximations to a scientific method, we really never get to it. We are told, over and over again, that the mind is "inevitably led" to Theistic conclusions; but in an argument directed against such men as St. Hilaire and Hegel, we want the scientific equivalent of *inevitably led*, if not by demonstration at least by an exhibition of its axiomatic validity. All that we get, however, is a wearisome iteration of Paley's argument from design; which may do good service in its place, but is not a weapon to use against the extreme left and right of modern speculation. Indeed, it is less effective in Professor Sedgwick's hand than in Paley's own, because glimpses of a higher philosophy flash from every page of the work before us, and haunt us with unrealized longings for a more complete and exhaustive treatment of the subject. Sedgwick is a man of far deeper instinctive belief than Paley, of a far richer and more imaginative nature; and these underlying forces, struggling in him for utterance, and meeting with no corresponding analytical power through whose aid to express themselves in the form and language of argument, burst forth inarticulately in angry blasts of turgid epithet and fierce invective. To prove by quotations the deficiencies natural and superadded on which we have animadverted, would be to quote almost every paragraph of the theosophic portion of the work. But how little the professor comprehends of the formidable nature of his opponents, is shown in one very brief passage.

Hegel's philosophy is little fitted for the English mind, and will never germinate freely within it; and in the evidence brought before our students during the annual ministrations of our Church, and even in the short works which belong to the religious portion of our ordinary under-graduate's course, we have the materials for a substantial refutation of the most formidable subtleties and sophistries in Strauss' *Life of Jesus*.

On the contrary, we should say that Hegel's philosophy is admirably fitted to fascinate the most abstract thinkers of every nation; and, the thinkers once imbued with it, literature will soon catch its light in broken reflections, and what is called the national mind come to contemplate nature under Hegelian forms; while to stake historical Christianity on a battle between Strauss and Paley, implies either very slight care for the result, or the strangest misapprehension of the intellectual forces engaged in the contest.

We have not remarked almost exclusively on

the faults of a book manifesting throughout a very high purpose, great knowledge, and a lucid statement of facts, and breathing through its lofty, vehement eloquence an earnest zeal for the best interests of mankind, merely to exercise the critical faculty, or even to do literary justice to a literary work; but to draw thence a practical inference of no slight importance. A man of unusual mental power, one of the standing boasts of the distinguished college to which he belongs, a dignitary of the church besides, in the later stage of a life devoted to science, comes forward to defend his faith against its supposed adversaries; and, with respect to the principal among them, knows them only at second-hand, is ignorant of their method, and so trusts the holiest of causes to a rusty and inappropriate weapon. Could this be in any but an English university? And why should it be so there? Surely Christianity, whose origin is divine—surely the English Church, which claims adhesion as sacred and rooted in the truth of God—cannot be endangered by a truly scientific teaching of theology, metaphysics, and biblical criticism. If the students at Cambridge are to hear from their professors no teaching on these subjects but what is wholly or mainly dogmatic, the result must be, that they will be quite incapable of either assimilating the truths or repelling the falsehoods which are growing up around them, for infinite good and evil in the future of the English people. It is to them that the nation has looked for guides, and will continue to look, if they are fitted for the high and solemn mission. But that they may be so fitted, it will not do to trust too implicitly to the practical good sense that happily characterizes our islanders: the "Satans of the day" must be fought with weapons of a temper at least equal to their own; learning must be combatted with learning, logical subtlety with searching analysis, the dreamy grandeur of the Pantheistic theory with the definite expansiveness of catholic verity, Herculean repose in the conclusions of the intellect with a sublime faith in science, humanity, and God.

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CINDERELLA, OR THE GLASS SLIPPER.—Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted by several sumptuary laws to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called "vair," was the subject of countless regulations: the exact quality permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of "Cinderella" originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy by her wearing a slipper of "vair," a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses. An error of the press, now become inveterate, changed "vair" into "verre," and the slipper of "sablè" was suddenly converted into a "glass" slipper.—*Notes and Queries*.



## CHAPTER IV.

GRACE's month of trial had expired—a second rolled over, and she was still with Mrs. Saunders, learning something every day, and a favorite with all. Her first friend, the cook, treated her like her own child, and took care to let her want for nothing in the eating way; and, as her business was chiefly in the kitchen, she learned a great deal of cooking; and the housemaid taught her to sew, and took her up stairs, and showed her how to make the beds and clean the rooms; and the laundry-maid taught her to wash and make up things; and William, the butler, used to take her on his knee in the evenings, and hear her say her letters, and tell her stories; and Miss Jane taught her a lesson every day in the school-room, before her mamma; and Grace was by no means a stupid pupil, she had quite learned her alphabet, and was spelling little words. But Jane had hard work teaching her about God and Jesus Christ. It was a long time before she could impress on her mind that “God’s eyes were on every place, beholding the evil and the good.” And Jane sometimes got a little impatient with her pupil; but her mother’s clear eye looked over at her, and she checked herself and recommenced again; and sometimes she wished to go out, and wanted to put off the instruction till late in the day; but Mrs. Saunders never would allow this. “You have undertaken the education of Grace, my dear Jane, at your own request, and you must attend to it regularly—the lesson will soon cease to be thought of by both you and her, if the hour is optional.” And so Grace pursued her studies, loving everybody and loved by all. She was now quite a pretty girl, with nice rosy cheeks, and sweet blue eyes smiling into yours as she addressed you. And Jane taught her prayers, and spoke of Jesus Christ, and how we were to pray to God in his name. Grace, as she took off her clothes at night, and knelt down to offer her little petitions to the Almighty, would think of her father at home, and Peter, and Katty, and wonder had they as good clothes as she had. And then her thoughts came back to where she was, and she prayed God to bless the good lady who gave her all those things. And then she would dream that she and Ned were wandering over the country again, and that she was toiling home to the hut on the bog, with the bag on her back; and she tripped and fell; and Ned tried to help her up; and she awoke, and found herself in her nice little bed, instead; but poor Ned was gone. And then she would cry and fall asleep again.

Another month rolled over, and Jane was not tired of teaching Grace her lessons. But were all Grace’s trials ended? Had she no temptations to resist like other people? Mrs. Saunders allowed her to learn her lessons in the school-room, and write on the slate, which she had just commenced; and sometimes she brought up her work to be taught more regularly than Catherine the housemaid instructed her below stairs. And one day they had all gone out to drive, and she had learned her lessons in the school-room after they went, and written a copy of strokes on the slate. And now she took up her work to go on hemming a rubber that her mistress had given her as a trial, and after two or three stitches she awkwardly broke her needle. What should she do? Mrs. Saunders always blamed her when she broke her needle—she said it was carelessness. If she could but get another. Oh, there was Miss Jane’s work-box on

the table. If it was open? She stood up—paused for a second, then went over to the table—stopped again. She tried was it open. It was. O, what a pretty looking-glass in the back of it! And Grace looked at the glass, and made it seem ten times more charming. What a nice thimble!—it just fitted her. She had a very ugly thimble compared with it. And a dear little pair of scissors! But where were the needles? She had seen Miss Jane take them out of a little book. Where was it? Ha! there’s a little blue ribbon. What is this? And she pulled, and the whole thing came up; and there was the needle-book underneath. She opened it and got a needle. Ah, Grace! shut the whole thing up, now. Do, darling Grace! There’s trouble before you, Grace. No! She put the needle-book back. There was something blue in the corner. What is this? She took it up. A nice little blue bag, with bright beads at the ends, and rings on it. Oh, how pretty! and so heavy. What makes it heavy? Poor Grace! And she pulled up the rings, and turned it up; and then shining white money poured into her hand. Sixpences—shillings—and big shillings! She never saw so much before. Now, dear Grace—steady, resist—do not sully your sweet name by taking any. The silver glittered on her palm. All Miss Jane’s. So much. She did not know how much. Would Miss Jane miss one little sixpence? And she took one up with her other hand. A little sixpence from so much. She looked at it. All Miss Jane’s Christmas-boxes. She was keeping it up to buy something. Miss Jane, her little mistress, who was so good to her. Would she take her sixpence? Miss Jane, who taught her, who was her friend, and advised her—Miss Jane, who spoke to her of poor Ned, who told her of God and Jesus Christ—Miss Jane, who said “God’s eyes are on every place, beholding the evil and the good.” The sixpence dropped back to the rest. Hurrah! hurrah! she conquered. She did not sin—she held the bright jewel of honesty and gratitude still unstained. God keep thee so by *His* grace, my darling child! She took the purse again to put the silver back. But stop. ’Tis not over yet. A shadow darkened the window of the room, which opened on the grass-plot in front. Grace looked up. Oh, God! Oh! horror of horrors! Her mother looking in at her. Now Grace trembled—now she prayed that the bolt was shot inside—for ’t was really a door, though like a window. Ah, Grace! your evil genius was near you when you went to look for that needle. There she is. Her mother looking at her. She laid her hand on the door—it opened—she came into the room.

“’Haith, yer thrivin’, Grace, ahagur, since ye left home—ye’ve med yer fortin, an’ ye’re countin’ the money. Begorra, it’s quick work wid ye. Maybe ye’d tell us the secret,” she continued, coming towards her stealthily.

“Arrah, don’t be grippin’ it up in yer han’, that a way—show us how much is id?”

“Mother, mother!” whispered Grace, almost choking, “it’s all Miss Jane’s.” And she put her hand behind her.

“Come, be aisy now—an’ if id’s not yours, what is it in yer hand for?”

Grace was pale—she became crimson.

“Shew id here,” continued her mother, “sure I’ll not ate it.”

“Ye’ll not take any!” asked Grace, in her innocence.



"Take any?—is id me? Sure has 'nt your father plenty now?"

"Well, there," said Grace, stepping back a step, and opening her hand.

"Oh, begorra!" said her mother, peering close, "four half-crowns, and shillins, an'——"

She sprung on Grace, seized her wrist, took the money, and darted from the room. Ah! Grace, what will you do? All 's lost, now—honor, character, and all!

She was paralyzed at first. She stood and gazed at the open window, and then, with a scream, rushed out. Her mother was just entering a shrubbery at the rear of the house. On Grace sped after her. Run, Grace, run—catch the thief—get the money back. Now, Grace—on the shrubbery walk—there she is—speed thee on, child!—'tis for honesty and honor, more than life. The end of the shrubbery—then the field—then the road. As she reached the field, Grace overtook her.

"Mother! mother darlint! yer jokin'. Give it to me—it 's not mine—it 's Miss Jane's. Mother, give it to me." And she caught her dress, and held her. "Mother, mother! give it."

"D——n you, let me go," was the answer.

"Give it, mother—give it back."

And still Grace held on. A blow—and she fell insensible. The thief hurried on.

Grace recovered. Where was her mother, and the money? Follow on still. Poor Grace! Still run on—along the road—she is not there—still on.

Oh! mother, robbing your young child; stop and give that money to her.

Still on. The dark night came, with the little stars only as guides. Still on—out of breath. There is Escar and the police. Shall she ask did she pass? Oh! no—she is her mother.

Still run on. Turn on the bog-road—darker and darker still—on—on.

The bog on each side—the long, bleak road. She is opposite the old hovel. There is no light in that direction. How well she knows the path dotted with stones! There was no door to the hut—it was empty. Where were they? Gone! She stopped and sat down in the old home she knew so well, and cried. Where were they all? Mr. Worrell might know. On again.

Worrell opened his door himself.

"What do you want at this time of night?" he asked.

"It 's Grace, sir—Grace Kennedy."

"Ah! Grace, is it you? What brings you here, Grace?"

"My mother—I mean, where is my father livin'?"

"Sure he 's got a house from Mr. Rawson, and is living there. But come in to the fire, Grace dear."

"Oh! no, sir, I can't. But tell me where's the house."

"The second house up the boreen, on the left hand side, after you pass Mr. Rawson's big white gate."

"Oh! thank you, sir."

And Grace vanished. She found the house, and knocked.

"Does Peter Kennedy live here?" she asked, as a voice asked who was there.

"Yis," was the answer.

The door opened, and she was in her father's arms.

"Is mother here?" she asked.

"No, alannah, she's not. Come to the fire, acushla. Bud yer could. Here, Mick, get up an' light the candle. There now, warm yourself. Alannah machree, what makes ye cry? Will ye ate anythin'?"

"No, father dear."

"Well, come, tell us"——

"When will mother come in?"

"Oh! sometimes she doesn't come in at all—sometimes later nor this; she does be out often for two or three days together."

"I want to spake to her."

"Well, darlint, lie down on the childer's bed, an' I'll wake ye whin she comes in."

And after some persuasion Grace lay down and slept.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHAT trouble there was at Fairport when they came home from driving! Jane took off her things, and went to the school-room for her work-box. There it was, the tray on one side, the box open, and the blue purse empty. All the little savings gone. Her Christmas-boxes, that she kept so safely, storing up each penny from day to day, to buy a frock for her pupil when she was able to read—all gone! Ah! good Jane. Pity for Jane. Her sweet castle, furnished with good intents and rich rewards, fallen to the ground. Unhappy Jane! And she sat down to cry.

And as she delayed to come with her work, Mrs. Saunders came to look for her. There she was, sobbing in the dark.

"Jane, my love, what's the matter?" asked her mother.

"It 's all gone mamma—all the money 's gone."

"What money, dear?"

"My money—four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences."

"Your money!" repeated Mrs. Saunders, and rang the bell to call for a candle.

The light was brought. There it was—the tossed work-box, the empty purse, and the open window. The money was gone!

"Call Mr. Saunders," said the lady.

And he came and saw the scattered things.

"William," he said, "collect the servants; do not let one leave the house."

And they all came—only one was missing.

"Where was Grace?" Silent all.

"Call Grace," said Mrs. Saunders, gently. Silence still.

"She's not in the house, ma'am," said William, sorrowfully.

"The last time I saw her she was going to say her task to Miss Jane," said Catherine.

"I told her to stay here and learn her lesson, and write," sobbed Jane.

"It was Grace took the money," said Mr. Saunders, after a pause. "I'm sorry for it. You may go down stairs," he said, addressing the servants. "Ellen, dear, your experiment has signally failed. Jane, pet, don't cry; how much did you lose?"

"Four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences," said Jane, still crying.

"A pound and sixpence altogether," said her father, "which I will give you. So don't cry any more."

"William, send down to the police-sergeant at Escar to say that I would be glad to speak to him."

"Oh! papa, pray don't punish her," cried Jane.



"Maybe she'll bring it back; she was tempted, I'm sure. Oh! don't tell the police."

"Jane," answered her father, "when people do wrong, we ought to prevent others from following their example; but punishment is another question in this case. We must first try and recover the money."

There was grief and heart-burning at Fairport that evening. Mrs. Saunders was sorry that her *protégé* had so completely disappointed her hopes.

Jane would have given twice as much as she lost to have her forgiven and back again; and she cried at intervals till she went to bed, to think of her taking it when she was saving it up to buy a frock, and bonnet, and cape, for Grace herself. And Charles sympathized with his sister.

The servants one and all grieved for her and pitied her; and various were the comments and conjectures among them after they went down stairs. She had not even taken her bonnet, or any of her clothes but those on her. Was it not an extraordinary thing?

The police-constable came, and Mr. Saunders had him in the hall to speak with him.

"Why, sir, a girl such as you describe ran by the barrack to-day about half-past four. I did not see her, but I heard one of the men speak of it. She had no bonnet on?"

"Of that I'm not sure," answered the gentleman. "I will call the housemaid, and learn how she was dressed."

So Catherine was unwillingly obliged to describe her dress, and poor Jane herself had to come and assist in the description.

"It is likely, from what you tell me, Dalton," continued Mr. Saunders, "that she is at her old home or near it; so you will have the goodness to make inquiry, and let me know the result as soon as you can."

"Will you swear informations, sir?"

"No, not yet. I am in hopes that, if you find the girl, you will get the money also, and in that case I should not be inclined to prosecute."

And the policeman took his leave.

Very early the next morning Grace awoke. Such dreams as she had. There was Miss Jane crying, and asking why did she take the money; and there Mrs. Saunders looking so sorrowfully at her; then it changed to Ned, and the little pale face as she saw him last; and then her mother, with her furious look, as she struck her down. And Grace awoke, crying bitterly. Her father was up; he had lit a candle, and was kindling the fire. Grace got up at once, and dressed herself.

"Ah! acushla, is that you?" he asked. "I was just goin' to call you. What moanin' an' cryin' ye kept all night, alannah machree! Come over here to the fire, darlin' an' take this sup of warm milk, an' tell me all; they're asleep now, an' none to listen."

And the father and daughter sat down by the little fire, the father supplying the mother's place in listening to the outpourings of a daughter's sorrowful heart—the father administering the sweet kind words of comfort to the mourner's ear, that a mother's tender voice ought to have uttered. And so, with his arm round her neck, and hers round his waist, she told her tale. He groaned, he clenched his hand, his teeth ground together—

"She struck ye?" he cried, starting up as she finished; "struck ye like a dumb baste! An' was it to rob an' ruin ye that she took the stranger's goold? Grace," he continued, after a pause, "I

must go to my work; I have all the cattle to mind at Mr. Rawson's, and it would n't do to be late. Wait here, jewel, till evenin'; maybe she'll bring it here, or lave it back at the house." Poor Kennedy felt, as he spoke it, that it was a false hope. "And I'll get lave from Mr. Rawson, who's a good man to me, God bless him, to come here an hour before dark, and we'll go over to Mr. Saunders'. Get the childher's breakfast for them whin they wake, Grace ahagur, an' don't fret; sure ye're not in fault."

And he left the cottage.

Ah! Grace—my poor girl—your troubles are not over yet; still the clouds of sorrow are gathering more gloomily over you, and a heavy shower of bitterness is about to fall.

The breakfast was over, and Mick was gone, and Grace had got a needle, and was mending her little sister's frock—her old one—and she was talking to the little things as Miss Jane used to do with her, and told them little stories, and was just in the middle of one, when a voice behind her at the door asked—

"Is this Peter Kennedy's house?"

And Grace turned round and let fall her work, as a policeman entered.

Grace dropped her work.

"Ho! ho!" said the policeman, "there you are, quite comfortable. Here she is, Dobbin," he continued, calling to a companion outside; and both came into the house.

Grace's cheeks tingled—her heart swelled to bursting. She looked down; she could not speak; she knew why they were come. They mistook her confusion for that caused by guilt.

"You're a nice one, arn't you, to go rob your mistress, after her bein' so good to you?"

Grace found words—

"I didn't rob her," she said passionately.

"Oh, no; you only took a loan of it, I suppose. Well, I'll trouble you to hand it back, at all events. Come, Dobbin, search the house and beds, while I try her and the young ones."

To no purpose, of course, was the search.

"Come, lass," said he, "you must tramp with us."

"Oh, I did n't take it," she cried, "it was——"

She stopped and thought of her mother. Should she tell of her own mother? She was bad to her, surely, but still her mother. She would go to jail if she told, and then who would take care of Peter and Katty? Her father would make her give it back. She would not tell that her mother took it. This resolution strengthened her, and gave her courage. She prepared to accompany the policemen.

They brought her first to the barracks at Escar, and one of them, with the sergeant, conducted her thence to Mr. Saunders'. William opened the door; his eyes filled with tears as he saw Grace thus guarded.

"Ah, my poor Grace!" he said.

"Tell your master," said the sergeant, "that we're here."

And Mr. Saunders came out. Grace, in her resolve not to tell, became quite calm. The police thought it was sullenness; so did Mr. Saunders.

"We have her, sir," said the police, touching their caps. "Jackson and Dobbin found her in her father's house; they searched her and the house, but could not find the money. And she won't say anything; she's quite dogged."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Saunders, as the police



stepped into the hall with their prisoner. "I am very sorry to see it; we shall make her speak, I dare say."

And the servants stole up to look at their favorite.

"The cratur!" said Margaret.

"Poor little thing!" said Catherine.

William said nothing; he was afraid he would cry. He thought of his own little daughter at home. The door from the school-room opened, and Mrs. Saunders and the children appeared. Grace looked up; the lady advanced towards her.

"Grace," she said sorrowfully, "how could you do this when we were so kind to you? Had you not enough; and from Miss Jane, too, who taught you your lessons?"

Grace looked up again. The large, silent tears were rolling down Jane's cheek. The eyes of the two little girls met. Grace lost herself. She ran to her, knelt down at her feet, took her hand, kissed it again and again, and sobbed forth—

"I did n't, Miss Jane; I did n't, indeed. Don't cry, darlin' Miss Jane; we'll get it back again; maybe; but I did n't take it. Sure I would n't stale now, an' sure I would n't stale from you."

And Grace knelt at Jane's feet, and wept. The servant-women put their aprons to their eyes.

"I knew she did n't," said the cook.

William turned down stairs to cry in the pantry. Jane stooped over the kneeling girl, and, holding her hand, cried with her. Mrs. Saunders herself was moved. Her husband was of sterner mould.

"Come away, Jane," he said, taking his daughter's hand. "Well, Grace," he asked, "if you did not take the money, who did? You were the only one in the school-room yesterday while your mistress was out; and if you did not take it, why did you run away?"

Grace wept still in silence, and answered not.

"You know something about the money, I dare say," he continued. "Give it back, and in consideration of your youth I shall let the matter drop; but if you don't restore the money, or tell where it may be found, I must send you to prison."

Grace cried afresh.

"I don't know where it is," she sobbed; "I wish I did."

"If you don't tell something more about it, I must swear informations against you, and send you to M—— jail," again reiterated Mr. Saunders.

There was no answer—a pause.

"Grace, will you not say anything?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"I can't, ma'am; I did n't take it."

"But you know, if you want us to believe you, you must tell something more than that."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Saunders, hastily, "I'll ride over to Hamilton's, and get the warrant for her committal."

"Ah, wait," said his wife, "perhaps she'll tell."

"Oh, ma'am," said Dalton, the policeman, "there's no use; she's made up her mind badly, and does n't know what's for her good. A few nights in the jail will bring her to her senses; and you know, ma'am, Mr. Saunders need not prosecute if he does not like; and it's a long way to M——, so the men ought by right to start now, to be back before night."

"Well, Grace, once more," said Mr. Saunders, "will you tell where you have hid the money?"

She only answered by tears.

"Do tell, Grace," said her mistress.

"I can't, ma'am; I don't know where it is."

"Oh, that will do," said the gentleman. "Dalton, will you have her sent to Mr. Hamilton's, and I will go over to get the warrant."

And Grace trudged along the weary road to jail, the long road she never was on before; and a policeman marched on each side of her, with a gun and bayonet. And Grace smiled within herself. She walked on with a lighter step—she felt she did not take it. She felt proud as she thought that she bore another's guilt; and that Katty and Peter would not be left alone, and that her father would have somebody to get his dinner for him.

It was three o'clock when they entered M——. She was very tired; and the people looked out at the tall policemen and the little child as they passed along the town. And the boys left their play to follow them; but there was no hooting, not even a laugh; they all pitied. The thoughtless boys felt for the pretty, golden-haired girl—for her bonnet was forgotten, and her light-brown ringlets floated in the wind. And the little girls longed to go up and ask her what she had done. And the good mothers sighed as they thought of one so young in sin.

They came to the large, black-looking jail, with ugly railing over the huge door; and the bell was rung, and the warrant of committal handed in, and Grace after it, and the wicket-door shut again. Grace was in jail.

#### CHAPTER VI.

POOR Kennedy! He got permission from his master to leave work earlier than usual. Another man took his place with the cattle. And he hurried home.

"I'll right her," he said, as he went along. "We'll go to Mr. Saunders'. Two hours there, and two back. I'll be back by eight o'clock."

And so he came to the house.

"Where's Grace?" he asked.

The little things could only tell him that two men came for her, and she went with them.

"Was yer mother here?" he asked.

"No, daddy, an' we're very hungry."

He hurriedly got something to eat for the little creatures. Surely, he thought, Mr. Saunders sent for Grace. Then telling the children to go to bed when they had eaten their supper, he went out. A neighbor's wife was washing a pot before her door, a little lower down the lane.

"Tell us, Biddy," he asked, "did ye see two men goin' to my house the day?"

"Faix I did, Pether a-hagur, an' I seen them goin' away too."

"Grace was with them, was she?"

"Yer daughter, ye mane," said the woman, coldly; "'haith she was."

"What is id ye mane at all, Biddy, achora?"

"They was the polismen that was wid yer daughter, Pether agra," answered the woman, raising herself up, and standing before him.

"Polis!" he shrieked, "polis!" and ran off.

"Och, she's taken, the innocent cratur;" and he ran. "They would n't believe her. Bud where am I runnin' to?"

He turned back to the woman.

"Was it the Escar polis was in id?" he asked.

"Jist thim," was the answer.

"An' what time, Biddy, honey?"

"Jist about eleven o'clock this mornin'."

"O, she's in jail by this," he said, as he turned away. "I'll clear her, though, to her mistress,



the kind lady ; I 'll prove her innocent, the darlint. I 'll have the other wan taken." And on he sped to Escar.

O, he could not walk—he ran. There 's Mr. Worrell's—on to the bog road ; there 's his old house. He stops to breathe. He thinks of Grace in prison. On again—on, on, over the bog road. He did not feel the cold wind and the spitting rain beating against his face—Grace was in prison. He heeds not the sharp, rough stones he trips against in his haste—Grace is in prison. On, on, still. Here 's the bridge, and the end of the bog road. On, up the hill to the barrack. He rushes in.

"What made ye take Grace?" he asked, hardly able to speak from want of breath.

"Who are ye at all?" asked the sergeant, standing up.

"Ye took her presner to-day, did n't yez?" he asked.

"Took who prisoner?"

"Grace Kennedy, that was livin' at Mrs. Saunders'."

"Yes, we did ; these two men are just after leaving her in the jail."

"O my God iv heaven!"—sitting down, and covering his face with his hands—and then he started up—"she did n't take it—'t was her mother ; her mother forced it from her. Go 'rest her, I tell yez. Put *her* in jail—my wife, Katty Kennedy. Take her up, and let the innocent darlint go."

"The man 's mad," said the police.

"I 'm not mad. I tell yez it was Katty Kennedy took the money for dhrink, and ye 'll find her now in Philipstown, or Hollywood, or somewhere, dhrunk."

"I think we 'll have to arrest you, too," said the sergeant, "as you know so much about the matter."

"Och, 'rest me if yez like ; but let me go up to the good lady, Mrs. Saunders, and clear Grace."

"O, I 'll take you there myself. Come along."

He told his story by the way—and they were brought into the hall ; and the policeman told the servant that he had learned something more about the money.

Mr. Saunders was at dinner ; but he and all the family came out.

"Och, ma'am, ye sent her to jail," commenced Kennedy, in a piteous tone—"och, ye sent her to jail, an' she innocent. The poor child. She never took it, ma'am dear ; she never took it."

"What is all this?" asked Mr. Saunders.

"Dalton, who is this man?"

"The girl's father, sir, at whose house the men found her this morning."

"My good man," said Mrs. Saunders, approaching Kennedy, "do you really mean to say that she is innocent?"

"I do, me lady. God knows she is. It was her mother took the money ; and the darlint thought how she'd be punished if she told ; so she would n't peach, an' is gone to prison herself, instead. That 's the only raison I can think of for her not tellin' at onst, as she told me this mornin'."

"What did she tell you?"

"Why, yer ladyship, she said she was in the room, an' the young lady's workbox was open ; an' Grace, the cratur, was lookin' for a needle, or somethin' in it ; an' her mother came in by the window, and took the money out of the child's

hand by force ; an' Grace follyed her, and overtook her, and wanted to hould her ; but the mother turned and struck her down, and darted off. Thin Grace got up, and follyed on, but lost her, and came to my house, wet and cowld, to thry if she was there. An' that 's the story ma'am ; an' I had to go to my work this mornin', and I saw she was loath to come back here by herself ; so I told her to wait till evenin' an' I'd go wid her ; an' I got leave from my masther to quit work early, and whin I came to the cabin she was gone. The polis had her, and then I ran on here, an' now she 's in jail."

And poor Kennedy's voice faltered through his tale, and at the end he fairly cried.

"Ah, John, you were too hasty. If I had spoken to her myself, she would have told me, I am sure," whispered his lady, sorrowfully.

"There is one point in your story that I do not understand," said Mr. Saunders, addressing the man. "You say that the woman forced the money out of the child's hand. Now, how came it in her hand?"

"Ah! the cratur took it up to look at it, I suppose, yer honor."

"Jane, my love, was not your money in the purse?"

"Yes, papa, in a corner of the workbox."

"So, you see, my man, that your daughter must first have taken the money out of the purse into her own hand, before it could be forced from it."

"Ah, sir, I 'm not sure what she did ; but wan thing I 'm sartin of, that she nivir thought of takin' the money, an' nivir did."

"Don't you think, sir, it would be advisable to detain this man?" asked the policeman.

"Why, there is no evidence whatever against him, Dalton, even by any accidental admission of his own. I don't see how you can keep him."

"O! don't go for to keep me, gintlemen, for the love iv heaven, or I 'll lose my place ; and Mr. Rawson 's a good man, an' I 'll get lave from him to come to-morrow ; but who'd foddher the cows in the mornin' if I 'm away ? I 'll do all I can for yez, to get the colleen out o' jail, but don't keep me. There 's two little wans at home, and maybe it 's the house they have set a fire. Don't keep me. Sure I would n't have come to the polis at all, if I had any hand in it. An' I 'll find Katty, too, I 'll go bail."

"Well, sir," said Dalton, "I think I had better take him up to Mr. Hamilton's, and get a warrant for the apprehension of the woman he speaks of, in his testimony in the case."

And they went to the magistrate's—the husband to give evidence against the wife, to save the child.

"Can we not get Grace out of prison now, dear?" asked Mrs. Saunders of her husband, as they returned to the dinner-table.

"Why, I don't know ; she has been certainly to blame, according to her father's account, in going to the workbox at all, and then taking the money out. I wish you would see her, my love, and try if her version corresponds with what her father says. You have no objection to visit the jail?"

"O, not the least," answered the lady ; "only too happy, if I can be of any service to poor Grace, who I really hope is innocent. Can we not get her out?"

"I would not like to withdraw my informations, having sworn to them, particularly as the mother has not yet been taken ; and the girl may be the



guilty party, after all. But if you think well of her tale to-morrow, I may endeavor to get her out on bail; but you know, Ellen, it would be out of the question her coming here, as long as the shadow of a doubt rested on her."

"Where could we put her?" said his wife, half to herself.

"Let her go home, can't she?—the fittest place for her."

"O, John, how can you say that?—home!—to that wretched hovel in the bog!"—for Mrs. Saunders was not aware of Kennedy's change of residence. "And what good has she learned in this home, that we should send her there?"

"The old schoolmistress wants a servant, I think," whispered Jane.

"Thank you, darling, for the hint; yes, that will just do," said her mother. "She can stay at the school, and attend to her lessons, till she can come back here with a character unstained."

Next day Mrs. Saunders, with her husband, drove to the jail.

They were shown into the master's parlor, and he himself soon appeared.

"Mr. Denny," said the gentleman, "we would be glad to see a little prisoner that was brought to you yesterday."

"I know, sir, a little light-haired child, about twelve years old—her name was Grace—Grace—"

"Kennedy," suggested Mrs. Saunders.

"Exactly, sir—Kennedy—charged with robbing her mistress. Well, sir, she is in the house here. My wife, on seeing her, took quite a fancy to her. She was tired, poor thing, and hungry, when she came in, and she was taken down to the kitchen to eat something, and there she so won on my wife, good woman, that she declared she would not send her among the other prisoners, but would keep her herself to assist in the house. Poor little thing, she is very unhappy."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Saunders, "I should be glad to speak to her, alone, Mr. Denny, if it were perfectly convenient."

"O, certainly, ma'am, if you will step up to the drawing-room."

"I will walk round the prison with you, if you will allow me, Mr. Denny," interrupted Mr. Saunders, "and the little girl can come in here."

"Very well, sir, exactly," and they both left the room. "Will you wait here, sir, for a moment, till I call her?"

Poor Grace came up at the summons that some one wanted to speak to her.

And she entered the room, and there was her mistress. She jumped forward with delight, but stopped and crimsoned—she recollected where she was, and she looked down.

"Grace," said her mistress, "come here and sit down beside me. Now, Grace, why did you not tell me yesterday what your father has told about the money? you would not have come here, then, perhaps." And the soft, gentle tone went to her heart, and she burst into tears.

"I'm sorry father told," she said, at length.

"Why should you be sorry, if he told the truth?"

"Sure I did n't tell a lie, ma'am dear."

"I'm not saying you did; but you kept back part of the truth, and that was nearly as bad."

"Was that as bad? but sure—"

"But sure, what?"

"Is n't there a great punishment for robbin', ma'am?"

"I believe the punishment is heavy; but what has that to say to it?"

"If I told, she'd suffer, ma'am," said Grace, with tearful eye, looking up to her mistress.

"Who is 'she?' Come, go on, Grace; tell me everything. I know all, but I want to hear it from yourself. You were going to take the money yourself, were you not?"

"O, no, ma'am—indeed, indeed, no. I thought at first that a little sixpence would not be missed, and the devil put that in my head; but I thought then that God was lookin' at me, as you an' Miss Jane often told me, and I put the bad thought away."

"How came you to touch the money at all, Grace?"

"My needle broke, ma'am, an' I knew you'd be angry with me; and I saw Miss Jane's work-box, and tried was it open—I know I did very wrong—and it was; and I found the needle-book in the bottom, and took one. An' thin I saw the little bag, an' took out the money, an' had it in my hand, when mother came to the glass door—O, I got such a fright, ma'am—an' she came in an' coaxed herself over to me, and made a snatch at the money, and ran away. I followed her, and caught her just in the shrubbery, and she turned and hit me here, ma'am," (and there was the mark on her temple,) "an' I fell; and when I got up I ran on to father's, thinkin' she was there, but she was n't. Thin I felt that you'd think that I took it, an' father said he'd come over with me himself after work. Thin the polis came, an' I did n't like that mother should be taken—what id Katty and Pather do? an' she'd be hung, maybe, an' go to the bad place for wicked people—"

"And is that all, Grace—the whole truth?"

"Indeed it is, ma'am." And her mistress read in the watery blue eye the bright glance of truth.

"Well, Grace, in the first place, it was awkward of you to break your needle; but there was no *sin* in that: it became *sin* when you went to take one of Miss Jane's, which was not yours—it was then the sin of *stealing*; for, as far as the sin goes, it is as great wrong before God to take a needle belonging to another as a pound. You stole a needle, and as you were engaged in the theft your curiosity was excited, and you were very near stealing money also. Your mother came, and actually took the money—the consequence, I may say, of your theft; for if you had not opened the work-box to *steal* the needle, you would not have seen the money—you would not then have had it in your hand when your mother came to the window—and she would not have been tempted to take it. You have partly atoned for your fault in being sorry for it. But do not think the *wrong* consisted in going to Miss Jane's work-box, and opening it; that *was* certainly very wrong, idle curiosity; but the sin was in opening it to steal. Do you understand all I have said?"

"O, yes, ma'am," replied Grace, sobbing, "I did steal the needle—I'm very sorry—an' I must stay here with mother; but ma'am, dear, did she give back the money?"

"She has not been heard of yet at all. But would you like to come away from this, if I could get you out?"

"O, ma'am dear, you're so good an' kind to poor me!" and Grace cried on.

"I must go now," said Mrs. Saunders, rising. "You had better go down stairs again."

"Am n't I to go with you ma'am?"

"No, Grace, I must speak to Mr. Saunders



about it; perhaps to-morrow or the day after you will come out. But, Grace, though I believe that you did not take the money, there are others who think you did; so, until your mother is taken and tried, you shall stay at the school and learn your lessons. And if you are let out of this, you must promise not to run away or hide yourself anywhere."

"O, that I will, ma'am." And Mrs. Saunders held out her hand, and Grace took it in both hers, and looked as if she would have liked to kiss her mistress.

"Good-by, Grace," said her mistress, as they parted outside the door.

"Good-by, ma'am," said Grace, courtesying.

And Mrs. Saunders spoke to her husband, and he arranged with Mr. Hamilton, and the little girl in two days was let out on bail. And Mrs. Denny was very sorry to lose her; the blue-eyed child had won a little spot in the good woman's heart.

But were not they glad at Fairport? Poor Jane was wild with joy—the connecting link of gratitude between her and her humble pupil was not broken; and Charles was very happy too.

And William, the butler, shut himself up in the pantry for a whole hour, and the cook afterwards declared that she heard him crying and "thanking God."

And Catherine did nothing but laugh; and the cook said "she knew it all along," and that "she'd go and bring her back, the cratur." And she did go. She told her mistress that she had important business in M——, it could n't be put off; "an' would n't the master lend the ass' cart, and thin she could bring home poor Grace?" And her mistress smiled, and said she might go. And William suddenly recollected he had but a single good boot or shoe in the world, and asked leave to drive the cart.

And they came to the jail; and there was her father standing at the gate. He heard from the Escar police that she was coming out, and he came to bring her home. Mr. Rawson gave him the day—another man "foddered" the cattle. "His darlint—he knew he'd clear her." And out she came; she had her bonnet now; and her father hugged her, and William and the cook kissed her, and the four got on the cart—Grace between the two servants—and her father sitting behind, with his legs hanging down. And on went the donkey full trot—William could manage him well—on they went through the town; and the little boys recognized the golden-haired little girl going home; and they ran after the cart and cheered;—"Hurrah! hurrah! she's out! she's out!" How well the donkey went! he actually cantered; and the little boys cheered; it was quite a triumph. On they went home—good donkey!—and Peter's legs dangled behind; and he whistled some curious tune. On they went, and they all were so merry. But who are these on before? They come closer; they are like police. Closer still—two police-men holding a woman between them, and dragging her along—O! God, her mother. Grace felt quite sick; her mother going to jail—the same police that took her. "O, do stop, William!" And Peter looked round, but still he whistled his old tune, and the police stopped.

"She's dead drunk," said Dobbin, "and won't walk a step, we're killed dragging her. You're clear at all events," said he, addressing Grace—(poor Grace was sobbing bitterly)—"we found silver on her, and Miss Jane Saunders knew it to be hers."

"I knew I'd clear her," said Peter behind.

The drunken woman looked up. "Grace," she stuttered. "Mother, mother," sobbed Grace. "Ye d———, may the curse iv——," but Peter's hand was on her mouth, and he stooped down and whispered in her ear, and the drunken woman sunk down in silence. He jumped on the cart again; "Go an now." And on they went home.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Grace went home with her father that night to Katty and Peter. Oh, weren't they glad to see her! But there was a great deal of sorrow in Grace's cup of joy. She thought of her mother in prison, and how she had cursed her.

"I must stay with you now, father dear."

"An' why, alannah? Did n't the lady say ye might go back to the big house now that ye war clear?"

"I know she did; but, father, who'll dress yer victuals, and take care of the children?"

"Nivir mind me; an' sure the children won't be worse off than they ever wor."

"But, father dear, sure there's no one now."

"Nivir you mind, acushla; go back to yer mistress like a good girl to-morrow, as she towld ye: an' I'll think, an' maybe I'd manage; an' I'll go over an' see you on Sunday, plaze God; an' Biddy Hoolagan will have an eye to the children till then."

And Grace started the next morning back to Fairport, and she told her dilemma.

"Father wishes me to stay here, ma'am; but who'll mind the children?"

"I quite agree with your father," said Mrs. Saunders; "but I will talk over the matter with the master, and speak to your father when he comes on Sunday."

And she told her husband.

"What can be done?" she asked.

"I don't know anything else," said he, "except to give him work here. I think he's an honest man, and would have no objection to employ him."

"Oh, that will do exactly; and the children can all go to school."

"But you know, my dear, I cannot take him from Rawson; that is, I cannot offer him work so as to induce him to leave his present employment. Dunne, the herd, will be leaving me in a fortnight, and if Kennedy knows anything of cattle, as I think he does, that would suit him; and there's a house too."

So there was Kennedy as they drove home from church on Sunday. He took off his hat and approached them.

"Put on your hat, my man," said Mr. Saunders.

"Grace, ma'am," he began, "is very anxious to come home and tache the childhre, and mind them, bud I'm thinkin' that it's betther for her to stay here in a good place and larn herself. An' I'm goin' to make so bowld as to ax yer honor if I might put the little childhre to lodge with some of the neighbors here, and thin they'd be near Grace, and could go to the school; an' may be, in coorse of time, I'd get work about here myself."

"Would you wish for work in this neighborhood, my friend?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; sure that id jist do."

"Do you know anything of the management of black cattle?" inquired the gentleman.

"Is it cattle, sir? sure that's what I'm at all my life; it's herd I am at Mr. Rawson's beyant. The cows, the craturs!"

"Well, my herd is going away in a fortnight,



and if you wish for work in this neighborhood, I'll give you the situation. There is a house, garden, and milk, and five shillings a-week, to be increased if you go on well."

And the hat was off again.

"May God bless you an' yer good lady, sir! I'll ax Mr. Rawson, sir, whin he could let me go, for he's a good man, and I would n't take him short; an' I'll tell ye, sir, this day week."

It was all arranged, and in a fortnight they took possession of their new abode.

"Your children will all go to school to-morrow, Kennedy, I hope?" said Mrs. Saunders, on the evening he arrived.

"Oh, yis, ma'am, sartinly; the craturs must have the edication."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"Why, ma'am," said Kennedy, approaching her, "by rights I ought to be a Protestant; and if I know any religion it's that. My father was a Catholic sartinly, but my mother, and all belongin' to her, were raal Protestants. An' she used to be tachin' us when we were young; an' I'm sure that I was christened by the minister, an' often went to the church. Well, mother died, an' we all young, an' father did n't much care what we wor; an' the neighbors strove to make us go to chapel, an' they brought the elder sister, but me an' the boys ran wild; an' any prayers I know are all Protestants."

"Perhaps you could say one for me?" asked Mrs. Saunders, anxious to test the truth of his assertion, for she had a great horror of appearing to buy converts.

"Let me think, ma'am. Oh, here's wan—'O Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all our desires known, an' from whom no sacrets are hid, clane the bad thoughts of our hearts by the Holy Spirit, so that we'll love you always, through Jasus Christ our Lord. Amin.'"

"That is certainly one of our most beautiful prayers," said the lady, solemnly; "and you had a good mother to teach you to pray to God, to make clean the thoughts of your heart. And about the children, Kennedy?"

"Sure, ma'am, they don't know a hap'orth about God Almighty—an' though Katty was a Roman, ma'am, she nivr throubled her head much about religion, except to take them to the priest to be christened. Sure she had no religion, an' I think the Protestant's the best."

"And it's your wish that your children should be brought up in that faith?"

"It is, ma'am, if ye plaze, wid the help of God."

"But about Grace?" continued the lady, "she has been looked upon here as a Roman Catholic, and has gone to chapel with the cook."

"Oh, it's no matter about Grace, ma'am."

"No matter?" said Mrs. Saunders, somewhat astounded.

"That is, ma'am—I mane, ye may make her what ye like. Be right, I've no call to her." And he came closer. "She's a fondlin,' ma'am. But for the love of God, don't tell her that, ma'am. Sure ye need n't tell any wan. She thinks she's ours—an' I'm twice as fond of her as if she was. An' if she knew she was n't, maybe she would n't love her poor father as well as she does. Tache her, yerself, ma'am. I'll be bound ye'll make her a good Christian; but don't tell her that."

"And how did you get her?" asked the lady, eagerly.

"A poor strange woman died in our house,"

said Kennedy, with a sort of a shudder, "and left the little thing."

"Well, it was very good of your wife to bring the child up."

"Humph!" he muttered.

"Well, Kennedy," continued Mrs. Saunders, "you had better announce yourself that you are a Protestant, and that you wish the children to go to church. I shall speak to Grace myself, and will send her down to-morrow morning, to take them to school." And Mrs. Saunders thought within herself, "thank God, she is not the child of that woman! An orphan. And this man told of his own wife's crime—the mother of his children—to save the strange girl from disgrace. 'Tis very odd." And the good lady buried these things in her heart, and her interest in the protégé increased.

It was early in March, and the hedges and little trees were beginning to tell that spring was come; and the birds sang joyfully in the morning, and there was a smile all round on the face of nature, and Grace and her little brother and sister went regularly to school. Mick had gone off somewhere with his bag, since his mother went to jail. And Grace was such a good girl—she would win her way back into all their hearts. She had done so, dear child—even Mr. Saunders himself began to notice her, and like her. She was nominally living at Fairport, but was constantly down at her father's. And Mrs. Saunders never missed a pin's worth from the house by Grace, which she had not given her.

When Mrs. Saunders had spoken to her about going to church, she clapped her hands, and said how glad she was; that she was often going to ask Miss Jane to let her go. She could not understand what they said in the chapel. And on Sundays they locked up the house, and Grace and her father, and brother and sister, went to church. Grace used to talk to Miss Jane of all the nice stories of Jesus Christ she heard there.

One morning Mr. Saunders, as he was reading a letter that the post-boy had just brought, exclaimed, "My God! so sudden."

"What is the matter, love?" said his wife, alarmed.

"Poor Mrs. Fortescue is no more," he answered solemnly.

"You don't say so?" said the lady her eyes filled with tears. "Why, by the last account she was better."

"Here's the letter from her poor husband:"—

"Florence, February, 18—

"It's all over, Saunders. The temporary flush of health on my darling's cheek was delusive and vain; the last bright glimmer of the lamp ere it went out forever. Fanny is gone. She expired two days ago, without a struggle, on the sofa, in the drawing-room, the last beams of an Italian sun gilding her dying bed. God's will be done. My poor girls now have no mother. Their grief is heart-rending. I have nothing to keep me here. Will you, my dear fellow, have everything got ready at the Abbey? I may be home in a week after you receive this—and kind Mrs. Saunders will provide anything wanting in the domestic way.

"Your distressed

"HENRY FORTESCUE.

"J. Saunders, Esq."

Mrs. Saunders was sobbing violently as her husband concluded. She left the room to cry in peace.



From the Spectator.

DR. THOMAS KING CHAMBERS ON CORPULENCE.\*

THE substance of this volume was originally delivered to the College of Physicians as the Guls-tonian Lectures for the present year. They were reported at the time in the *Lancet*, and are now published in a revised and improved form.

We believe this is the first systematic attempt that has been made to treat "corpulence" with gravity and medical philosophy. Hitherto "fat" has served as a butt for small wits to shoot at; or it has been handled after the manner of the newspaper retailers of remarkable facts or surprising occurrences; or if a better class of mind has employed itself upon the theme, it has seen proper to handle the matter facetiously, intermingling with professional observations, remarkable instances of fat men and the inconveniences of corpulence, told in an anecdotal or a gossipy manner. Dr. Chambers eschews the trifling without falling into the dry. In ten lectures he considers the chemical properties and production of fat, with its uses anatomically or physiologically. He investigates the rationale of obesity—as its probable physiological causes, the periods of life when we should exhibit a tendency to the fat or the lean, with the why and the wherefore. He examines the statistics of the subject, so far as the limited materials permit, in order *inter alia* to trace what may be called the apparently predisposing causes—as "hereditary," illness, marriage, &c.; though we find but one "great appetite" in the table, and many of the causes assigned by the patients themselves seem rather accompaniments than causes. Dr. Chambers also goes into the subject of treatment; which consists rather in diet and management than much medicine. He also broaches a curious application of corpulence or weight as a test of health—of what in actual phraseology is called "sound" life. Fat in moderation falls into the category of the benign extreme of Celsus; leanness, as a general rule, is the reverse. The man with "flesh on his bones" is likely to be a good average life: there is evidently nothing hectic about him; it is not probable that he will "worry himself to death;" like the rest of us, he will be obnoxious to accident, destiny, or epidemics, but with these exceptions he will probably reach a remunerating age, if not the three-score years and ten. Dr. Chambers has therefore turned his attention to the construction of tables of weight in proportion to height; so that when you want to get an idea of the probable "value" of a life, you measure its owner and then weigh him—if he deviates too much or too little from the true standard, *caveto*. As yet this subject is far from complete, owing to the absence

of sufficient data; but, by the assistance of some friends, Dr. Chambers has curiously pursued it. There is a table of what would be the proportionate height and weight of the best antique statues, from the tumbler to the Farnese Hercules, if reduced to a common standard at heights from five feet one inch to six feet: and this shows the beautiful ideal of light and heavy weights, with their intermediate gradations. There is a similar table of the "champions" of England, as an example of vigorous form in practical life in the fisticuff line; and these are accompanied by a table for common people. Of course this is not meant to supersede other tests, nor is it to be taken precisely: a person may be somewhat above or somewhat below the figures, without indicating probable apoplexy in the heavy case, or consumption in the light—the two great enemies of insurance offices. But we infer that Dr. Chambers would look warily at much deviation, especially if towards the lean kine.

This is a general rule. The wiry, iron-muscle man is a peculiar class, of which Dr. Chambers takes little notice. The fat, sleek-headed man only lives up to a certain age. Those who top four-score years are rarely of the "podgy" order.

The tendency to the partial distribution of fat which has been noticed to be so frequent at the turn of life, increases with increasing years. It is rare, however, to find this diathesis coincident with extreme old age, the inconveniences which it gives rise to being usually fatal before that time. I have had occasion, during the last few years, to see, on behalf of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance, a great number of aged persons, from eighty to ninety-three years old, who were desirous of insuring their lives until January, 1850, for the sake of securing the amount of a bonus then to be declared by the Equitable. Among these there were but two obese persons, and both of these are since deceased.

Those who attain great age are generally very thin and spare, but still the fat about the heart is increased in quantity, and there is a good allowance of it in the mesentery. The omentum, however, does not grow; so that a prominent abdomen is as uncommon among nonagenarians as it is in youth.

Although Dr. Chambers very properly inquires into the causes of fat and lean, he reaches, as, indeed, he intimates, no further than secondary causes. Average health has average flesh; some persons are thin or stout; peculiar idiosyncrasies are very fat or very lean, apart from obvious disease, although great corpulence often brings diseases in its train. It is all a matter of constitution, as Lord Mansfield was constrained, by the evidence, to say of extreme temperance and copious potations. Some men under the most precautionary diet will get stout; fellows who swallow their three pounds of steak, and leave nothing but bones from a fore-quarter of delicate spring lamb, will look as if they "never had a meal's victuals;" and thin they would remain to the end of the chapter, if fed upon the choicest of fat or milky diet, or dosed with cod-oil—our author's specific for ema-

\* Corpulence, or Excess of Fat in the Human Body: its Relations to Chemistry and Physiology, its Bearings on other Diseases and the Value of Human Life, and its Indications of Treatment. With an Appendix on Emaciation. By Thomas King Chambers, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Guls-tonian Lecturer for 1850. Published by Longman & Co.



ciation. Chemistry may decide whether fat must be taken into the stomach in an elementary state, or whether the stomach can produce it from food that does not appear to contain oleaginous particles, or whether it may not be produced by some change in the tissues of our own bodies. It is possible that further experiment may discover how and when the fat is formed—by what organ and in what state of digestion or assimilation, from the stomach to the blood. Further light, too, may be thrown upon very curious questions connected with the physiological uses of fat and the manner in which it is excreted. After all, however, we return to the point—*why* some people get fat in their own and the doctor's despite; why some people may be made fat; why some people are lean, and others will continue so, try how one may. This want of knowledge of first causes needs not affect practice or induce people to abandon care and advice, because neither the one nor the other avails beyond a certain degree, and because the means employed must be empirical. It would be worth the while of any physician who gives his attention to corpulence, to consider more closely than we think has yet been done the effects of excretion as well as production. To put the point in an extreme way, it is possible that the thinnest man, in health, may form fat as quickly as a stout person; but the thin man may excrete, that is, consume it, as it forms; the other lays up the fat in deposit. Dr. Chambers has not altogether overlooked the question in his curious remarks on the capacity of the lungs and respiration; but we do not think he fully sees the conclusion to which it points. Towards the middle of the following extract on the uses of fat, the idea we are speaking of is present: it is the fiery breath of the lion that keeps him spare; the less restless grazing animal gets flesh.

As a constituent of the bodily frame, fat has important duties to perform. It fills up those angular spaces which the mechanical form of parts most convenient for motion leaves between them. Thus it acts as a pad on which the eye may revolve with fluency. The form of the heart, if it consisted of its muscular structure only, unfits it for moving freely in a confined space, and the periodical alterations in shape would cause a most inconvenient amount of friction; it is therefore padded into a smooth rounded form by adipose tissue. The same purpose appears to be answered by the omentum and the mesentery, by the fat-vesicles in the Haversian canals of bone, and in the spinal canal, in the interspaces of the joints, in the muscles of the palm, &c.

Fat answers also the purpose of retaining warmth, and so enabling the body to be less exhausted by its exertions in the production of heat. Therefore are the natives of cold regions more thickly clothed with this defence, and, by the quantity of it they possess, attract man's cupidity to the frozen Poles. So, in winter, the hibernating animal, unable to keep up its heat by a continuous supply of food, is guarded against the destructive effect of cold by fat, and presents the anomaly, noticed by the Roman poet, of being in best condition when he has nothing to live upon but sleep—

*Tota mihi dormitur hiems, et pinguior illo  
Tempore sum, quo me nil nisi somnus alit,*

says Martial's dormouse. It is remarked by Professor Barkow, that creatures whose external covering protects them from the cold during hibernation lose much less weight when exposed to the air than those whose skin is more transpirable. Thus, a snail, weighing on the 6th January eighty-five grains, on the 2d and 20th of February had undergone no appreciable change, and on the 8th of March weighed eighty-four grains and a half.

But a toad, on being dug up, lost three grains in a quarter of an hour.

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Besides these mechanical duties of facilitating motion, and acting as an external defence from the cold, fat appears in many cases to perform the chemical office of supplying fuel to the respiration, and so in another way contributes to keep up the animal heat. It serves, in fact, as a storehouse of carbon for the use of the lungs. When cut off from the supply of food, an animal would soon be consumed by the hungry flame of vital heat, were there not something to burn besides his own person. Fat affords in this case a power of resistance to the overpowering continuous force of one of the functions of life. Thus the tadpole, from the fourteenth day after its exit from the egg to the time of the alteration of its respiratory organs at the period of becoming a frog, contains daily more and more fat in the abdomen; but immediately after this change all the fat rapidly disappears. The animal would probably, without this fat, be unable to bear the strain upon the constitution which the loss of the tail must occasion; but, by possessing such a reserve, can resist the new influences to which its body has not yet become habituated.

Similar stores of fat are accumulated in the bodies of the Herbivora, while animals which feed upon flesh are spare and lean. The food of the horse is deficient in carbon compounds capable of absorption into his system: he can extract but little from it, however much and often he eats. If he was debarred for a short time from his pasture, the respiration must be supplied with fuel from his own substance. Fat, therefore, clothes his organs, and shields them from the consuming fire of respiratory absorption. But the lion and the boa take in so much carbon in a state of combination at one meal, that the accumulation of it in the blood suffices to prevent for a long time the combustion of the muscular fibre. They have therefore no occasion for reserve of fat, and exhibit that proportionate leanness which suits so well their active predatory habits.

This method adopted by Nature of providing against the effects of a new chemical action in altered circumstances of the body, by means of saving up a quantity of fat for the occasion, we may also see exemplified in our own race. For the first three days at least after birth, the human infant, in spite of the addition made to its substance by food, loses in weight to a considerable extent; consuming, in fact, by the novel function of respiration, matters previously unacted upon by oxygen. It is not till the fifth or sixth day that it has got sufficiently used to its new life to assimilate enough to begin growing upon.

Were a treasure of fat not provided against this contingency, injury to the tissues, and probably death, would follow.

It was such facts as these that induced the older Greek philosophers to conjecture that the intention



of fat is to sustain the animal heat by combustion, "in the same way as oil supplies the flame of a lamp, and when that flame is less powerful, less is required, that the fat is laid by as in a treasure-house." I designedly translate from Galen, who is quoting the words of an ancient philosopher of the physical or præ-Socratic school for the purpose of ridiculing them, that I may have an opportunity of pointing out how early Greek philosophy was in the right path of theory, and how, probably, if it had continued in that path, it would have anticipated modern discovery. But the influence of the school of Socrates, followed up by his talented pupils, Aristotle and Plato, had diverted it to other subjects than the contemplation of Nature; and the consequences are here apparent. Here we see Galen, four hundred years after Socrates, still led away by the verbal distinctions of his dialectic philosophy, and find him citing, only to dissent from, an opinion due to the school of Democritus, which later times have made their own, and our generation only at length proved.

Besides its animal and chemical uses, fat in moderation is a necessity in another way; it serves as a sort of protection against external violence.

The acquisition of fat is not without an important practical bearing on the health. A certain power of resistance to external physical influences seems to depend very much on the maintenance of a proper proportion of this substance in the body. Prize-fighters have long since found that to make it safe for them to undergo the severe treatment which the exercise of their calling entails, they must be at least up to a particular weight. This weight varies, of course, according to the individual's constitution. One pugilist will describe himself as belonging to the heavy, another to the light, weights; not using the expression to denote his actual gravity, but to indicate what proportion to his height it ought to bear—that is, whether he ought to be light or heavy for a man of his inches to enable him to enter into a fight without peril. The number of pounds being ascertained, if he has trained himself too much, he will feed himself up to the mark; for he knows, by experience, that though fat will somewhat impede the activity of his muscles, yet, without it, the blows he receives would be followed by more severe consequences. Now, it is clear that the augmentation of weight thus experienced is not muscle, for the previous training has brought that tissue to its fullest development; and it is too permanent to be water; so that I think the conclusion I have suggested is the true one, and that it is fat which gives the power of resistance.

On the other hand, excess in this respect is equally injurious with deficiency. Indeed, practically speaking, it is more injurious, because the dangers to which it exposes the individual are more likely to be induced by the ordinary course of our lives than are the dangers which defect is subject to. By an over-development of adipose tissue, the capillary system of blood-vessels is, as I before pointed out, vastly increased in aggregate bulk, while at the same time no corresponding increase takes place in the forces which supply the means of action to those capillaries. Hence there is a comparative weakness in the conservative vital actions; and an injury to any part of the body, especially to those parts which, physiologically speaking, are most distant from the

fountain of life, is less easily repaired. Thus, in obese persons, erysipelas, low inflammation, and gangrene, supervene on slight accidents, and operations are more dangerous in their consequences. Practically, therefore, a similar result arises in the case of excess and deficiency, but with, I think, this difference, that whereas the first gives rise to bad effects after small and common accidents, the evil of the latter is only experienced when the system is put to a severe strain. We are all liable to tumble down and break our shins, which if we are obese will be a more serious accident than to others; but few of us wish to prepare ourselves for sustaining the punishment of a pugilist, which doubtless requires a full allowance of fat.

Dr. Chambers has added to the lectures an appendix on emaciation considered in reference to disease; of which, in fact, emaciation, as opposed to constitutional leanness, may be considered a symptom. His attention is chiefly directed to hectic and tuberculous disease—consumption. The treatment he suggests is cod-oil strenuously persisted in where it seems beneficial. The statistics, especially of the Hospital for Consumption, support the opinion of its utility in many cases; but, as Dr. Chambers observes, some of them require much closer examination.

It would be interesting to know the peculiarities of the several cases alluded to in the report above quoted, where "an amelioration of the symptoms did not follow an increase of weight;" whether or not they are of the class I have before mentioned, in which the pulmonary organs appear primarily affected, and where the general powers of assimilation are uninjured. My own individual experience, and that of several others with whom I have conversed, incline me to believe that such is probably the fact; and that cases of consumption without wasting (*φθισις ἀνερ φθισέως*) are really instances of the disease commencing in the lungs, and abiding in its original seat without affecting the chylo-poetic viscera, or where such a state of cachexia has been replaced by the disease of the chest. Here cod-liver oil is powerless; it is not a cure for tuberculosis, but a cure for emaciation; and to employ the remedy will, as the report expresses itself, cause it to fall "into the discredit which disappointment after an unlimited confidence induces."

For emaciation, however, I believe we here possess a remedy such as none other known can take the place of, both as regards the universality of its application and the small number of the contra-indicating circumstances. And, in arresting emaciation, we not only remove one of the distressing symptoms of the disorder, but we supply the body with the means of resistance to morbid processes, and we prolong life, if not to the ordinary duration, yet much beyond what its limits would otherwise have been. If this is a cure, consumption, on statistical evidence, is curable; if not, the matter is still undecided.

It might be observed that emaciation is perhaps hardly a disease of itself, but a symptom of some other disease; and that if cod-oil removes the symptoms, the disease might be removed without the oil by direct action—unless, indeed, the oil is a specific for the disease.



From the Westminster Review.

*Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of William Penn.* By THOMAS CLARKSON, M. A. With a Preface, by W. E. Forster. London: C. Gilpin. 1849.

CLARKSON'S "Memoirs of William Penn" is a work now so familiar to all readers of biography, and the life of Penn is so much a matter of history, that but little could be found for the critic of to-day to notice in this volume, were it not for the copious preface from the pen of Mr. Forster. This gentleman appears to refute in a neat and masterly manner the aspersions cast on the character of Penn by that most amusing, most pungent, most romantic of historians, Thomas Babington Macaulay. Novelists and essayists are, as a rule, bad historians. The admirable limner of Edward Waverley proved himself but a sorry historian of Napoleon Bonaparte. The reason is obvious. The brilliant fancy which could depict in glowing colors an imaginary hero, absolutely distorted the figure of a short, thick-set, hard-headed, self-willed, far-sighted, and energetic piece of mortality like the Emperor Napoleon; whose deeds, whether viewed with approbation or censure, are so many stern, dry, registered facts, engraved on adamant for the teaching of all posterity.

It is scarcely within our province to trace the circumstances of the early association of the Macaulays—father and son—with the Society of Friends; to enter into the details of a contested election for Edinburgh, in which the said "Friends" took an unusually active part; in which Thomas Babington Macaulay suffered an ignominious defeat, as it was said, mainly in consequence of the exertions of the said "Friends;" still less shall we attempt to trace any connexion between this defeat and the curiously elaborate and most painfully caustic attack which Thomas Babington Macaulay now makes on the Society of Friends, through one of their members, whose memory has ever been cherished by that society with the fondest marks of approbation and esteem. We shall deal only with the details before us, and that as briefly as the subject will permit.

Mr. Macaulay's attack on William Penn does not consist simply of a few heavy accusations and an accompanying censure. Penn's supposed infamy is introduced to the notice of the reader with a show of great reluctance; and after the preliminary flourish—which we proceed to give entire—the reader is long kept in suspense, before a definite charge is made; in fact, we can readily believe that Mr. Macaulay would infinitely prefer that the reader should adopt his generalizations, rather than test the validity of his facts.

Mr. Macaulay, at the first mention of Penn's name, says:—

To speak the whole truth concerning him [William Penn] is a task which requires some courage; for he is rather a mythical than a historical person. Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. A great commonwealth beyond the

Atlantic regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus, and the Romans for Quirinus. The respectable society of which he was a member honors him as an apostle. By pious men of other persuasions he is generally regarded as a bright pattern of Christian virtue. Meanwhile, admirers of a very different sort have sounded his praises. The French philosophers of the eighteenth century pardoned what they regarded as his superstitious fancies, in consideration of his contempt for priests, and of his cosmopolitan benevolence, impartially extended to all races and to all creeds. His name has thus become, throughout all civilized countries, a synonyme for probity and philanthropy. Nor is this reputation altogether unmerited. Penn was, without doubt, a man of eminent virtues. He had a strong sense of religious duty, and a fervent desire to promote the happiness of mankind. On one or two points of high importance, he had notions more correct than were in his day common, even among men of enlarged minds; and as the proprietor and legislator of a province, which, being almost uninhabited when it came into his possession, afforded a clear field for moral experiments, he had the rare good fortune of being able to carry his theories into practice without any compromise, and yet without any shock to existing institutions. He will always be mentioned with honor as the founder of a colony, who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a lawgiver, who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner-stone of a polity. But his writings and his life furnish abundant proofs that he was not a man of strong sense. He had no skill in reading the characters of others. His confidence in persons less virtuous than himself led him into great errors and misfortunes. His enthusiasm for one great principle sometimes impelled him to violate other great principles which he ought to have held sacred. Nor was his integrity altogether proof against the temptations to which it was exposed in that splendid and polite, but deeply corrupted society, with which he now mingled. The whole court was in a ferment with intrigues of gallantry and intrigues of ambition. The traffic in honors, places, and pardons, was incessant. It was natural that a man who was daily seen at the palace, and who was known to have free access to majesty, should be frequently importuned to use his influence for purposes which a rigid morality must condemn. The integrity of Penn had stood firm against obloquy and persecution; but now, attacked by royal smiles, by female blandishments, by the insinuating eloquence and delicate flattery of veteran diplomatists and courtiers, his resolution began to give way. Titles and phrases, against which he had often borne his testimony, dropped occasionally from his lips and his pen. It would be well if he had been guilty of nothing worse than such compliances with the fashions of the world. Unhappily, it cannot be concealed that he bore a chief part in some transactions condemned not merely by the rigid code of the society to which he belonged, but by the general sense of all honest men.—*Macaulay's History of England*, vol. i., p. 507.

In order to substantiate this eloquent and somewhat rhapsodical condemnation of a man whom the world has been, it seems, ignorantly regarding with admiration almost approaching to reverence, the author was bound to afford something like



proof. And he has attempted to do this; but the proof bears no more just proportion to the preliminary announcement, than did the "ridiculus mus," in the fable of "The Mountain in Labor," to the premonitory throes. However, our readers shall not be required to take our assertion upon trust; for we invite them to try the matter for themselves. But before we enter upon this question, it may be as well to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the previous career of William Penn, and to explain the origin of his connexion with the court of James II., as much depends upon this explanation.

In this summary it will be unnecessary to do more than allude to the early religious impressions which ultimately led Penn to renounce the advantages of birth and station, and, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, to become a member of that despised and persecuted body of Protestant dissenters called Quakers; of whom, at the accession of James II., there were no fewer than 1,400 incarcerated in the various prisons of England, (upwards of 200 being women,) and of whom Penn himself, when stating their wrongs to the Parliament of 1679, said that they had been as the "common whipping-stock of the kingdom; all laws had been let loose upon them, as if the design had been not to reform, but to destroy them."

William Penn, as is well known, was descended from an ancient and honorable family—a family "respectable both in point of character and independence, as early as the first public records notice it." Among his ancestors, bearing the same name, were some who lived, four or five centuries ago, at the village of Penn, in Buckinghamshire; and from these Penns came the Penns of Penn's Lodge, in Gloucestershire, on the edge of Bradon Forest. William, one of this latter family, was father to Giles Penn, who was a captain in the royal navy, and for some time held the office of English Consul in the Mediterranean. His son, William Penn, (father of the Quaker,) followed the profession of his father, and became a distinguished naval officer. At a very early age he commanded the fleet sent by Cromwell against Hispaniola; and although the expedition failed, the cause of failure was, for once, laid upon the right shoulders, for Col. Venables was recognized as the author of the miscarriage. After the restoration, Penn commanded under the Duke of York in the memorable action against the Dutch, under Admiral Opdam, in 1665; and contributed so much to the victory, that he was knighted by Charles II., and was ever after received at court with all the marks of private friendship. And although not more than forty-nine years of age at his death, he had held, during his short career, some of the most important offices connected with his profession, as well as other appointments of high honor and trust.

His only son, William, might thus be said to have been born to greatness. At the early age of eleven years, however, while still at the grammar-school at Chigwell, in Essex, he is reported

to have first experienced those religious impressions which exercised so marked an influence on his future life. At the age of fifteen he entered Christ's Church College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, and there not only paid the greatest attention to his college exercises, but excelled in manly sports, and cultivated the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of the University.

The religious impressions Penn had experienced while at Chigwell school, were now strengthened by the preaching of Thomas Loe, who also had belonged to the University of Oxford, but had at that time joined the Quakers. His doctrines gave a new turn to the mind of William Penn, who, finding that many of his fellow-students entertained religious opinions similar to his own, he, in conjunction with them, withdrew from the established mode of worship, and they followed their devotional exercises in their own way. This led, first to fines for nonconformity, and eventually to expulsion from the University.

We can readily conceive the admiral's vexation at this untoward turn of affairs in one whom he had no doubt looked upon as the successor to his own honors; and, argument failing to reclaim the delinquent, the sailor had recourse to blows; these also proving of no avail, the young man was at length turned out of doors.

The father's good feelings, acted upon, it is not improbable, by the intercession of his amiable wife, at length led him to forgive his son, who, in 1662, was sent to France, in the company of certain persons of rank, probably in the hope that the gayety of French manners and absence from his old connexions might wean him from his increasing gravity of mind. He was, however, recalled by his father when on his way to Italy; the admiral, being then about to take the command of the English fleet against the Dutch, wished his son to take charge of the family affairs during his absence.

It is unnecessary to go into details respecting William Penn's career immediately after this period; suffice it to say, that his father sent him to Ireland, where he for a time attended the gay court of the Duke of Ormond, (then lord lieutenant,) and afterwards managed the estates of his father, in the county of Cork, to the entire satisfaction of the admiral. Here, however, he again met with his old Quaker friend, Thomas Loe, and renewed his attendance upon the religious meetings of that body; in consequence of which, William Penn and eighteen others, found at one of these meetings, were committed to prison, on the plea of their having attended a tumultuous assembly. He was, however, soon released by order of the Earl of Orrery.

The admiral, having heard that his son had turned Quaker, sent for him home, and, after much expostulation, a second time expelled him from his house.

Penn now became a minister of the society he had joined; and some little time after, on the publication of a work which gave great offence to



some of the prelates, and more especially to the Bishop of London, he was committed to the Tower. After an imprisonment of seven months, during which he was treated with great severity, William Penn was suddenly discharged from the Tower by the king, who had been moved thereto by the intercession of his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

The next year Admiral Penn began to think that, how much soever his son might be mistaken in his religious views, he was at least sincere; and so far relented as to allow William to be at his house, though he would not see him; he, however, gave him a commission to execute in Ireland: and on his return a perfect reconciliation with his father took place, to the joy of all concerned, but especially of his mother, who, throughout all the differences with his father, had remained William's firm and affectionate friend.

In the following year, William Penn was again arrested and committed to Newgate for preaching, in contravention of the new conventicle act, then recently passed. The circumstances attending the trial of Penn and William Mead are matters of history; they were acquitted of the charge brought against them, but were remanded to Newgate for the non-payment of fines illegally imposed, together with the jury who had acquitted them. Admiral Penn privately paid the money, and liberated both his son and William Mead.

The admiral, considering that the treatment his son had met with in the Tower was little short of oppression, now clave to him more than ever; and finding his own end approaching, he had his son constantly with him, this free intercourse strengthening and confirming the admiral's good opinion of his son's qualities and character. And, foreseeing the dangers and persecutions to which he would be subject on account of his religious tenets, the admiral on his death-bed earnestly commended William to the care of the Duke of York, requesting him to protect his son as far as he consistently could, and to ask the king to do the same, in case of future persecution. The answer was gratifying, both Charles and the duke promising their services on fit occasions, which promise they appear to have performed as far as lay in their power.

Considerations of personal inconvenience seem never to have had any weight with William Penn when the welfare of others was concerned, and especially when the great principle of liberty of conscience in matters of religion was at stake. To uphold this principle seems to have been the ruling object of his life; as was particularly shown soon after he had founded the colony of Pennsylvania, and was residing at Philadelphia, actively engaged in administering the affairs of the government of the province. Even there, the cry of the oppressed reached his ear from England. For whether it was thought that, in the absence of one who had ever been their undaunted advocate at the court of Charles II., dissenters might be persecuted with impunity, it is certain that, in the year 1684, the accounts received by Penn of the cruel measures

enforced against all who dissented from the established church, determined him to return to England, in the hope that his personal influence with the king might lead to at least a mitigation of the sufferings of his oppressed countrymen and friends. If other motives, connected with his own interest and character, contributed to the adoption of such a resolution, we have the concurrent testimony of all his biographers as to *this* being the chief inducement. Oldmixon expressly states that "Mr. Penn staid in Pennsylvania two years, and would not then have removed to England, had not persecution against the dissenters raged so violently, that he could not think of enjoying peace in America, while his brethren in England were so cruelly dealt with in Europe. He knew he had an interest with the court of England, and was willing to employ it for the safety, ease, and welfare of his friends." Providing, therefore, for the government of the colony during his absence, we are told that he quitted Philadelphia—

To the regret of the whole colony; to the regret of the Dutch, Swedes, and Germans, whom he had admitted into full citizenship with the rest, and who had found in him an impartial governor and a kind friend; to the regret of the Indians, who had been overcome by his love, care, and concern for them; and to the regret of his own countrymen, who had partaken, more or less, of that generosity, which was one of the most prominent features in his character. And here, I may observe, with respect to his generosity, that the whole colony had experienced it; for, it ought never to be forgotten, that when the first Assembly offered him an impost on a variety of goods, both imported and exported, (which impost, in a course of years, would have become a large revenue of itself,) he nobly refused it; thus showing that his object in coming among them was not that of his own aggrandizement, but for the promotion of a public good.—*Clarkson*, p. 155.

William Penn landed in England early in October; and from a letter, dated on the 29th of that month, addressed to the wife of his old friend, George Fox, we find that he had even then already been at court, where, he says, "he had seen the king and the Duke of York. They and their nobles had been very kind to him, and he hoped the Lord would make way for him in their hearts to serve his suffering people, as also his own interests as it related to his American concerns."

The latter were soon brought to a final issue by the king's decision between Penn and Lord Baltimore, respecting some land on the Chesapeake and Delaware, which had been the subject of disagreement; with regard to the first question, the king gave a sort of promise that he would do something in behalf of those whose cause was pleaded by Penn.

Shortly after this died Charles II., and his brother James succeeded to the throne. It will be remembered that Admiral Penn, when on his death-bed, had commended his son William to the care and guardianship of James, when Duke of York; and, on the accession of the latter to the



crown, a more regular acquaintance grew up between him and William Penn, which soon ripened into intimacy. Entertaining the opinion that James was favorable to liberty of conscience, Penn conceived it to be his duty to cultivate this intimacy, in order that he might be in a position to further the interests of those who were suffering on account of their religious opinions; and, that he might have the readier access to James, he took up his abode at Kensington, with his family.

It appears (says Mr. Clarkson) that, while he resided there, he spent his time, and used his influence with the king, solely in doing good. All politics he avoided, never touching upon them unless called upon; and then he never espoused a party, but did his best to recommend moderation and to allay heats. If he ever advised the king, it was for his own real interest and the good of the nation at large. Generally speaking, however, he confined himself to the object before mentioned; and, in endeavoring to promote this, he was alive to the situation, not only of those of his own religious society, but of those of other Christian denominations who were then languishing in the jails of the kingdom.—p. 158.

This is the testimony of one who is not a member of the religious body to which William Penn belonged; and it is singularly confirmed by another historian, Gerard Croese, who had no more connexion with the Quakers than Mr. Clarkson. The evidence of two such independent witnesses may, therefore, we should imagine, be looked upon as unimpeachable. Gerard Croese is quoted by Mr. Macaulay whenever it suits his purpose; we have therefore the less scruple in laying before our readers a passage from that writer, in reference to the intimacy subsisting between James II. and William Penn, and the use made by the latter of his influence with the monarch.

William Penn, (he says,) was greatly in favor with the king—the Quakers' sole patron at court—on whom the hateful eyes of his enemies were intent. The king loved him as a singular and entire friend, and imparted to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honored him with his company in private, discoursing with him of various affairs, and that, not for one, but many hours together, and delaying to hear the best of his peers, who, at the same time, were waiting for an audience. One of these, being envious, and impatient of delay, and taking it as an affront to see the other more regarded than himself, adventured to take the freedom to tell his majesty that when he met with Penn he thought little of his nobility. The king made no other reply than that Penn *always talked ingenuously, and he heard him willingly*. Penn, being so highly favored, acquired thereby a number of friends. Those, also, who formerly knew him, when they had any favor to ask at court, came to, courted, and entreated Penn to promote their several requests. Penn refused none of his friends any reasonable office he could do for them, but was ready to serve them all, but more especially the Quakers, and these wherever their religion was concerned. It is usually thought, when you do me one favor readily, you thereby encourage me to expect a second. Thus they ran to Penn

without intermission, as their only pillar and support, who always carressed, and received them cheerfully, and effected their business by his influence and eloquence. Hence his house and gates were daily thronged by a numerous train of clients and suppliants desiring him to present their addresses to his majesty. There were sometimes there *two hundred and more*. When the carrying on of these affairs required money for writings, such as drawing things out into form, and copyings, and for fees, and other charges which are usually made on such occasions, Penn so discreetly managed matters, that out of his own, which he had in abundance, he liberally discharged many emergent expenses.

This intimacy with the king, however, operated greatly to Penn's disadvantage. The people, considering James to be a Papist, were apprehensive that he would endeavor to overthrow the Protestant religion and establish Popery in its stead. And, knowing that Penn was so frequently at court, and so constantly engaged as the mediator between the monarch and the people, many suspected that the Quaker was a Papist in disguise; it was accordingly reported that he had been bred at St. Omer's, and received priest's orders at Rome. The term *Jesuit* was energetically revived, and he was generally believed to be engaged in plotting with the king for the subversion of the established religion. Even the amiable Tillotson, with whom William Penn had been on terms of friendship, could not avoid being infected with the delusion; and to him William Penn, who, besides having a high personal regard for the doctor, knew, from the estimation in which he was held by the nation generally, that any opinion he might entertain would have great weight, addressed a letter requesting a friendly explanation, and received an immediate reply; the question and response do honor to both parties. Their intimacy, which had been interrupted by the suspicion, was renewed; and Tillotson, at Penn's request, furnished the latter with a second letter, in which he declared, "with great joy," that he was "fully satisfied there was no just ground for the suspicion." This letter, with Dr. Tillotson's permission, was shown wherever he had been quoted as either believing or promoting the report of the Jesuitical propensities of William Penn.

Soon after this, William Penn published a work which appears to have led to some important results. It was his "*Persuasive to Moderation*," and was addressed to the king and his council. In this book he successfully combats the position, that a state can be endangered by religious toleration; adducing numerous examples to the contrary from the history of many nations, ancient and modern. His arguments appear to have had considerable weight, for, soon after the publication of the book, the king issued a proclamation for a general pardon to all who were imprisoned on account of their consciences; and this was accompanied by instructions to the judges of assize, to liberate all persons of this description. Not fewer than *twelve hundred* Quakers alone, many of whom



had been in confinement for years, were thus restored to their families and friends. There is no doubt that this result was due as much to the personal solicitations of Penn, as to the work we have mentioned; though the latter no doubt contributed to it not a little, by setting the subject in a proper light before the community at large.

William Penn being about to visit the continental churches, in order to diffuse the principles of his society, he received from the king a commission to confer with the Prince of Orange at the Hague, "and endeavor to gain his consent to a general religious toleration in England, *together with the removal of all tests.*" He had several interviews with the prince, but was opposed by Burnet, whom he met there, and who, though *favorable to toleration, was opposed to the removal of tests.* Penn would not relax in his views; and the consequence was a coolness between him and Burnet, who afterwards spoke of him sneeringly in his "History of His Own Times."

It is now time to revert to Mr. Macaulay's charges, it being about this period that the circumstances occurred to which the first and most serious of them refers. This is, indeed, the only one that can be said materially to affect the character of Penn as an upright, moral, and religious man; the minor charges, scattered through a hundred pages, showing that he preached at an execution; that he was employed by a Roman Catholic monarch; that he said "Sir," &c., &c., have just such bearing on the sectarian controversies and opinions of the time as would allow partisans on either side to exaggerate or palliate, praise or condemn, according to the views which they themselves entertained. But the first real crime charged to the account of the great Quaker leader is one that no sectarian views, however peculiar, can defend—no political opinions, however extreme, can justify. The author evidently treats it as his pet accusation; works it up with the greatest care and gusto, and recurs to it again and again, with the most self-satisfied complacency; as much as to say—"There I had the Quaker on the hip!"

The history of Monmouth's rebellion in the reign of James II. is tolerably familiar to all; it was a hopeless project, awkwardly conducted and miserably ended: the ringleaders were beheaded, the subordinates hanged, and all who had shown the least sympathy with the cause were condemned, the sentence of death being subsequently commuted to such a fine as could be wrung from their terrified relatives. These fines were given to court favorites, or court authorities; the queen herself took in hand several of the culprits whose wealthy connections were ascertained, and made a fine harvest of their fears. The story of the Maids of Taunton is matter of history; banners were embroidered, processions formed, and the unlucky prince was welcomed with every mark of sympathy. Of course, the wrath of the monarch was excited against all parties concerned: some were burned, some died in prison, but—

Most of the young ladies who had walked in the procession were still alive. Some of them were under ten years of age. All had acted under the orders of their schoolmistress, without knowing that they were committing a crime. The queen's maids of honor asked the royal permission to wring money out of the parents of the poor children; and the permission was granted. An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the maids of honor would not endure delay, that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming, and that by a reasonable sum was meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The maids of honor then requested William Penn to act for them, and Penn accepted the commission.—*Macaulay*, vol. i., p. 655.

"The Maids of Honour requested William Penn to act for them, and Penn accepted the commission." Mr. Macaulay might reasonably expect that some of Penn's fellow-professors would demur to such an assertion as this, and he has therefore cited all the proof within his reach, and that is confined to a solitary letter from the Earl of Sunderland, then Home Secretary, which is still preserved in the State Paper Office, and of which the following is a verbatim copy.

Whitehall, Feby. 13th, 1685-6.

MR. PENNE.—Her Maj<sup>ty</sup>'s Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they design to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the Relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high Misdemeanor they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that her Maj<sup>ty</sup> has been pleased to give their Fines to the said Maids of Honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

SUNDERLAND P.

—*Macaulay*, vol i., p. 655.

Now, admitting the authenticity of Sunderland's letter, and taking it for granted that Mr. Macaulay has quoted it VERBATIM, there are three points about the matter worthy of especial notice:—

1. *To whom was the said letter addressed?*

At the period in question, there were two gentlemen at court to whom such a document might have been addressed; *first*, William Penn, the son of Admiral Penn, a gentleman of high standing, great influence, and considerable wealth, whose probity and honor, up to the publication of this history, have never been doubted; and of whose name, Mr. Macaulay truly says, England is proud: and, *secondly*, a Mr. George Penne, mentioned in Pepys' Diary, and who is known to have been instrumental at this very period in effecting the release from slavery of a Mr. Azariah Pinney, a gentleman of Bettiscombe, near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, whose sentence of death had been commuted to transportation. To the historian solicitous only for the discovery of truth, the



spelling of the name, and the fact of employment on a somewhat similar service, and, on the other side, the unbending scrupulosity of the Quaker, would have pointed out George Penne as the likelier man of the two for such a service.

2. *By whom is the appeal to Mr. Penne made?*

Our readers will see, on perusing Sunderland's letter attentively, that it admits of two constructions; *first*, that Mr. Penne was employed at the "request" of the Maids of Honor; or, *secondly*, at the "request" of the Maids of Taunton; in the latter case, the Mr. Penne would be appealed to as a mediator, and the somewhat similar case of Mr. Pinney again points to Mr. George Penne.

3. *By whom was the iniquitous negotiation actually conducted?*

History is very clear on this point; Oldmixon, a contemporary historian and an eye-witness, gives the following graphic account of the affair: "The court was so unmerciful, that they excepted the poor girls of Taunton, who gave Monmouth colors, out of their pretended pardon, and every one of them was forced to pay as much money as would have been a good portion to each, for particular pardons. This money, and a great deal more, was said to be for the maids of honor, whose agent, Brett, the Popish lawyer, had an under agent, one Crane, of Bridgewater, and 'tis supposed that both of them paid themselves very bountifully out of the money which was raised by this means, some instances of which are within my knowledge."—*Oldmixon*, vol. ii., p. 708.

Mr. Macaulay quotes Oldmixon whenever it serves his purpose; he even quotes him on this very matter of the Monmouth rebellion; and yet *this passage, which removes all doubts as to the actual negotiator, is carefully kept back*, and we are gravely told that William Penn "accepted the commission." Out upon such perversion of history!

The next charge we shall notice is positively and clearly disproved by the authority to which Mr. Macaulay himself refers: this is, perhaps, more gross than the other. Kiffin, a Baptist, and a man of good standing in the city of London, was pressed by the king to accept the alderman's gown, and this, doubtless, with a view of gratifying the body of dissenters; but Kiffin, two of whose grandsons had previously fallen victims to the "bloody assizes," wished to decline the honor. Macaulay charges Penn with being employed by the king to persuade Kiffin into compliance, and he cites Kiffin's "Memoirs" as evidence of the fact; the passages are very brief, and we give them side by side:—

MACAULAY.

KIFFIN.

Penn was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose.—*Macaulay*, ii. 230.

I used all the means I could to be excused, both by some lords near the king, and also by Sir Nicholas Butler and Mr. Penn.—*Kiffin's Memoirs*, p. 84.

This brief sentence is all that is preserved, and no writer but Kiffin (prior to Mr. Macaulay) makes any allusion to the subject. Here the exact converse of the truth is set forth as truth: Mr. Mac-

aulay makes the king employ Penn to seduce Kiffin; Kiffin states that *he* employed Penn to plead with the king. Then what does the phrase, "to no purpose," mean? The obvious meaning would be, that Kiffin refused the honor *in toto*: but this was not so; for, although evidently reluctant, Kiffin accepted and wore the alderman's gown.

Another, and much more labored accusation is partly based on a letter, said, by some of William Penn's enemies, to have been written by him. This letter is still preserved in the archives of Magdalen College, Oxford; and Mr. Forster, with a perseverance worthy the cause he is defending, has found that it is strictly anonymous, and that it bears the following memorandum on the back, "Mr. Penn disowned this." This letter abounds with those terms which the Friends have always held as merely complimentary, and therefore objectionable; such as, "Sir," "Majesty," &c.: and this intrinsic proof of its not being written by Penn, is, with a curious pertinacity in perversion, turned by Mr. Macaulay to that gentleman's disadvantage:—"Titles and phrases, against which he had borne his testimony, dropped occasionally from his lips and his pen." *This anonymous letter is the only proof.*

The celebrated struggle between James and the University of Oxford is familiar to most of our readers: with this Penn's name is certainly connected, but history has regarded him as a moderator or mediator between the university and the crown; a man whose aim was to mollify the exasperated monarch on the one side, and to induce the university to make some concessions on the other. The circumstances connected with this affair, appear to be the following:—In the April of 1687, we are told that "the king, influenced in part by his representations, issued a declaration of liberty of conscience for England, and for suspending the execution of all penal laws in matters ecclesiastical." By this declaration Protestant dissenters enjoyed their meetings peaceably; the Quakers especially, who had the most severely suffered from the penal laws, were truly grateful for the relief thus afforded them. They accordingly prepared an address to the king, expressive of their gratitude for this seasonable relief; and William Penn and others were, by the yearly meeting, appointed to present the address, which was well received, and graciously responded to. The summer then coming on, William Penn travelled into several of the English counties, and held many large meetings. While at Chester, the king also arrived there, and went to the Quakers' meeting-house to hear Penn preach; a mark of respect he showed him at two or three other places, where they fell in with each other in the course of their respective tours. At Oxford they came in together; and here, as Mr. Clarkson observes, "William Penn had an opportunity of showing not only his courage, but his consistency in those principles of religious liberty which he had defended during his whole life." The election of



Dr. Hough to the presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, having been illegally declared null and void, the king recommended Parker, Bishop of Oxford, to the presidentship. Parker having been an Independent, and being at this time suspected of Popish principles, the fellows would not agree to the recommendation; they even respectfully but firmly refused to comply with the king's express *commands* to elect the bishop. William Penn, when on horseback the next morning, and about to quit Oxford, having been made acquainted with what had occurred, rode up to the Magdalen College and conversed with the fellows upon the subject. Before he took his departure, he wrote a letter, which he desired the fellows to present to the king, wherein he expressed his disapprobation of his majesty's conduct. Dr. Sykes and Mr. Creech agree in speaking of this letter as intimating to the king the hardness of the fellows' case, and as stating that they could not yield obedience to the mandate without a breach of their oaths, such a mandate being *a force on conscience, and not very agreeable to the king's other gracious indulgences*; and Sewel, in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Quakers," speaks of it in similar terms. This letter seems to have produced no good effect, for "the fellows remained resolute, and the king angry;" and soon after the departure of James from Oxford, it was reported that he "had issued an order to proceed against the college by writ of *quo warranto*." At this juncture, Dr. Bailey, one of the senior fellows, received the anonymous letter we have before mentioned, and which is given verbatim by Mr. Forster, as printed in the "State Trials." Internal evidence in abundance is afforded by the letter itself against the supposition of its having been written by Penn. It commences "Sir," and, though addressed personally to Dr. Bailey, the plural pronoun "you" is used throughout; it moreover concludes with the usual formula, "Your affectionate servant." These are all modes of expression directly contrary to William Penn's practice; and the only reason for Dr. Bailey's supposing it to have emanated from Penn, is its "charitable purpose," since, as he says, in writing to Penn on the subject of the letter, "you have been already so kind as to appear in our behalf, and are reported by all who know you, to employ much of your time in doing good to mankind, and using your credit with his majesty to undeceive him in any wrong impressions given him of his conscientious subjects, and, where his justice and goodness have been thereby abused, to reconcile the persons injured to his majesty's favor, and secure them by it from oppression and prejudice. In this confidence, I presume to make this application to you," &c.\* The letter thus attributed to Penn, was, as we have seen "disowned" by him.

It is not known whether William Penn returned any reply to Dr. Bailey's letter; it is, however, certain that the college, still in alarm at the

report of the writ, thought it worth while to try Penn's influence with the king, and accordingly sent a deputation of five persons to Windsor, where he then was—the court being there at the same time—to bespeak his interference in their behalf. An account of two interviews with Penn is given by Dr. Hough, one of the deputation, in a letter to a relation. In the course of conversation, Penn seems to have been as explicit as man could have been; informing them that he feared they had come too late, the king expecting that the measures he had taken would prove effectual; that he would, notwithstanding, make another effort; that he would read their papers to the king, *unless peremptorily commanded to forbear*, "but that if he failed, they must attribute his want of success not to his want of will, but to his want of power." And that he did make this further trial to serve the college, there can be no doubt; for, as Mr. Clarkson observes, "no instance can be adduced wherein he ever forfeited his word, or broke his promise." But if made, the effort was ineffectual, for commissioners were sent to Oxford, to carry out the king's designs; Dr. Hough, and nearly all the fellows of Magdalen, were displaced, after a noble resistance, but were afterwards restored, when the king began to see the impolicy of his unjust proceedings.

These seem to be the plain facts of a proceeding upon which Mr. Macaulay grounds his charge against Penn, of not scrupling "to become a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind," namely, that of using "a bishopric as a bait to tempt a divine to commit perjury." This is an allusion to a remark made by Penn, to which we shall presently refer. Into the discussion of this difficult and now obscure Oxford business, Mr. Forster enters fully and fairly; and we are sure our readers will bear with us if we quote that portion of his preface which relates to it.

First, (he observes,) as regards Penn's earliest share in the business, viz., his conference with the fellows at Oxford, Mr. Macaulay says, "Penn's agency was employed." None of Wilmot's authorities, neither Anthony A. Wood, nor Sykes' and Creech's letters, mention any employment: they merely state, that after the king had met the fellows, Penn went to Magdalen College, but whether at the instigation of the court or of his own feelings, they do not add. His object may, as has been well stated, have been "either to save the king from his dilemma, or the college from its peril." The imputation of either motive is an assumption, but Mr. Macaulay's positive assertion that he was employed, is certainly unwarranted.

But Mr. Macaulay assumes much more than the fact of agency; he asserts not only that Penn was employed, but employed in order to "terrify, caress, or bribe the college into submission." If this was the task imposed on him, he certainly did not fulfil it, nor even attempt to fulfil it; for though, says Wilmot, "he at first hoped to persuade the fellows to comply with the king's wishes, yet, when he heard the statement of the case," that is, when he ascertained the true facts, "he was satisfied that they could not comply without a breach of their

\* This entirely confirms the testimony both of Clarkson and Croese, as to William Penn's benevolence.



oaths, and wrote a letter to the king on their behalf."

Again, when Mr. Macaulay says that Penn, having "too much good feeling to approve of the violent and unjust proceedings of the government"—(wonderful admission!)"—"even ventured to express part of what he thought," it would have been well to have stated what part of his thoughts he can have concealed. The fellows allege their oath as their excuse for disobedience; this excuse they represent to Penn, who boldly and plainly repeats it to the king. "Their case," he says, "was hard;" "they could not yield obedience without a breach of their oaths;" "such mandates were a force on conscience." What more could he or any one have said?—and what other of James' courtiers, who vied in his desertion and in fawning on his successor, when the "courtly Quaker" had courage to declare that the fallen monarch "had been his friend and his father's friend," would have dared to say as much?

Next, as to the letter addressed to Bailey, and attributed to Penn: in the first place there is no proof, or rather no probability, that this letter was his writing. It bears no signature, he never acknowledged any share in it, it is not alluded to as his by Hough in his account of the Windsor conference; and though Wilmot seems to suppose he never denied it, there is good reason to believe he did, inasmuch as the cotemporary copy of the proceedings in this case, preserved in the archives of Magdalen College, bears on the margin of this letter a manuscript memorandum—"Mr. Penn disowned this." Moreover, its very wording, the terms "Sir" and "Majesty," are contrary to his notorious scruples and style of writing. Mr. Macaulay does indeed state, either on the authority of this anonymous epistle or his own imagination, that "titles and phrases, against which he had born his testimony, dropped occasionally from his lips and his pen;" and possibly the fact that such phrases were inconsistent with his profession, and therefore with his sincerity, may be in Mr. Macaulay's mind reason why he should ascribe them to Penn, but as no other occasion is recorded in which they fell from him, and as no motive can be imagined for him to have thus belied the scruples of a life, for which he had so often suffered, (nor, indeed, for him to conceal his name at all,) their use in this case would appear to be strong internal evidence against his authorship.

But even supposing that it is fair to charge him with the contents of this document, which plainly it is not, they by no means justify Mr. Macaulay's insinuations of "intimidation," attempts to "seduce the college from the path of right," to "frighten the Magdalen men," &c.

So far from the letter having given such ideas to Dr. Bailey, he grounds his guess that it was Penn's on "its charitable purpose" making it "seem to have been written by one who had been already so kind as to appear on their behalf," and was "reported by all who knew him to employ much of his time in doing good to mankind, and using his credit with his majesty to undeceive him in any wrong impression."

It is a pity Mr. Macaulay has not quoted this reply of Bailey, his readers could then have judged how far the impression he gives of Penn's conduct was that felt by the parties most interested.

Lastly, comes the final interview at Windsor, in Mr. Macaulay's account of which the incorrect

notion given by his disregard of time and place is plain enough.

Any one of his readers would suppose that this interview was sought by Penn, in performance of his office of seduction. "He did not succeed in frightening the Magdalen men," so he "tried a gentler tone," and accordingly "had an interview with Hough," &c., and "began to hint at a compromise." Who would imagine, after reading such sentences as these, that this conference took place, not at the college, but at Windsor; a deputation of the fellows going forty miles to see the Quaker, more than a month after the interview at Oxford, and six days after the date of Bailey's letter, in consequence of whose entreaty for his intercession it was probably held?—*Preface*, p. xxxvii.

In addition, Mr. Forster quotes from the "Tablet," of March 10, 1849, the masterly exposition of the discrepancies between the two accounts of the Windsor interview, as given by Mr. Macaulay and Dr. Hough; but we need quote no more than the following paragraph relative to the bait of the bishopric:—

It is true (says the writer) that when somebody mentioned the Bishop of Oxford's indisposition, Penn, "smiling" asked the fellows how they would like Hough to be made a bishop? This remark, made as a joke, answered by Mr. Cradock as a joke, and—even by Dr. Hough, who answered it more seriously, not taken as "an offer at any proposal by way of accommodation"—this casual piece of jocosity, picked out of a three hours' conversation; reported by one interlocutor without the privity of the other; and, if taken seriously, at variance with every other part of the conversation, and unconnected with its general tenor, is gravely brought forward as a proof that a man otherwise honest, deliberately intended to use "simony," as a bait to tempt a divine to what both parties *knew* to be "perjury."—*Preface*, p. xl.

We must now, however, draw our remarks to a close; but before we notice another of Mr. Macaulay's extraordinary perversions of facts, we must be allowed to call attention to one of the most noble actions of William Penn's career—an action strictly in accordance with the scripture precept—"Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."

In the month of April of the memorable year 1688, the king

Renewed his declaration for liberty of conscience, with this addition, that he would adhere firmly to it, and that he would put none into public employments but such as would concur with him in maintaining it. He also promised that he would hold a parliament in the November following. This was what William Penn desired. He wished the king to continue firm to his purpose; but he knew that neither tests nor penalties could be legally removed without the consent of Parliament. He rejoiced, therefore, that the Parliament were to be consulted on the measure; for he indulged a hope, that the substance of the royal declaration would be confirmed by both houses, and thus pass into a law of the land.—p. 191.

The immediate consequences of this renewal of



the declaration, and of the accompanying order of council that it should be read in all the churches within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the kingdom, are well known; the committal of the seven bishops to the Tower, their trial and acquittal being matters of history. In about a fortnight afterwards William of Orange landed in Torbay, and James the Second ceased to reign. William Penn's feelings at this change of affairs may be more easily imagined than described. By the flight of James he had lost one who, "with all his political failings, had been his firm friend;" and, not only so, "but he lost (what most deeply afflicted him) the great patron, on whom he counted for the support of that plan of religious toleration, for which chiefly he had abandoned his infant settlement in America, at a time when his presence was of great importance to its well-being." He dared not return to America, though there a peaceful asylum awaited him, lest his flight should lead to the conclusion that he was guilty of the crimes laid to his charge. He, therefore, in the consciousness of innocence, resolved on remaining in England, and to go at large as before, dangerous as was such a proceeding to one who had no longer a protector at court.

And quickly did he experience the effect of the recent political change, for, on the 10th of December, while walking in Whitehall, he was summoned before the lords of the council, and examined touching the charges brought against him. In reply to some questions he protested that—

He had done nothing but what he could answer before God, and all the princes in the world; that he loved his country and the Protestant religion above his life, and had never acted against either; that all he had ever aimed at in his public endeavors was no other than what the prince himself had declared for; that *King James had always been his friend, and his father's friend; and that, in gratitude, he himself was the king's, and did ever, as much as in him lay, influence him to his true interest.* —p. 204.

Although nothing appeared against Penn, he was obliged to give security to appear on the first day of the next term, and was then dismissed. On his appearance at the time appointed, in discharge of his bail, not one witness could be produced against him; and, nothing having been proved to his disadvantage, he was discharged in open court.

What must have been his joy and his gratitude on the passing of the great Toleration Act, shortly after this, by king, lords, and commons, although it did not come up to the extent of his wishes! Even Burnet, in his "History of his Own Times," though at the Hague he had treated William Penn coldly for advocating the very principles of the new act, gives as reasons why it *had* passed, those very considerations which William Penn had long before given as reasons why it *ought* to pass. This author says that "wise and good men did very much applaud the *quieting* of the nation by the toleration. It seemed to be suitable both to *the spirit of the Christian*

*religion and the interest of the nation.* It was thought very unreasonable that *while we were complaining of the cruelty of the Church of Rome, we should fall into such bad practices among ourselves, and this while we were engaged in a war, in the progress of which we should need the united strength of the whole nation.*"

In 1690, Penn was again arrested on the charge of having traitorously corresponded with James II. He appealed to the king in person. The king was moved by his open and explicit defence to dismiss Penn; some of the council, however, interfering, he was ordered to give bail to appear at the next Trinity term. As on the former occasion, when he appeared in court there was no evidence against him, and he was honorably discharged.

A third time he was arrested on suspicion of being engaged in a conspiracy at the time of the apprehended French invasion; he was now obliged to lie in prison until the last day of Michaelmas term, when he was brought before the court of king's bench, and again discharged.

After these repeated failures, it might have been thought that there would have been no further attempt to molest him; but just as he had attended the funeral of his beloved friend, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and was about to embark for America, he had intimation that a fresh imputation had been brought against him by one William Fuller, who was afterwards declared by Parliament to be "a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser," who had "scandalized the magistrates and the government, abused this house, and falsely accused several persons of honor and quality." To escape the consequences of this fresh impeachment, as he could not leave the kingdom with honor, Penn resolved to remain in retirement in England, neither wantonly throwing himself in the way of the government, nor endeavoring to fly from it; and about six weeks afterwards, another proclamation was issued for the apprehension of himself and of Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely, and of James Graham, founded upon the accusation of the same Fuller, that he and others had been concerned in a conspiracy to invite over James II. from France. He remained in retirement for about three years, neither molested by constable, magistrate, nor any other officer of justice, though greatly annoyed by the increase of popular clamor against him—the consequence of these unfounded accusations. In 1693, he was deprived of the government of Pennsylvania, by King William, whose ear had been poisoned against him. In the following year, however, the king honorably reinstated him in his government, and he was received into higher favor than ever by his own society, many of whose members had fallen away from him in consequence of the calumnies so industriously circulated, and which, for a time, circumstances prevented him from refuting. He was thus restored to his former position, and acquired, if possible, higher honors from his previous sufferings. Five years afterwards, after having spent his time usefully in



England, he and his family embarked for America. He arrived safely in Philadelphia in the November of 1699; returned to England in December, 1701; carried up the address of the Quakers on the accession of Queen Anne, in the following year; and, after various changes and reverses of fortune, died, and was buried at Jordans in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1718.

We now revert to the only other of Mr. Macaulay's assertions respecting Penn that we shall notice, namely, the statement that his fellow-professors "looked coldly on him, and requited his services with obloquy."\* Are we to believe this one gratuitous assertion, or the concordant testimony of the historians of the Quakers—Sewel, Gough, and Clarkson—all of whom agree in bearing the most direct testimony to the estimation in which Penn was held by the members of his own sect? Are we to give up opinions, founded on such authorities as these, in favor of a flippant observation of one who can pervert truth as Mr. Macaulay has done? The very society which Mr. Macaulay represents as "requiting Penn's services with obloquy," has spent thousands of pounds in printing and distributing his works, and cherishes the record of his life as a piece of biography worthy of all imitation. But churchmen entertain the same opinion of Penn. Let Mr. Macaulay pervert facts as he may; let him work his distractions never so smoothly—

The voice of history cannot be thus silenced; she has already recorded her judgment, from which there is no appeal. This Quaker was a strong and a brave and therefore a free man; he ruled himself, and fearing God, feared no other; and so he made posterity his debtor, for that spirit which won freedom for himself he left to it as a legacy, and there is no fear that the debt due to him will be unpaid so long as the inheritance remains. The memory of good men is sacred; we treasure it as we value our safety in the present, our hope for the future.—*Preface*, lix.

Induced, as we have been by the voice of the calumniator, to give the character of Penn a searching and uncompromising scrutiny, we rise from the task under the firm conviction that he was one of the best and wisest of men. We lose sight of the Quaker in his higher character of Christian; we forget the courtier in the majesty of the philanthropist. It is a mistake to regard him as a sectarian. We believe that long after his sect and its peculiarities shall be forgotten, the name of Penn will be held up as an example to future ages, as a distinguished legislator, a great and powerful teacher, a sincere Christian, and a man of perfect and undeviating integrity.

From the Examiner.

#### NAUTICAL IMPRUDENCES.

WHENEVER a vessel runs ashore either the compasses are to blame, or there is an inset of the

tide, or both. This hackneyed pretext was put forth for the loss of the *Orion*, but very properly discredited by the jury, which virtually acquitted the compasses and the tide, and found the master and second mate guilty of culpable neglect. In this particular instance the attempt to refer the disaster to an error in the compass was of the grossest absurdity, and presumed most impudently on the ignorance of the landsmen employed in the administration of justice; for, the *Orion* being within a pistol shot of the shore, the view of the land, which was seen through the whole night with more or less distinctness, must have served to correct any error in the compass. It is not to be believed that the officer in charge of the deck would rather have trusted to the compass than to the evidence of his eye-sight showing him the land right a-head. But the truth seems to be that the vessel was not steered by compass, any more than a vessel going up and down the Thames is steered by compass; but that the *Orion* was shunning the contrary flood tide, and keeping as close as possible to the shore, following the bends of the coast in which the slackest water or eddies are to be found. From the account we think it not improbable that the helmsman had fallen asleep at the wheel, which is far from an uncommon occurrence in a vessel negligently commanded.

With reference to the unserviceable state of the boats which caused so lamentable a loss of life, one of the nautical witnesses suggested that it would be expedient to have the plugs attached by a lanyard, so that when out of the plug-holes they would always be at hand in case of sudden emergency, instead of having to be searched for in the confusion of a moment of danger. Another nautical witness coolly disposed of this sensible suggestion by stating he had never seen the plugs so prepared for use. Very likely not, for few are the simple precautions of prudence ever seen on board ship. The oars are never seen in the boats, nor the thowles, both of which are always to be hunted for when wanted; but in lieu of them the hen-coops are generally to be found in the boats, and any lumber which it would be too troublesome to stow elsewhere. Further, the running tackle for lowering the boats is seldom in a state to run through the sheaves. It seems, indeed, to be the settled opinion of seamen that boats are of no sort of use except for the business of going to and fro in harbor, and they are always looked upon with an evil eye as sheer lumber on a voyage. The truth is, that all precautions against danger are repugnant to the reckless habits of seamen, and the neglect of boats comes next to that of lights, which they have a most rooted aversion to showing. It is to be hoped that the reformation to be worked under the Mercantile Marine Bill will include some of these imprudent habits and propensities. There are certain regulations as to boats and lights, which should be made compulsory in all vessels, the precautions being of great value, and the trouble attending them the very slightest.

\* Macaulay, vol. i., p. 506.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

# THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Carrigbawn, 28th September, 1850.

RESOLVE me, dear Anthony, how it is that the soul of man so finely sympathizes with all the changes of scene and season in this changeful and beautiful world? How spring and summer, autumn and winter, as they roll on successively through the varying year, invigorate, inflame, solemnize and sadden us? Truly the texture of man's inward life is intimately interwoven with the outward world around him, and its influences are not less potent on his physical than on his moral being. The fresh breezy morn and the dewy eventide—the bright blue sky of still sultry summer, and the wild blasts of gloomy winter—day and night, sunshine and shadow, playing upon our spirits as the hand of a cunning musician upon harp-strings, alike admonish us that we are a portion of God's wondrous creation, harmonized with the whole—sentient with insentient—perturbed or tranquillized as his omnipotent hand shakes or stills it; bearing our part involuntarily, often unconsciously, with spheres unnumbered, in that mystical adoration which universal nature is unceasingly offering up to its divine Author. Sublimely is this consentaneous worship expressed in the fine canticle which our own church has introduced into her spiritual service. I allude, of course, to the "Song of the Three Children"—"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever."

Spring, with its bursting life and buoyant feeling, has long since swelled and softened into summer, and summer has ripened into an autumn of plenteous promise—a promise destined to be but partially realized. For men have gathered in the fruits of the earth, and find the gold of her grain scant and alloyed; and with sad hearts and crushed hopes they dig out her diseased and putrescent roots. And now the days are growing short, and the sunshine fitful; the streamlets are swelling, and their silvery currents are running dark and turbid, while the voices of winds and waters are becoming hoarser and more loud. The flush of her beauty is passing away from the face of the earth, but the change is not unmarked with a tender loveliness that is more touching than the brightness of summer. Her flowers are all gone; the purple and gold of her heathery braes are fading, and her foliage of tree and shrub, which "is a glory to her," as long hair is a glory to woman, has already lost gloss and color, and is now falling away like the dry, gray hairs from the head of one past the prime of life. The ash, latest to put forth its green, shows now but naked sprays traced against the sky, and her sister of the mountain has cast to the ground the clusters of her bright red berries, for they, too, are shrunk and faded; the leaves of the beech, and elm, and sycamore are twisted and shrivelled into crisp

and discolored shreds, and even the oak leaf sears in the wind—

And, turning yellow,  
Falls and floats adown the air.

The day has been one of gloom, and gust, and shower; but as the sun is declining, the masses of clouds are broken and scattered, and the patches of bright blue that shine out between the sun-tinted edges of gray cloud, where

We can almost think we see  
Through golden vistas into heaven,

promise a serene evening. Come, then, dear Anthony, and wander forth with me in the spirit, if you cannot in the flesh. Pass we out through the casement of my *sanctum* upon the shining gravel, and along the alley, lately dark and leaf-shadowed, now exposed to light and air; and as we wend upwards, skirting the grove of oak and pine, mark how the breath of evening shakes down showers of leaves, and bright drops of rain fall glinting from the swaying branches, as if Nature, with tears and sighs, mourned over her decay. How our feet crunch the dry skeleton leaves that lie like a carpet upon the shingles! There is something in that sound that always saddens me. It speaks of death as loudly to my heart as the peal of the passing bell. "THE FALL OF THE LEAF!" How mysteriously does man's life synchronize with it! With what an agony of solicitude do many fond and fearing hearts take daily note of the process of maceration that eats away the parched leaf to a network of fibre, and then turn their sorrowful eyes to the clear, pale forehead and wasting cheeks of some dear friend, sure that when the leaves have all laid them down upon earth's lap, the sick one will seek the same place of rest. O, mighty mother! all things that spring from thee to thee return, and thou drawest them to thy bosom, and there they take their rest. Some sleep but for a brief season, and rise refreshed and beautified, like a babe whose cheek is flushed from slumber, and thou seest them wake and sleep again and again; but man—thy last born and thy noblest—him thou hidest in thy heart, and coverest tenderly as for a long, deep sleep—ay, long and deep it is; still wilt thou behold its waking, but not till thou art thyself in thy death-struggle. And for man, what a waking! Stupendous, inconceivable, spiritual, glorified, incorruptible! What meeting of friends, what renewal of affections, what clearing up of all that is dark! "Behold," said one who spoke with a heaven-taught tongue, "I show you a mystery"—a mystery upon whose confines so many with whom we have held converse are already waiting, whose realization we ourselves so rapidly approach.

Time draweth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
—————What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.

And how does life show now to us, dear An-



thony, in the retrospect, as we take it in at a glance, foreshortened in the perspective of memory? Pause a moment, and look on the river rushing at our feet. Far above, near the mountain-top, is its clear and sparkling source, and down along the hill-sides and ravines, here in light, there in gloom, it has sported and leaped, swelling and widening, till it hurries by us, deep in its channel, strong in its current, eddying and chafing—dark, turbid, and sinuous. Look down now and catch a glimpse of it in the far-away plain, in broad and plenteous volume, and thence it rolls away, though we see it no more, into the ocean, and is lost. It is a type of man's life, my friend, obvious and apt—its bright and joyous infancy—its youth of high, vague hope, how rarely fulfilled—its busy, fretful, toiling manhood—its sobered, passionless senectude, lapsing almost imperceptibly into eternity. A few lines, if you will listen to them, will tell you what I mean by this illustration. I would that you could, for my recitative, substitute the magnificent voice and finished style of my friend, Joseph Robinson, as he chants them to one of the fine airs which those great masters of song, the Germans, alone know how to conceive:—

## LIFE.

Fount! that sparklest wild and free,  
As thy bright waves dance along,  
In the joyous melody  
Of thy bubbling voice of song—  
Just like Life, when young and bright,  
Full of joy, and song and light!  
Ah! that shadows ever should lower;  
Sorrows will darken life's brightest hour!

Stream! that rushest deep and strong,  
In thy beauty and thy pride,  
Bearing wealth and power along  
On thy full and lordly tide—  
Just like Life in manhood's hour,  
Strong in faith and hopeful power.  
Ah! that storms should ever arise;  
Tempests may wreck the hopes that we prize!

Flood! that glidest noiselessly  
To thy ocean home of rest,  
Pouring sweet and tranquilly  
All thy waves into her breast—  
Just like Life when at its close,  
And the worn heart seeks repose.  
Ah! will ocean give back the wave?  
Who shall disturb the peace of the grave?

Come, let us enter the wood, and so on and upwards still to the little mountain lake. Is not this a sweet spot even still? But you should have seen it a month since, when the thick-vestured trees stood closer around it, dipping their heavy branches into its margent, like lusty toppers crowding round the wine-bowl; or when the stars, of a clear, calm night, looked down into its still face, showing a nether firmament of blue and silver. Now the trees are well nigh leafless beside it, and the breeze that moans through them has ruffled the mirror of its surface. I assure

you it is a favorite spot with me for contemplation. What better place could we find, in which

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
To muse and brood, and live again in memory  
With those old faces of our infancy,  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass?

What fitter time is there for such memories in the year's circuit than "the fall of the leaf?" Here are some of my musings on the spot where we are now standing; they smack, at all events, of the locality, though I will not say they are altogether worthy of the *genius loci*:

## FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

## I.

Where are they, the loved in youth,  
Upon our breasts reclining?  
Whose souls looked into ours to view  
Their own reflected, clear and true,  
Like stars in calm lakes shining.

## II.

Where are they, whose lightest tones,  
Like gentle music waking,  
Stirred our souls with feelings deep,  
As rustling winds through forests creep  
At night, their green hearts shaking?

## III.

Seek them where the starlight shines  
In waves when storms are pouring—  
Where the music of the grove  
Lives when wintry tempests rove,  
Through leafless branches roaring.

## IV.

Passed away—like ocean's waves  
Upon some lone shore breaking;  
Passed—as pass sweet dreams of night,  
That leave us with the morning's light  
In tears and grief at waking.

Now, then, brave sinews and muscles, for we must thread this rough, steep path, which winds through the heart of the wood, right over the ridge of the hill. Take good heed of the tangled branches, as they are the worst possible brushes to apply to a silk "*Chapeau de Paris*," and the twisted roots may catch your foot, and disturb your vertical elevation. Now turn sharp round that wall of rock, with the light sprays of the feathery rowan waving on its summit, like the crest on a knight's helmet, and ——— There's something "to take the shine out of your eyes." Sea, sea, sea! as far as the vision can stretch westward. Those are the billows of the mighty Atlantic, rolling in unbroken swell from a land whose existence was unknown to us a few centuries ago, till they dash against the base of those white cliffs on which we are now standing. Look down cautiously over the edge of this beetling rock, and you will see the waves plashing with a deep hoarse roar, and then crumbled into sea-dust, which the light wind catches and flings up into our very faces. We are just in time to witness a splendid sunset. See, now, the waves flush and



glitter as the edge of his deep red disk, apparently enlarged to tenfold its ordinary size, touches them. Look at the black cloud that rises from the horizon and spreads across his face, by little and little, till the whole is hidden; but the golden shafts that shoot up beyond it through the blue ether, show that he is still battling gallantly with the darkness that will soon shroud him. Let us sit down here and watch in silence the light fading away through a thousand hues, such as they say mark a dolphin's death, till the last tinge of the palest salmon-color gives place to the cold grayish blue of twilight. It is all over, dear Anthony—the day is dead, and here are my musings the while upon the sunset. Here, then, to our beautiful air, “The brink of the white rocks:”—

THE BRINK OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

I.

On the brink of the white rocks at eve I reclined,  
As the sun-flush spread wide o'er the waves;  
And solemn and sad came the thoughts o'er my mind

Of the dear ones I laid in their graves.  
The low moans of ocean fell soft on my ears,  
The breeze brought the spray from the main;  
And I thought on the strong hearts that sobbed  
o'er their biers—  
Manhood's hot and sharp tears shed in vain.

II.

As slowly the day-god sank down in the west,  
A cloud wrapt his orb from my view;  
But high into heaven, above that cloud's crest,  
The beams of his brightness shot through.  
Oh, loved and lamented! mid sorrows and gloom  
The sun of your bright spirits set;  
But radiant above, breaks a light from the tomb,  
Mingling hope with each bitter regret.

III.

At morning again, when the dark night is past,  
In his glory the sun will arise;  
Renewed in his strength, and more bright than  
when last  
We watched him sink down from the skies.  
The grave night's soon o'er and the dawn will ap-  
pear,  
When the dead will rise pure as the day;  
While the clouds that hung round our last sad  
parting here  
Shall have wept all their darkness away.

I believe there is no vainer sorrow than sorrowing for the dead. If the past be unalterable, and the future inexorable, then is lamentation over the bier vanity itself; but in truth we mourn not *for* the dead, but *after* the dead, and *for* ourselves. And this too is vain—a weakness of our nature, to be indulged in only so far as it sanctifies and improves us, to be mastered when it would enfeeble our minds or prostrate our energies. I like not the custom of the Hebrews, who honored their dead with wailings. For myself I would prefer to struggle for the composure of feelings that will permit me to recur with pleasure to all the endearing recollections which restore to me my friend, unalloyed with gloom or repining. There

are few to whom time does not at length bring this tranquillity—he is the wisest who can reach it soonest. I shall let death rob me of as little as I can. If he take the body that I loved, I shall not suffer him to mar my spirit's intercourse with that of the departed—with that I shall hold converse in my lonely rambles and in the watches of the night. I will cling to all the endearing and enduring memories that make it oftentimes sweeter to think upon the dead than to commune with the living. And so, dear Anthony, I will sing you

THE MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

I.

Weep not for the dead!  
Thy sighs and tears are unavailing;  
Vainly o'er their cold, dark bed  
Breaks the voice of thy loud wailing.  
The dead, the dead, they rest;  
Sorrow, and strife, and earthly woes  
No more shall harm the blest,  
Nor trouble their deep calm repose.

II.

Weep not for the dead;  
But oh! weep sore for those remaining,  
Who bend with grief-defiled head  
O'er their untimely graves complaining.  
The dead, the dead, no more  
Shall fill our aching hearts and eyes;  
But heaven hath left us store  
Of sweet and blessed memories.

III.

As stars through dark skies stealing,  
With tender, holy light;  
As tongues of sweet bells pealing,  
Upon the deep still night;  
So, on the spirit streaming,  
A solemn light is shed;  
And long-loved tones come teeming  
With memories of the dead.

IV.

As clouds drawn up to heaven  
Return in softest showers,  
Like odors which are given  
Sweetest from bruised flowers,  
Sad thoughts, with holy calming  
The wounded heart o'erspread,  
In fragrant love embalming  
The memories of the dead.

Adieu, dear Anthony, for the present—“*sic memor mei.*” If you will think of me hereafter, when I have passed away, as I fondly trust you will—think of me on some sweet autumn evening, when the heaven promises a bright morrow—when your heart is mellow, and your spirit is jocund. Think of me, my friend, at “THE FALL OF THE LEAF.”

THE grave-digger in St. Peter's churchyard at Carmarthen recently dug up the spinal column of a human body, all the bones of which had been strung together by a fibre of the root of a horse-chestnut running through the cavity formed by the decay of the spinal marrow.



From Tait's Magazine.

## O'REILLY'S IMPROVEMENTS. — A LEGEND OF ULSTER. BY FRANCES BROWN.

THE diocese of Killmore is best known to history as the bishopric of the pious and philanthropic Bedel, whose efforts to obliterate the hereditary enmity between Celt and Saxon were so successful in his day, till, as he declared, the iniquitous administration of Lord Strafford broke his heart. The lands of the see are situated in one of the most fertile and cultivated districts of the county Cavan, in Southern Ulster, and it is named from a small village standing in the midst of a pleasant English-like landscape, studded with handsome, though antiquated, villas, and possessing little to interest the passing stranger, except a rather rustic cathedral, in which the good bishop is said to have preached in their native tongue to the Irish.

In that old country church, before (to use the peasant's phrase) "Buoneparte had ris the rents an' ruined Irelan intirely," there worshipped for many a year—all unconscious, and, it must be added, unimitative, of Bedel's history—a respectably-dressed, stout-figured, ruddy-faced bachelor, with more than half gray hair, and a soberly, self-important manner, who was known to his neighbors as Mr. Lacy Hamilton. The Mr., indeed, was not always annexed; for, though reckoned rich to a miracle, Lacy was descended from a line of save-alls, a character, by the way, generally inspiring the reverse of popular respect in Ireland. They had lived, and gathered, and died, in the same old and rudely-built farm-house, every generation adding to their possessions, not only by their own savings, but sundry bequests from unmarried relatives, till, on the death of his father, a considerable property in land, and some thousands in the Ulster bank, which rumor, of course, doubled, reverted to Lacy.

It was the concern of his mother's widowed days to increase this heritage, and guard her son from unprofitable matrimony. In the last endeavor she succeeded wonderfully, with the help of another property, which Lacy had not received from his ancestors—namely, an extraordinary amount of vulgar pride, partly in himself and partly in his riches. When, at length, in his thirty-fifth year, death closed the eyes, and set at rest the hands, of that busy and watchful dame, it was exhibited in a singular fashion. Lacy levelled the old farm-house to the ground, and erected at some distance a new, square, and rather imposing mansion, the large rooms of which he furnished in an expensive but imperfect manner, promulgated the plan of a lawn in front, a garden in the rear, with farm-yard and offices to match; but there his energies suddenly relaxed; and for twenty years the great house stood alone on a bare rising ground, with docks and nettles growing thick about its walls and wretchedly incongruous offices in the rear.

Travellers from the sister isles, who occasionally passed it on coach or car, were apt to remark that nothing similar could be seen out of the green land; but Lacy's neighbors had familiar solutions for the problem. They knew that he had hopefully waited for his mother's departure in order to make his money available in securing a place among the surrounding gentry, into some family of whom he had determined to marry, and leave the peasant ranks forever behind him. But being

an instance of that powerless ambition which has the will but not the way to rise, Mr. Lacy's manners and education belonged so completely to the class in which he was born, that the poorest of the superior cast could not be induced to associate with him, and their general contempt and ridicule rewarded all his endeavors after gentility. From that adverse field Mr. Lacy had retired to live in solitary pride at his new-built mansion, which he made many an ineffectual attempt to have called Hamilton House, and rarely left except for the church, the market, or his surrounding farm-fields. Debarred the gentry's society, he would put up with nothing less; and the neighboring farmers recalled many a tale of his family's money-gripping and hard-working ways, by way of comment on Mr. Hamilton's brief replies and haughty salutations. Similar doings of his own were gradually added to the list; for it seemed that unsuccessful outlay of his money had taught him more abundantly the value of what remained; and the elderly woman who constituted his entire in-door establishment, as well as the laborers of his farm, could testify to his profiting by that lesson. Lacy had also tenants able to corroborate their evidence. Besides the hundred acres himself cultivated, he was the proprietor of sundry small farms, which, being bishop's land, were held by leases renewable forever; but he and his predecessors, in common with most small Irish proprietors, preferred letting them only to tenants-at-will. One of these, which lay nearest Hamilton's own domain, and far exceeded it in cultivation, had been called O'Reilly's farm long before he or his family became its landlords. Carrol O'Reilly, its occupant at the period of our story, averred that some of his people had lived and labored on it since the County Cavan was called O'Reilly's country, concerning which golden age of his name the man had many a strange tradition.

Such matters were, however, but the entertainment of leisure hours, and few and far between did they come to Carrol. He was a more strong than ordinary specimen of the native Ulster peasant. Tall, active, and somewhat dignified in appearance, despite a life of labor, and the humblest education, Carrol had the ready wit and tireless energy, with a clearer judgment and a larger portion of worldly wisdom than generally fall to the share of his countrymen. Moreover, Carrol was regarded by his neighbors as emphatically a just man, whose motto was to owe no man anything. He was even charitable, according to his means; but the man had a regard for his own rights, of which his priest had more than once complained, as rather beyond his management, and a temper whose enduring fierceness warned off provocation.

Carrol's estate consisted of ten acres—reputed the worst land in the parish, under the management of many a preceding O'Reilly. Their last lease had expired when it came into the jurisdiction of Lacy's father, and Carrol commenced life on his own account with such an addition to the rent as the practice of those times allowed. Carrol had toiled upon it in all weathers since then; he had labored in other men's fields, and expended the proceeds on his own; his brothers had lent their assistance, his sons had taken early lessons of industry there, and marvellous was the change produced by their united exertions. Fences rose where such had never been before; drains were made of which nobody had dreamed; and O'Reilly's farm had at length fields whose fertility the neigh-



boring gentry strove to emulate in vain. Carrol was bordering on fifty-five, and had been twice married, the statement of which fact he was wont to conclude after a singularly pious fashion, with, "The Lord's will be done." His first helpmate had been the mother of a large family; they were early wedded, and, it was said, lived happily till the eldest of the eight children was almost grown, when the typhus fever entered his cottage one summer, and took the mother from them. Carrol's grief lasted longer than that of the widowed in general, but if he did not find comfort in the ten acres, they afforded him the next best thing, namely, occupation. Out of them he settled his eldest son on a neighboring farm, with what he called "a little girl of fortin'," made the second a priest, fitted out two for emigration to America; married a couple of daughters respectably in their father's station, and placed the two younger at good service in Castle Crosby.

Being alone in his cottage after these varied achievements, Carrol one day brought it home a second mistress, in the shape of Alley Flannigan, the bonnet-maker of Killmore. Alley was an orphan cousin of the parish priest, to whose advice Carrol particularly attributed the match; though his reverence averred it was the first time he had ever known counsel to take effect on him. The strength of her kindred were, a stepmother who had remarried, and some half dozen of brothers and sisters, with large families of their own.

Alley had learned her trade in Cavan, and maintained herself by it, in a manner. All the parish knew her to be honest, careful, and desirous of well doing, but that was the bound of Alley's abilities; for energy, invention, or foresight, she had none. A poor and lonely life had the widow led, with her bonnet-blocks, to a certain age, at which she looked still neat and comely, though it was believed that Alley never had an offer except from a recruiting-sergeant who was quartered in the town about ten years previous. Alley was young then, and did not like a seat on the baggage-cart, or thought the sergeant, who was a gay, dashing young fellow, insincere; but ever after her neighbors were unanimous in the opinion that Alley rued the non-entertainment of that proposal. None of them were therefore surprised, when Carrol paid his addresses, at his almost immediate acceptance. The pair stepped quietly one evening to the house of Father Flannigan, who made them one with the celerity of a practised hand; and Alley was found next morning making things neat about the cottage.

The Irish peasantry entertain strong prejudices against second marriages, and Carrol's children were no exception to that rule. They showed little liking for their stepmother, inoffensive as she was, which Carrol said was but natural; adding, that "He niver intinded to put any man in the place ov the woman that wis in heavin; but seein' that the house wis lonely, and Alley dissolute, he thought it well to purvide a comforter for his ould days and lave her the farm improvemints whin he wint to meet his blissed Norah."

That farm was a spot in which poor Carrol took no little pride; its fields with the hedge-rows, and the fruit trees he had planted among them, lay so pleasant round the neat white cottage, whose rose-wreathed windows and pretty curtains within rivalled the rustic homes of England. All was the fruit of his own labor; but Carrol had yet to learn that more admiring eyes than his were upon it.

That quiet wedding was scarcely a month over when the solitude of Mr. Lacy's large house was also enlivened by the arrival of a young man, who bore a diminutive resemblance to himself, and was called his nephew. Master Charles Hamilton had been brought up at Swanlinhar; he was a low-set, impudent-looking fellow, whose aim was to be a country beau, and whose habits and manners were such as might be expected from one reared among the lowest of the peasantry, but taught to value himself on some advantageous connexion. Old gossips accounted for all by recollecting that, subsequent to the death of Mr. Lacy's mother, a maid whom she had specially kept for fine spinning had privately retired from her household, under rather equivocal circumstances, to the above-named locality in her native Connaught; and that ever after Mr. Lacy had obscure but frequently recurring business to transact in that quarter.

"Troth, his nose tells the whole story on the ould sinner," said Alley, as she and her husband made the circuit of their own fields, by way of walk, in a July evening, when, as Carrol remarked, there was little to do but see the corn growing, and Mr. Lacy stood earnestly talking to his nephew at the mairing ditch, or boundary of his own farm.

"What can he be pointin' here for, Alley?" interrupted Carrol. "Come away, woman—they'll think we are listenin';" and the spirited peasant turned homewards; but there was a story between Lacy and his nephew that evening which the latter's nose did not reveal to the O'Reillys.

As the harvest drew on, the looks of both were more frequently directed to Carrol's fields, as if estimating their worth and fertility; and at length, as the husband and wife were shearing together at the earliest of their corn, Master Charlie, who had grown familiar of late, opened his mind in the following manner:—

"It's a wonder to me, Mr. O'Rilly, that you slave yirself wid so much lan', an' all yir childer away. Man, the farm's far too big for ye; but if ye wud like an easy change, I'm sure my uncle could give ye a nice bit of three acres down in the stoney craft," and he pointed to the opposite extreme of Hamilton's property.

"Master Charlie," said Carrol, looking sharply up at him, "I hive no objections, in case I'm well paid for my improvements; there's many a year's sweat an' sore bones of mine in thim. Yer uncle has always got his rint honestly from me; and I hope he'll understan' that I know the rights of a tinint."

"Yer only a tinint at will, Mr. O'Rilly, a'm thinkin'," said Master Charlie.

"That's what we're all in this worl', me young man," responded Carrol. "Bit justice is unmutir-able, as me son, the preisht, says; an' thin that takes my farm, widout payin' for the labor it cost me, 'ill get their reward, either here or hereafter." With which warning words Carrol seized his hook, and Master Charlie sneaked home to tell the tale.

The conversation that ensued between the O'Reillys was low and earnest, varied by outbursts of indignation from Carrol, as the Hamiltons' designs on his farm recurred to him in all their iniquity, till it was suddenly interrupted by a challenge from the next field, given by Jamie Sullivan, a neighbor's son, whose cherished wish had long been to rival Carrol's well known abilities in shearing; and he now inquired if "Mr. O'Rilly wud hive the condiscintion to try him for a stook." Carrol never refused a challenge of that kind; and



a contest immediately commenced, which called the attention of many a reaper, thronged as the fields around them were in that sultry August day, to the rival shearers.

The stipulated twelve sheaves were soon cut down, but, to the discomfiture of the challenger, Carrol maintained his wonted superiority. Jamie, however, was not to be foiled easily; he insisted that his loss of victory was by reason of a cramp in his fingers, "bad cess till it," and loudly demanded another trial. Stook after stook was thus reaped, Carrol always winning, and Jamie renewing the combat with perseverance worthy of a prouder cause. The style in which he would take the conceit out of Carrol on the harvest ridge had been his boast throughout the preceding seasons; and his neighbors were proportionably amused, not only by his repeated defeats, but the various apologies he found for them. Now it was his hook; then the cramp; and again the sun shining on the corn. Some took part with him, some with Carrol; but all encouraged Jamie to persevere, fun having, as usual in Ireland, taken the place of every other consideration. Hooks and sheaves were left in the surrounding fields—man, woman, and child, within hearing, having gathered to the scene of contest. It happened to border on the highway, and, amid the shouts of applause and laughter which accompanied Jamie's efforts, no one took note of a passing traveller, who stood leaning his arms on the fence, and gazing earnestly at Alley, as that undisturbed spirit sat, hook in hand, on the new-cut ridge, enjoying her share of the sport.

"Throth, ye may give up, Jamie, wid a clean conscience," said Carrol, finishing his last stook, and wiping his brow, which had not been dry for hours past. "There's the sun settin', shame a stook I'll shear more;" and the old man, now covered with dust and perspiration, threw himself on the ridge beside Alley.

"Well," said Jamie, resignedly, "since you won't give me another chance. Bad luck till this hook ov mine, I'll break it in flinders when I go home."

"Bny one that 'll shear ov itself, Jamie," responded Mrs. O'Reilly; and her remark was followed by a general laugh, in which the traveller joined. He was a man of Carrol's fashion, but some fifteen years younger, with a face that had seen foreign climates, certain military reminiscences about his dress, and that air of somewhat reckless gayety and freedom characteristic of the Irish soldier. A closer inspection might also have discovered that half the fingers of his left hand were wanting, that he walked with a partial lameness from an injury in the right knee, and had a sly, cunning look, which the world's ways might have taught him, about the eyes.

"A pleasant evening, sir," said Carrol, addressing the stranger.

"Very fine, Mister O'Reilly," answered he in the tone of one determined to create a sensation; "and it's my surprise that you hav'n't failed one sheaf in the shearing since I had the pleasure of seeing you last."

"Dad, then it's long ago," responded Carrol; "for the thransackshin has escaped my memory."

"I'm sorry for it," said the stranger, growing suddenly subdued; "but time makes great changes. Maybe you, nor nobody else here, can recollect Sergeant Allison?"

"Murther!" said Carrol, springing to his feet and seizing the traveller's both hands, "it's you

that's welcome back. Oh! werr-anthru, are two ov yer fingers clane aff? Don't a min' when ye wur courtin' Alley, now Mrs. O'Reilly here? an' troth she was a great fool not to take you!"

Carrol's welcome, even to its last clause, was confirmed by the bystanders, including Alley herself, who added by way of softener, that "ther' wis a fate in them things," an' she must go home to get on the supper.

"No doubt of it," said Carrol, in response to both her observations; and Sergeant Allison entered the field by general invitation, and proceeded to satisfy his old friends' curiosity, by explaining how he had been for years in India—how he lost his fingers and partly the use of his knee-joint in a battle with the troops of Hyder Ali, on which account having obtained a pension, he had returned to his native village, in an adjoining county; but his parents were dead, his brothers and sisters all married; and, finding himself, as he expressed it, a stranger in the place, he was on his way to see his old acquaintance in Killmore.

"It's late," said Carrol, when the sergeant had assisted him to bind and arrange the sheaves for the night. "Blessins on ye for helpin' me! shure I nivir was as tired. But won't ye take a bed at the house? Alley and me has it all to ourselves now."

The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and they spent a marvellous evening with the sergeant's exploits and adventures; but all that night Carrol tossed and groaned—in the morning he was unable to go to the harvest field as usual, and it was soon evident that the over-exertion which vanquished Jamie Sullivan in that burning day had brought on a rapid form of that disease known as pleurisy. Some half-score of rustic remedies, including sundry decoctions of herbs, and a charm from the wise woman of that district, were successively put in requisition; still Carrol grew worse, and the village doctor was at length sent for; but his appointed time was come, and in less than eight days' illness he went the way of all living, leaving most of his children, whom sorrow had reconciled to Alley, weeping with her round his bed, and a will in favor of her and his two unmarried daughters, witnessed by Father O'Flannigan and Sergeant Allison; the latter having, to O'Reilly's gratitude, remained to take charge of the harvest.

Poor Alley's grief, though sincere, was not excessive. "Shure he took me whin nobody else wud!" was her plain-spoken lamentation, to which consoling neighbors replied, "Troth, ye may say that, not to mention his lavin' ye share of the improvements."

Carrol's children did not dispute the will, which was, on the whole, equitable, as all had been previously provided for, excepting the younger girls, who expected their portions off the farm. How valuable it had been made by poor Carrol's exertions was well known; and the O'Reillys were in doubt whether to dispose of his improvements and tenant-right to the highest bidder, and divide the proceeds at once among the three legatees, or endeavor to retain them in the family, by uniting to manage the farm for the behoof of their sisters and stepmother. Sergeant Allison, whose counsel was now heard as a tried friend of the family, gave his opinion in favor of the latter measure, which certainly was the most profitable, and also reminded the O'Reillys that it was necessary to consult their landlord.

Mr. Lacy kept studiously aloof from his tenants



in the season of trial. Neither he nor his nephew had graced the wake or funeral with their presence—an instance of neglect which caused no little scandal in the neighborhood, and provoked sundry comparisons of their respective progenitors by no means favorable to the Hamilton line. Besides, Alley had misgivings in her mind regarding Master Charlie's last conversation with her husband, which she communicated confidentially to her eldest stepson and the sergeant, they being the family's accredited deputies, under the joint command of her cousin, Father O'Flannagan, and the reverend Terence O'Reilly, who had left his distant parish on the first intelligence of Carrol's illness. By those chiefs of the house it was therefore arranged that the eldest son and the sergeant should wait on Mr. Hamilton, (that worthy proprietor being in the habit of exhibiting his Protestantism by a marked incivility to all Catholic priests whatever,) explain to him the wishes of the O'Reillys to retain the farm, and learn his opinion on the subject.

The kitchen and one or two minor apartments were the only inhabited portions of Mr. Lacy's house. There were tales in the neighborhood of velvet tapestry hanging from the ceiling, and costly furniture, covered with dust and mould, in its superior rooms, which had been kept fast locked ever since his notable disappointment in the matter of a ball, to which all the neighboring gentry had been invited, and every one sent apologies. That was now twenty years ago. Old family habits had more than reestablished their sway over Lacy's heart and home; and his household had sat down to breakfast in the kitchen as usual, the farm servants at one table in the centre, and, at a convenient corner—for the double purpose of seeing that they did not consume too much time at the meal, and of superintending his housekeeper in its distribution—he and his nephew sat at another, when Tim O'Reilly and the sergeant made their appearance.

"I hope we'r not disturbin' yer honor! Much comfort may ye have in what's before ye!" said Tim, considering it his duty to open the pleadings. "Shure it's fine weather for the harvest—thanks be to Him that sint it!"

"It is, my good man; but what might your business be?" replied Hamilton, in angry surprise at being caught off his greatness by a Catholic tenant.

Tim had not anticipated that salute, and it roused the slumbering wrath of the O'Reillys within him, touching the disrespect shown to his father's wake. His answer was accordingly brief and careless, merely informing Hamilton of the family's desire to cultivate the farm among them, and promising the accustomed rent in the name of his stepmother.

"I intend taking that farm into my own hand," interrupted Mr. Lacy, "for my nephew here. Your father was very foolish to marry at his time of life, but I will allow the widow twenty pounds in case she goes out quietly at November."

Tim darted upon him a look of fire, and the sergeant burst out with, "Twenty pounds would n't pay for Carrol O'Reilly's labor on one field, as you well know, Mr. Hamilton. There are still two daughters, as well as his wife, to be provided for, and it is to be hoped you won't take the weight of wronging both the widow and the fatherless on your conscience."

"Come away," cried Tim. "The curse ov greed's on him! God rest my father in his grave!

but it's hard to expect he wud stay in it, when the farm his strength was spint on is a takin' from his own."

With these mild words the deputation retired; but there was woe and wrath, not only among the O'Reillys, but throughout the whole parish, when the result of their mission was known. The act was one of such penurious yet glaring injustice that proprietors of every class united in declaring against the paltry pittance assigned to poor Alley and her step-daughters; while to the peasantry it appeared as it really was, a taking of the fruits of O'Reilly's labor to bestow them on his nephew. Neither the remonstrances of the one order, nor the indignation of the other, had the least effect on Hamilton; besides his hereditary love of money, there was in his character a vein of unreasoning obstinacy strengthened by many bachelor years. He refused to add a single shilling to Alley's liberal jointure. The widow was regularly noticed to quit at the ensuing term, and Master Charlie publicly signified his intention of cropping the farm next spring. Alley said that "nothing could go wrong wid thim that had justice on their side;" and while the O'Reillys raged and threatened, while Master Charlie provided himself with pistols, and his uncle talked of a constabulary force to protect Hamilton House, she continued to inhabit the cottage in composed propriety, assisted in the management of the poultry and dairy by an orphan girl she had taken by way of servant, and consoled by the occasional visits of Sergeant Allison, who had now taken up his residence in the neighborhood, and acted as the widow's man-of-all-work.

So the winter passed. But this state of things was not for duration; an ejectment was served on Alley at the spring term, and some further attempts at negotiation, which were made at the instance of the sergeant, being rejected by the Hamiltons, to the surprise of the whole parish, Master Charlie one morning entered the fields with his uncle's plough and horses, and fairly commenced tillage for himself. The chief wonder was, that the O'Reillys should look so quietly on this premature invasion. The sergeant, indeed, had been heard to mutter that he and the old miser might get a fright, but all the rest of the kindred kept silent and distant, and seemed determined to leave Alley to her fate.

Matters were in this posture when Killmore was edified by a rumor to the effect that a certain agent, who stood high on his distant relationship to a bishop, and remote connexion with an M. P., had lately made striking advances of civility to Mr. Lacy, on account of some five hundred which he wished to borrow. They had met once or twice at church and market, and, in token of further friendship, as well as to settle the preliminaries, Mr. Davis, it was said, after some difficulties with his lady, invited both uncle and nephew to dine at his house about six o'clock on a breezy March evening.

It was asserted by those best informed on the subject, that things were arranged rather advantageously for Mr. Davis towards eleven o'clock, when his courtesy was so far extended, perhaps owing to the necessity of the case, as to send his guests comfortably home in his own vehicle, kept in token of special gentility, and denominated in Ireland an inside car. It was driven by no less a personage than Jamie Sullivan, who, after having mourned over the death of Carrol, and especially



the fact that he "had niver got time to take the consate out on him," entered Mr. Davis' household as a kind of general servant, to leave, as he expressed it, more room for the other nine on his father's four acres.

"Faith, a'll drive yez in style," said Jamie, mounting the seat of power, as the last "good nights" were exchanged, and the host and his friends separated like loving brothers; and in style, according to his own appreciation, he did drive them, in spite of threats from the nephew and entreaties from the uncle, making them acquainted in the most practical fashion with every stone and rut in the road; and in those days they were not few. The distance between Mr. Davis' residence and Hamilton House was not more than five miles English, and the way led past the now newly-ploughed fields, and pretty cottage owned by Carrol O'Reilly.

As they approached that part of the road Jamie's driving became, if possible, more furious; but, unfortunately, he managed the whip better than the reins, and utterly forgot that there was a deep and dirty ditch separating Carrol's farm from the highway, till one of the wheels went in, and nothing but immediate pulling up saved the whole party. "Leap out, for the vargin's sake!" shouted Jamie at the top of his voice; but both uncle and nephew, being now thoroughly angry as well as intoxicated, thought it beneath their dignity to stir, and both replied with a volley of wild curses on his careless driving.

The moon had been bright, but was now covered with a cloud, and as it passed away Jamie uttered another cry; but it was his prayers poured forth in a mingled stream of creed and ave, where he sat holding back the horse with all his might from the ditch, and staring into the adjoining field. The Hamiltons instinctively followed that gaze. The field had just been prepared for sowing. It was one on which Carrol had expended great pains and taken much pride; and now, in the broad moonlight, a man stood in the garments of the grave, sowing broad-cast on its ridges. The trio gazed for a few seconds, and the figure moved towards them. But Jamie could endure no longer; and, uttering a still louder cry to the Virgin for protec-

tion, he jumped from box and reins, flying at full speed to his father's house, as, with a cry that startled the country, the inside car and the Hamiltons went down into that muddy ditch. When, about an hour after, a sufficient number of the neighbors could be collected by the terror-stricken Jamie to search for them there, the car was found dirty and broken, the poor horse still struggling in the harness, but Mr. Lacy and his nephew had been received in a fearful plight by the housekeeper, whom their knocks and cries awoke from her first sleep. Of course, the inside car was sent home next morning; and the Hamiltons never cared to enter into the particulars of that night; but several of the neighbors testified to having seen that ghostly sower, though Alley said, "Glory be to goodness, he never frightened her!" and Jamie Sullivan, when minutely recollecting his appearance, was wont to remark that "the other worl' had made a great change on Carrol, for he niver knowed him to walk wid a hop before."

As for Master Charlie, no earthly power could ever after persuade him to think of that farm, and his uncle sent word to the widow she might stay as long as she pleased, as he had changed his mind about the ejectment. Of that permission Mrs. O'Reilly fully availed herself. The sergeant sowed the farm for her, and the harvest-home was celebrated by a wedding, at which all the O'Reillys danced, including, it is said, the reverend Terence. Tradition also records that their step-father proved a worthy portioner of Carrol's girls, who, in process of time, got married in their native parish. But one thing was remarked about the sergeant's farming, namely, that the haunted field brought forth among its produce an incredible amount of the shrub known as gorse or whin; also, that when that circumstance was in any way forced on his attention, Allison looked as if he sincerely repented of something; and, many a year after, when witnessing his laborers' exertions to root out those tenacious invaders, Jamie Sullivan, who alone attempted to account for their introduction, observed, with a look of terror, "Oh, sargint, dear, the ould man left ye hard work wid the last of his improvements!"

## THE DEAF HEAR HER! THE DUMB PRAISE HER!

BY JAMES NACK, THE DEAF AND DUMB POET.

HURRAH for Jenny Lind!  
The pure in heart and mind,  
The lofty and refined,  
The generous and kind—  
Hurrah for Jenny Lind!

Although to her belong  
The highest realms of song,  
The empire is more strong  
Of her angelic mind;  
For it hath given her part  
In every noble heart—  
Hurrah for Jenny Lind!

CCCCXXXIX. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVII. 21

They say that she has given  
To us the airs of heaven,  
Now first to earth revealed;  
It may be so—her voice  
Must not this ear rejoice,  
By fate forever sealed;  
Yet can her deeds impart  
Such music to my heart  
As heaven alone could yield.

Not by the wondrous powers  
That witch this world of ours,  
Does she my homage bind;  
Her glorious mind and soul  
On mine have a control  
More potent and refined!  
For all thy deeds that grace  
And bless the human race,  
I bless thee, Jenny Lind.



From the Examiner.

REPORT OF THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA OF 1848  
AND 1849.

A VERY interesting body of evidence has been collected and published by the Board of Health in a compact report on the recent history of cholera in this and other countries. A large portion of it is occupied with notices of the steps taken with authority of the legislature to arrest the course of the disease; of the success that has attended them, and other efforts to improve its treatment; and of the further legislative provisions that appear to be required. On the whole, the evidence is clear and consistent. It is confessed that either as to the primary or proximate causes of this form of cholera, or its treatment in the advanced stage, little or nothing has been ascertained; but a remarkable amount of evidence is adduced in confirmation of a doctrine formerly declared by the Board of Health, and much disputed by other authorities, as to the feasibility of arresting it in its premonitory stages, and by due sanitary checks of removing the dread of its diffusion. Perhaps the most valuable and useful sections of the Report are those which exhibit the disease subject to exactly the same laws which govern other epidemics, and indeed that entire class of disorders called zymotic which are most affected by a pure or impure atmosphere. We subjoin the most important of the general conclusions presented at the close of the Report.

The terror with which the reëpearance of this disease was universally regarded at the time when its second return was expected, arose principally from the prevalent opinion that it was a sudden and uncontrollable malady, neither to be prevented nor remedied. In our First and Second Notifications, we made representations which appeared to us to be calculated to remove this false and pernicious popular impression, and, by a large body of evidence derived from the experience of the disease in India, and in the principal towns of Europe, as well as from the experience of our own country in 1832, we endeavored to show that, with a few exceptional cases, occurring chiefly at the first outbreak of the pestilence in a new locality, the disease gives distinct warning of its approach, in time for effectual precautions to be taken against it; and that if that time is not lost, and proper precautions are not neglected, in the immense majority of instances, the malady may be stopped in its first or premonitory stage, and its progress to a fatal termination arrested. We submit that the truth of this view, which was at that time doubted even by the highest medical authorities of this country, is established by the entire body of evidence which has been detailed in the preceding pages. It was stated in the Metropolitan Sanitary Report, that when cholera first appeared in this country, the general belief was, that the disease spreads principally, if not entirely, by communication of the infected with the healthy, and that therefore the main security of nations, cities and individuals, consists in the isolation of the infected from the uninfected,—a doctrine which naturally led to the enforcement of rigorous quarantine regulations; the establishment of military and police cordons; the excitement of panic; and the neglect, and often the

abandonment of the sick, even by relations and friends: but that, as strict opportunities had been obtained of a closer observation of the character of this disease, and of the mode in which it spreads through continents, nations, cities, towns, and families, facts had been ascertained which were incompatible with this view of its mode of dissemination, and of its prevention; that the disease is not, in the common acceptation of the term, contagious, but spreads by an atmospheric influence, its progress consisting of a succession of local outbreaks. We submit that the facts which we have now detailed relative to its progress from Asia to Europe, through the several countries of Europe, through the principal towns of Great Britain, and through the districts, streets, courts, and houses of each individual town, is in strict accordance with this view. At the commencement of these investigations, it was believed that cholera, typhus, and other epidemic diseases were imported; this impression being derived from the observation of the frequency of their recurrence in migratory populations, whereas we have shown in our Report on Quarantine that in over-crowded low lodging-houses, the worst of fever nests in every town, as well as in close, overcrowded, and filthy ships, the conditions being the same as in a stationary population, the results are the same; and that the tramping about from town to town in the open air, except when the strength is exhausted by fatigue, instead of increasing, tends to lessen disease. We have elsewhere stated that, whereas it was formerly believed that the most powerful predisposition to this disease is induced by deficient food and clothing, and that for this reason its chief victims are found among the destitute or persons on the verge of pauperism, a closer observation of facts showed that, while the unfavorable influence of destitution is not to be denied, *a far more powerful predisposition is the habitual respiration of an impure atmosphere*; that the highest degree of susceptibility is produced where both these conditions are combined, that is, where people live irregularly, or on unreasonable diet, and at the same time filthily; and that *in places in which a great degree of cleanliness is maintained, the poor as well as the rich enjoy exemption from this disease*. We submit that the tenor of the evidence derived from recent experience affords complete confirmation of these views. It was stated by the Metropolitan Sanitary Commissioners, that even at that time experience had sufficiently proved that *the circumstances which influence the origin and spread of typhus and other epidemic diseases were generally removable by proper sanitary arrangements*; that consequently typhus and its kindred diseases are, to a great extent, preventible, and that there was reason to believe that the spread of cholera might be prevented by the like means, namely, by general and combined sanitary arrangements. We submit that the late experience has added to our previous knowledge of the efficiency of sanitary arrangements in checking the extension of this formidable disease. For the evidence which we have now detailed shows—That where combined sanitary arrangements have been carried into effect the outbreak of the pestilence has been sometimes averted. That where its outbreak has not been prevented its course has been gradually, and, in several instances, suddenly arrested. That where material improvements have been made in the condition of the dwellings of the laboring classes there has been an entire exemption from the disease; and that where minor improve-



ments have been introduced the attacks have been less severe and less extensive, and the mortality comparatively slight. That with reference to the measures of prevention and alleviation which we have thought it our duty to recommend, and, in the instances in which circumstances appeared to require it, to enforce, *the immunity from the disease has been in proportion to the extent to which those measures have been carried into effect systematically and promptly.* Upon the whole, we submit that the facts and results given in this Report have placed in the hands of the legislature, for administrative execution, measures for checking the progress and lessening the severity, if not entirely preventing the occurrence, of this pestilence; *and that the measures preventive of this one epidemic, which only attacks at distant intervals some of our towns and cities, are preventive of typhus and other epidemics, some or other of which are at all times in all our towns and cities, and which produce, as a constant result, nearly as great an average mortality as the apparently more destructive pestilence on its occasional visitations.* But the chief obstacles to the general and early adoption of measures of prevention arise from the difficulty of communicating to those whom it is necessary to convince, such information as may satisfy their minds of the incomparably greater efficacy of measures of prevention than of those that are merely palliative or curative; a persuasion which is only now beginning to make a due impression on the minds, and to direct the professional inquiries even of medical men, and the full importance of which cannot therefore be expected to be at present appreciated by classes less instructed on these subjects.

From the Times of 26th Sept.

#### EUROPEAN NEGLECT OF CALIFORNIA.

A FEELING has now become prevalent that the last accounts from California are of a character to confirm more strongly than ever the most favorable anticipations of its present and permanent yield. From the first there has always been reason to suppose that such general statements as might reach us would be rather under than over the truth, and every succeeding account has tended to support that impression. The inducements to exaggeration were to be looked for in the desire of land speculators to get the country peopled, and also in the universal impulse on the part of discoverers to exalt the wonders they have exclusively seen. But, although these must have operated, especially amongst Americans, with extraordinary force, there were influences to be recognized on the other side of a still more powerful character. The land speculators have never been more than a small minority; and the mass of the population working at the mines have therefore, if there was any doubt about the supply of gold being limited, always been interested in preventing any further arrivals; while, as regards the love of the marvellous on the part of discoverers, it must be recollected that this would be far more than counterbalanced by the invariable tendency of the world, and especially the scientific portion of it, to adopt the safe course, and to treat as a delusion everything that exceeds the range of routine experience. A still stronger probability that the country and its products would be liable to be adversely described existed, moreover, in the fact that all who went to it were impelled by inordinate acquisitiveness, and that vast numbers belonged to the unthinking classes who are least

fit to emigrate, and who would be disappointed anywhere. The noise made by one such person would, as the promoters of emigration well know, exceed, in its first effects, any expressions that might proceed from a hundred who were well satisfied. Yet, complaints have all along been singularly rare, and it is now found that with a fortnightly post to New York, which carries on each occasion more than 20,000 letters home to the families of the emigrants, each containing, it is to be presumed, the unreserved truths of individual experience, the general confidence in the riches of the district is increasing throughout the entire Union. The depression which has prevailed in England during the past two years, and which has been no less humiliating than was the wild folly of which it has been the penalty, must likewise be taken into account as causing everything to be looked at from this side through a false medium. All faith in the possibility of successful enterprise has been destroyed, and there has been no thought except that it must be vain to look in other parts of the globe for that which has been extinguished here.

Of course, under the influence of the facts which have now been arriving in fortnightly succession for a year or two, something like a sense of the importance of the movement is, we have said, at length beginning to grow up, but it will be long before a real estimate of it will take root. At this moment, according to the advices by the last packet, there are from 50,000 to 100,000 persons approaching California by the overland track. The emigration to San Francisco by sea also continues, and will again be greatly augmented by the effect of the last reports, and by the shortened transit through Nicaragua. The population of the State therefore bids fair to reach, before another year shall have elapsed, between 300,000 and 400,000 souls—a total equal to one tenth of the entire population of the United States within the memory of many. Last year, when the number of persons in California was not more than 100,000, the most unfavorable statements represented the average daily earnings of each individual not to exceed \$5. This year, in the statements of a similar character, the amount is represented to be between \$6 and \$10; while the unusual height of the waters is described as a serious drawback. If with the next increase of population there is to be a like increase in individual results, the prospect will indeed be an extraordinary one—and it would almost seem that something like a feeling to that effect exists among the present inhabitants from the eagerness with which every report of a swarm of new comers is received.

But even in the face of all these circumstances, it is something apart from the gold-finding that demands the chief attention both of the practical merchant and of the philosopher. Although, as far as the mines are concerned, we must keep our eyes open for extraordinary events, still these events are beyond the power of certain calculation either one way or the other. The probable continuance or increase of the supply is a matter of opinion upon which each person must be left to his own speculations. The momentous fact, which nothing can now do away with, is, that 300,000 or 400,000 Anglo-Saxons are settling themselves on the shores of the Pacific. A new world is before them. They look across to China, Japan, and all the riches of the Indian Seas, and the use they will make of their opportunities may be best inferred from what they have already accomplished, and



from the known aspirations which the people of the United States have so long directed towards that region. Already the presence of a large number of Chinese is a distinctive feature of the population of San Francisco, and already the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and Southern and Central America have been called into a new life from the traffic that has been established. The prophecy of Humboldt, that the activity of commerce would be carried progressively from east to west, is rapidly in process of fulfilment. At present, however, there are few signs that even this fact is appreciated in Europe, and the thing to be apprehended is, that when in the course of a few years the successes arising from it shall have led to excitement, our people, who are regardless of it now, will then rush furiously to overdo what should have been done moderately and deliberately from the first. It is to prevent foolish extremes of this sort that every endeavor should be made to familiarize the public with the contemplation of the change that is coming on, and to induce the spirit of enterprise to adjust itself to the new order of things while it can rationally and profitably do so, instead of waiting to regain by a sudden and destructive rush the opportunities that will have been lost through inattention.

#### STATUE TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. COLIN MACKENZIE says, "he was a truly good man." Very true; but we don't erect statues to "truly good men." Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, Canning, Nelson, and the crowd of naval and military worthies immortalized in St. Paul's, were something more than "truly good men." They accomplished great works, asserted great principles, died in battle or in the heat of a political struggle, or prematurely—at all events to the great grief of the nation. A public monument should commemorate a hero, a saint, or a martyr. If not the divinity of heroism or the odor of sanctity, there should be at least a tragic interest about the person whom we set on a pedestal above successive generations of common mortal men. When children shall ask in time to come who that man was, the answer should convey some great historical fact, some lesson of patriotism, some great sentiment—something or other of perpetual and universal currency. But what answer—we put with all respect—will be given if children should ask, five hundred years hence, "Who was the Duke of Cambridge?" All that can be said will be that he subscribed and eat dinners for the charitable institutions of the metropolis, and having enjoyed an ample income during a very long life, left his children dependant on the national bounty.

Well, but he was a royal duke, and his brothers, George IV., and William IV., and the Dukes of York and Kent, have all had statues, and why not he? The question almost answers itself. Four of a family, and that one of very average greatness and goodness, are quite enough for statuary immortalization. As it happens, however, the first two were kings. The Duke of York was a reforming and successful commander-in-chief during a great war, and, what made him a saint in the estimation of some people, a very sound Protestant. The Duke of Kent was a good man, and died prematurely—the father of a queen. But, after all, the example of these four brothers is far from encouraging. They do not make good statues—not so good as their father, who looks at least like an

old gentleman. Posterity will be always making invidious comparisons between the four brothers, and will generally think that statue the least heroic which they see before them. The Duke of Cambridge was "a truly good man," but we must confess to a misgiving that if he should be handed down to posterity in marble or bronze, he will be pronounced the least intelligent and the least significant of the family. Any one may see, by looking round the shelf of busts in the coal-hole of the National Gallery, that something more than goodness is wanted to make bronze breathe and marble glow. Let us be satisfied, then, with having five exemplars of the Georgian physiognomy. Posterity will be able to *imagine* the Duke of Cambridge, and he will gain by being left to the imagination. He is only another change, and the least distinctive one, of the same type. The distinguished father of the first of the two sculptors mentioned above will pardon an allusion to what took place many years back. We once saw him undertake to make a king in twenty minutes. The tempered clay was placed before him, and after cutting off some big slices with a wire, he set to work with his fingers. In ten minutes royalty began to shine through the mud. "Now," said he, "I think it is like the Duke of York." Another squeeze, and another touch or two, and it was a very good Duke of Sussex. In half an hour there was no mistake; it was George III. Now, why should we occupy the metropolis with so large a family group, so finely or so feebly distinguished? Why add to them one who will be the least distinguished? It is true the five physiognomies will be a capital exercise for the pupils of the Royal Gallery, A. D. 2,000, but is that worth the cost and pains of ransacking British benevolence with one more begging-box in these hard times? We beg to retain our opinion that it is not.—*Times*.

*Annals of the Queens of Spain.* By ANITA GEORGE.  
New York: Baker & Scribner.

This is the second volume of a work calculated to throw light upon periods of Spanish history not generally familiar to readers, albeit abounding with romantic incidents illustrative of the philosophy of human passions, and also of the finer traits of the female character. The time embraced in the present volume is that between the Goths and the settlement upon the throne of the Queen Isabel II. With the more direct narrative are embodied anecdotes of the Spanish Court and a compendium of the remarkable events distinguishing each era. The author has well performed her task.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

*India and the Hindoos.* By F. DE W. WARD.  
New York: Baker & Scribner.

This work, the author of which is a member of the American Oriental Society, and was lately a missionary at Madras, furnishes, in popular and pleasing style, a general survey of the geography, history, government, manners, customs, literature and religion of the Hindoos, to which is added an account of the progress of Christian missions among them. In few volumes of its size will be found so much valuable information. The author is evidently well acquainted with the habits of thought, the secret feelings, as well as the outward peculiarities, of the people among whom he has resided.—*Commercial Advertiser*.



From the Eclectic Review.

*Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.*  
By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: Routledge.  
1850.

FALSEHOOD is a thing of almost invincible courage; overthrow it to-day, and with freshened vigor it will return to the lists to-morrow. "Omoo" illustrates this fact. We were under the illusion that the abettors of infidelity and the partisans of popery had been put to shame by the repeated refutation and exposure of their slanders against the "*Protestant missions*" in Polynesia; but Mr. Melville's production proves that shame is a virtue with which these gentry are totally unacquainted, and that they are resharpening their missiles for another onset.

In noticing Mr. Melville's book, our object is to show that his statements respecting the Protestant mission in Tahiti are perversions of the truth—that he is guilty of deliberate and elaborate misrepresentation, and—admitting the accuracy of the account which he gives of *himself*, and taking his own showing with regard to the opportunities he had to form a correct opinion on the subject—that he is a prejudiced, incompetent, and truthless witness. This is our object; and we intend that Mr. Melville himself shall establish the chief counts in our indictment. The conclusion is obvious; if we thus sustain our charges against him on so serious and grave a topic, it, of course, follows that his South-Sea narratives—instead of being esteemed, as some of our leading contemporaries have pronounced them to be, faithful pictures of Polynesian life—should at once take their place beside the equally veracious pages of *Baron Munchausen*!

In the Preface to "Omoo," Mr. Melville says:—

In every statement connected with missionary operations a strict adherence to facts has of course been scrupulously observed; and, in some instances, it has even been deemed advisable to quote previous voyagers in corroboration of what is offered as the fruit of the author's own observations. Nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon this subject at all. And if he refrains from offering hints as to the best mode of remedying the evils which are pointed out, it is only because he thinks that after being made acquainted with the facts, others are better qualified to do so.

This paragraph plainly manifests that Mr. Melville was perfectly aware of the nature of the task in which he engaged when he attacked the Polynesian "missionary operations." Whatever else he may be guilty of, none can accuse him of want of deliberation. He is not unconscious of the importance of his statements. He intimates that he has carefully weighed every word he has penned. The passage also marks his fear, lest, in the multitude of jocularities with which his book abounds, the reader should lose sight of the "facts" to which he here alludes. Like a dexterous "master of fence" he adroitly anticipates

any imputation of foul play, by assuring us that he has "scrupulously observed" the truth. He quietly insinuates that he is not the only one who has noted the same deplorable condition of things, and therefore he "deems it advisable to quote previous voyagers" in support of what he has written. Finally, he reveals his *motive* for bringing the same subject thus prominently before the public. Do not err, good reader! He is no emissary of the Propaganda, no *élève* of Father Rootham, no "good hater" of Protestantism, but, on the contrary—if we take his own word for it—he is an earnest lover of the truth; and, if he were not, nothing could lead him "to touch on this subject at all!" Thus our author, with no common skill, throws the reader off his guard, and prepares him to receive, without doubt, what follows.

It is, however, worthy of notice, that he refrains from suggesting any remedy for the "evils" he describes. He knew he could consistently recommend but one, and that would be the complete abandonment of our missions in the South Seas, and the entire withdrawal of all confidence and support from the London Missionary Society. This Mr. Melville does not propose. But why does he not? The reason is as visible as light at noon-day; it would uncover the cloven foot, and betray the real object for which "Omoo" was written! He is evidently too deeply versed in the science of human nature not to feel confident that, in whatever quarter his assertions were credited, a single penny would never be obtained to aid South Sea, or any other, "missionary operations;" and that there, likewise, the London Missionary Society would be denounced as an "organized hypocrisy."

So much for the Preface. Now for the "facts" of which it is the herald.

We begin with *Mr. Melville's* account of the rise and establishment of Christianity in Tahiti; and if it does not prove to be "a new thing" to most well-informed persons, we are strangely mistaken. The gospel, he tells us, overthrew idolatry neither by its enlightenment of the judgment, nor by its influence on the consciences, of the natives. It obtained the mastery, not by the force of persuasion, but by the persuasion of force! Here is the narrative:—

Every reader of "Cook's Voyages" must remember Otoo, who in that navigator's time was king of the peninsula of Tahiti. Subsequently, assisted by the muskets of the *Bounty's* men, he extended his rule over the entire island. This Otoo before his death had his name changed into Pomaree, which has ever since been the royal patronymic. He was succeeded by his son Pomaree II., the most famous prince in the annals of Tahiti. Though a sad debauchee and drunkard, and even charged with unnatural crimes, (mark the vile insinuation,) *he was a great friend of the missionaries*, and one of the very first of their proselytes. During the religious wars *into which he was hurried by his zeal for the new faith*, he was defeated and expelled from the island. After a short exile, he returned from Ineeo, with an army of eight hun-



dred warriors, and in the battle of Naru routed the rebellious pagans with great slaughter, and reëstablished himself upon the throne. Thus, (exclaims Mr. Melville,) *by force of arms was Christianity finally triumphant in Tahiti.*—p. 230.

We supposed that it became “finally triumphant” through the influence of the “law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus.” “Nothing more erroneous,” says Mr. Melville—“it was by the club-law of the drunken and debauched *friend of the missionaries*, Pomaree II.!” This is a fair specimen of our author’s mode of dealing with the *Protestant* missions in the South Seas. It exhibits his historic fidelity and honesty of purpose. It is impossible to mistake the animus that dictated this passage—a passage that is justly entitled to take precedence in the annals of mendacity.

In the forty-eighth and forty-ninth chapters, headed “Tahiti as it is,” Mr. Melville propounds, at length, his opinion of the character and value of the labors of the agents of the London Missionary Society in Tahiti. He commences by saying, that it is his desire “not to leave so important a subject in a state calculated to convey erroneous impressions:” and wishes it to be “distinctly understood” that he has no inclination to damage “the missionaries nor their cause,” but simply seeks “*to set forth things as they actually exist.*” More effectually to make out a case against the utility of “missionary operations,” he reminds us that the experiment of Christianizing the Tahitians has been fully tried—that the present generation have grown up under the auspices of their religious instructors—and that, although it may be urged that the labors of the missionaries have at times been more or less obstructed by unprincipled foreigners, “still this in no wise renders Tahiti any less a fair illustration.” He proceeds to show, that the Tahitian mission has not failed owing to want of time sufficient for the results of the efforts of the missionaries to become apparent—that it has been in existence nearly sixty years—that “it has received the unceasing prayers and contributions of its friends,” and that no enterprise of the kind has called forth more devotion on the part of those engaged in it. Still, in his estimation, it has failed, and the missionaries knew it; but that they traded on the credulity of those who sent them forth and supported them; and, to carry out the “pious fraud” to perfection, in the reports which they transmitted to their constituents, they have suppressed the truth; and, therefore, it was for him and others to set the world right upon the matter, and to put a stop to the imposture. If his language means anything, it means this. We give his own words. After having stated that “the earlier laborers in the work were, as a class, *ignorant, and, in many cases, deplorably bigoted,*” and assuring us that the missionaries “now on the island, ‘in zeal and disinterestedness,’ are, perhaps, inferior to their predecessors, they have, nevertheless, *in their own way at least,* labored hard to make a Christian people of their charge.”

Let us now glance (he says) at the most obvious changes wrought in their condition. The entire system of idolatry has been done away; together with the several barbarous practices engrafted thereon. But this result is not so much to be ascribed to the missionaries, as to the civilizing effects of a long and constant intercourse with whites of all nations; to whom for many years Tahiti has been one of the principal places of resort in the South Seas. The next most striking change in the Tahitians is this. From the permanent residence among them of influential and respectable foreigners, as well as from the frequent visits of ships of war, recognizing the nationality of the island, its inhabitants are no longer deemed fit subjects for the atrocities practised upon mere savages; and hence, secure from retaliation, vessels of all kinds now enter their harbors with perfect safety.

But let us consider what results are directly ascribable to the missionaries alone.

In all cases they have striven hard to mitigate the evils resulting from the commerce with the whites in general. Such attempts, however, have been rather injudicious, and often ineffectual; in truth, a barrier almost insurmountable is presented in the dispositions of the people themselves. Still, in this respect, the morality of the islanders is, upon the whole, improved by the presence of the missionaries.

But the greatest achievement of the latter, and one which in itself is the most hopeful and gratifying, is, that they have translated the entire Bible into the language of the island, and I have myself known many who were able to read it with facility. They have also established churches and schools for both children and adults. \* \* \* It were unnecessary here to enter diffusely into matters connected with the internal government of the Tahitian churches and schools; nor upon this head is my information copious enough to warrant me in presenting details. But we do not need them. We are merely considering general *results*, as made apparent in the moral and religious condition of the island at large.

Upon a subject like this, however, it would be altogether too assuming for a single individual to decide; and so, in place of my own random observations, which may be found elsewhere, I will here present those of several known authors, made under various circumstances, at different periods, and down to a comparatively late date. A few very brief extracts will enable the reader to mark for himself what progressive improvement, *if any*, has taken place.

After alluding to the manifold evils entailed upon the natives by foreigners, and their singularly inert condition, and after somewhat too severely denouncing the undeniable errors of the mission, Kotzebue, the Russian navigator, says, “A religion like this, which forbids every innocent pleasure, and cramps or annihilates every mental power, is a libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity. It is true, that the religion of the missionaries has, with a great deal of evil, effected some good. It has restrained the vices of theft and incontinence; but it has given birth to ignorance, hypocrisy, and a hatred of all other modes of faith, which was once foreign to the open and benevolent character of the Tahitians.” Captain Beechy says, “that while at Tahiti he saw scenes which must have convinced the greatest sceptic of the thoroughly immoral condition of the people, and which would force him to



conclude, as Turnbull did many years before, that their intercourse with the Europeans had tended to debase rather than exalt their condition."

About the year 1834, Daniel Wheeler, an honest-hearted Quaker, prompted by motives of the purest philanthropy, visited, in a vessel of his own, most of the missionary settlements of the South Seas. He remained some time at Tahiti, receiving the hospitality of the missionaries there, and, from time to time, exhorting the natives. After bewailing their social condition, he frankly says of their religious state, "Certainly appearances are unpromising; and, however unwilling to adopt such a conclusion, there is reason to apprehend that Christian principle is a great rarity."

Such then (says Mr. Melville) is the testimony of good and unbiassed men who have been on the spot; but how comes it to differ so widely from impressions of others at home? Simply thus; instead of estimating the result of missionary labors by the number of heathens, who have been actually made to understand and practise (in some measure at least) the precepts of Christianity, this result has been unwarrantably inferred from the number of those, who, without any understanding of these things, have, *in any way*, been induced to abandon idolatry, and to conform to certain outward observances. By authority of some kind or other, exerted upon the natives through their chiefs, and prompted by the hope of some worldly benefit to the latter, and not by appeals to the reason, have conversions in Polynesia been in most cases brought about.—Pp. 139—142.

This is plain speaking. Here there is nothing ambiguous, or puzzling, but an outspoken, clearly defined and unsparing attack. And we do not hesitate to confess, that were the Tahitian missions and missionaries what this author states them to be, we should join him in holding them up to the scorn of the world. But we know them to be the very reverse. Voyagers and others of the most spotless integrity, and in possession of the amplest and most accurate information, have attributed the abolition of idolatry, with its attendant train of horrors, in the South Seas, to the instruction communicated to the natives by the Protestant missionaries. To the same self-denying and indefatigable laborers they ascribe the present safety of ports and islands in the Pacific, which, at one time, could not be approached by European vessels without the most imminent peril. Even Captain Beechy, who, by the way, is no friend to missions, undesignedly proves this by the accounts which he gives of his intercourse with the inhabitants of Easter and Gambier islands. But these facts, known and attested by every mariner of reputation that ever sailed the Pacific Ocean, are flatly contradicted by Mr. Melville. He says—and we have only *his* word for it, and what that is worth, will be seen hereafter—that idolatry was abolished by the civilizing effects of a long and constant intercourse with whites of all nations; and that to the same cause we may refer the security of the ships that enter the harbors of Polynesia. The merit of a new discovery certainly belongs to Mr. Melville. It has one drawback, however—he does not attempt to substantiate his statements by quoting the testimony of any individual who has ever visited

the islands—no, not even by that of his Russian friend, that wholesale dealer in the marvellous—Kotzebue!

But for what does Mr. Melville give the missionaries credit? Why, he admits—simply because he could not possibly deny it—that those "ignorant and deplorably bigoted" men, who found the Polynesians savage and debased, and without any written form of thought, actually translated the Bible into the language of the islanders; and, what is more, did not, after the example of a certain ecclesiastical chief, to whom, we believe, Mr. Melville looks up with the most devout reverence, prohibit its use, but placed it in the hands of those wretched creatures, and taught them, as our author is obliged to confess, to "read it with facility." We imagine it will strike most persons that the history of mankind has not another instance in which "ignorant and deplorably bigoted" men ever undertook and successfully completed such a task! And we may safely affirm that if the missionaries accomplished nothing more, they deserve the gratitude and admiration of the human race. They created a written language, and this not by the aid of the "eye from observation and comparison," but by descending to the loathsome level of savage life, and there, by the toil of the *ear* and of the memory, they "at length" gave a representative sign to each of the sounds with which they had become familiar; compiled a vocabulary, a spelling-book, a grammar, a catechism; and then translated the word of God! This they gave to the people, having taught them to read, and it led them not only to comprehend the folly and wickedness of their idolatrous practices, but, when won from them by the record of the love of Him who died "the just for the unjust," it prepared these children of the sea to resist the fascinations and to expose the falsehood of Popery, when it was introduced among them, accompanied by the tender mercies of the notorious Du Petit Thouars, and of the commander of the *Artemise*—Commodore La Place!

In the eyes of the agents of the society for the propagation of the faith, and of their friends, this was a crime of the deepest dye. Foiled and disappointed by the rejection of Mariolatry, and the worship of wafers and of images, and of dead men, by the Bible-reading Tahitians, they vent their spleen by pouring into the public ear the foulest accusations against the "bigoted and ignorant" Britons, who taught the Tahitians and the natives of other islands to read "in their own tongue the wonderful works of God."

If, however, Mr. Melville acknowledges the missionaries to have done this, and, in addition, to have established churches and schools, he takes care to balance the admission by declaring that they have injudiciously intermeddled in the commercial affairs of the natives; and he quotes Kotzebue to prove that they have given them "a religion that forbids every innocent pleasure, *cramps and annihilates every mental power*, and is a *libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity*—a reli-



gion that has given birth to ignorance, hypocrisy, and hatred to all other modes of faith." Mr. Melville, by quoting this precious *morceau*, endorses it; and it must be remembered that this is said of the religion of the Bible, the religion contained in the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and substantially taught in the Reformed Churches of Europe! That Kotzebue, a Russian, and a disciple of that miserable conglomeration of absurdities—the Greek Church, should speak thus, we can easily understand. We should as soon expect him, or any other instrument of despotism, to eulogize constitutional liberty, the right of public speaking, or the freedom of the press, as that he should understand, or value, liberty of conscience, resistance to Jesuitism and priestcraft, or the simplicity and *purity* of scriptural Christianity. What we are surprised at is, the unblushing and unfaltering audacity manifested in quoting this passage as an honest description of the result of missionary labors in Tahiti. And its adoption by Mr. Melville not only unmasks his true character, but prepares us for his affirmation, that the conversion of the members of the native churches must be ascribed, "not to appeals to the reason," but to "*authority, of some kind or other, exerted through the chiefs, and prompted by the hope of some worldly benefit.*"

But this is not all. What Mr. Melville does, he does thoroughly. He gives not an outline, but a carefully drawn picture. Not content with general statements such as we have already quoted, he descends to particulars, and repeats the assertions of the organs of Catholicism respecting the share which the English missionaries took in the expulsion of the Jesuits, Laval and Caret, from Tahiti. He says,—

Now, that the resident English missionaries *authorized* the banishment of these priests, is a fact undenied by themselves. I was also informed that, by their inflammatory harangues, they instigated the riots which preceded the sailing of the schooner.—p. 91.

Melancholy as such an example of intolerance must appear on the part of Protestant missionaries, it is not the only one, and by no means the most flagrant one, which might be presented.—p. 92.

Melancholy indeed, say we, if it were true; happily, as the sequel will show, we are wholly indebted for these examples of "Protestant intolerance" to the fertile brain of the author of "Omoo." But he coolly affirms that the missionaries "never denied the charge" which he alleges against them. Did they not? We wonder where Mr. Melville got his information. Did he ever read the documents laid before the public by the Directors of the London Missionary Society in 1843? Did he know anything of the "Memorial" addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by a public meeting of the "supporters and friends of Protestant missions" assembled in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th of April of the same year? Was he aware of the statements made in the House of Commons on this

subject, on the evening of the 28th of March, 1843, when the late Sir Robert Peel declared that "the missionaries in Tahiti had so conducted themselves as to merit the respect and care of the British government?" Did Mr. Melville acquaint himself with the "contradictions"—contradictions fortified by an appeal to facts, to the existing laws of the island, and to eye-witnesses—sent forth to the world by the men whom he asperses, and which were published at the time in the *Protestant* journals of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Great Britain? If he, *without* inquiry, has again tried to fasten this charge upon the missionaries by saying they "never contradicted it," where is his honesty? But if *acquainted* with the published replies of the missionaries and of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, what must we say of his unscrupulous dishonesty?

For the advantage of this gentleman, who, in his preface, advertises his careful observance of truth, we beg to inform him that his friends were not banished by the authority of the missionaries, neither did they excite the people against them by "inflammatory speeches." The simple facts are these. On the 21st of November, 1836, a small vessel from Gambier's Island brought to Tahiti two Frenchmen who were Roman Catholic priests. They were not put on shore at the usual anchorage, *but were landed clandestinely at the opposite side of the island.* They were detected by the native police, and their conduct being in contravention of a *long established law*, which stated that "No master or commander of a vessel is allowed to land any passenger without special permission from the queen and governors"—the strangers were requested to leave the island. This, however, they refused to do, and were consequently conveyed back to their vessel, but without the slightest injury either to their persons or property. There was no occasion, therefore, for the authority or the speeches of the missionaries—even if they had the one, or were base enough to make the other—to send away Messieurs Laval and Caret. They violated the law—of the existence of which their secret landing proves them to have been informed—and for that violation they were removed from the island by the proper authorities. We trust that Mr. Melville will bear this in mind, should "Omoo" reach another edition. As the matter stands we cannot acquit him of having wilfully suppressed and perverted the truth.

In dealing with evidence, we cannot be too careful in the investigation of the character and competency of the deponent. Knowing this, our readers may ask, who is Mr. Herman Melville? and what opportunities had he of forming a judgment on the "missionary operations" in Tahiti? Before replying to these questions, we beg to premise it as our opinion, that whatever object Mr. Melville had in view when he sought to damage or ruin the character of the Protestant missionaries, we have no reason to suspect him of giving an unfair description of himself. Our information respecting him is solely derived from his own



works—so he cannot take exception to our authority—and we are bound to admit the force of the supposition that *his own* account of himself is most likely to be the *best* that could possibly be given. But if so, the best is exceedingly *bad*!

In his Preface, he speaks of the advantageous position which he occupied as an observer of the “operations” of the missionaries, and of the state of the native population. These are his words: “*As a roving sailor, the author spent about three months in various parts of the islands of Tahiti and Imeeo, and under circumstances most favorable for correct observations on the social condition of the natives.*” What the character of this “roving sailor” is, and how he spent the “three months” in Tahiti and “Imeeo,” he shall himself inform us. We derive the following statements from the volume before us, and from another work by him, entitled “Typee; a Peep at Polynesian Life,” &c., of which “Omoo” professes to be a continuation. According to these, Mr. Hermann Melville, “as a sailor before the mast,” visited the Marquesas in an American “South-Seaman,” in the summer of 1842. After being six months at sea, the vessel put into the harbor of Nukuheva, where a portion of the French fleet was then lying under the command of Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars. The anchor was dropped within a convenient distance from the shore, a number of native women came on board, and our self-elected censor-general of the Protestant missions in Polynesia, the “fore-mast man,” Mr. Herman Melville, and his shipmates, threw the reins on the neck of their lusts, and abandoned themselves to their control. To quote his own words, the “ship was now wholly given up to every species of riot and debauchery. The grossest licentiousness, and the most shameful inebriety, prevailed, with occasional and but short-lived interruptions, throughout the whole period of their stay.”\*

Enamored with the island and the ladies thereof, and disgusted in the same ratio with the whaler and its hard work, accompanied by another seaman, who sympathized both in his likings and dislikings, Melville deserted from the ship. After many mishaps in endeavoring to avoid being captured and brought back when wandering in the interior, he fell in with “a tribe of primitive savages.” They dwelt in the valley which he calls “Typee.” With this tribe he remained about four months, during which he cohabited with a native girl, named Fayaway. We shall not pollute our pages by transferring to them the scenes in which this wretched profligate appears, self-portrayed, as the chief actor. Suffice it to say, that about the expiration of the period above mentioned, a whaler, in want of hands, appeared in the offing—a boat came ashore, and, satiated to the full with the pleasures of the vale of Typee, he bade adieu to his “indulgent captivity,” and “shipped himself” on board the *Julia*. In this vessel he remained several months, cruising about

in the Pacific. At length the captain steered for Tahiti, to obtain provisions. When the vessel entered Papeetee harbor, Melville and the rest of the crew mutinied. The captain sought the assistance of the English consul, Mr. Wilson, then acting for Mr. Pritchard, who at that time was in Europe. The English squadron being at Valparaiso, Mr. Wilson solicited the aid of the commander of the French frigate, the *Reine Blanche*, then in the harbor, which was at once accorded. The cutter was manned by about eighteen or twenty armed men, who proceeded on board the *Julia*. Mr. Herman Melville and the rest of the mutineers were put in irons and conveyed to the frigate, where they were kept for five days. On the afternoon of the fifth day, as the *Reine Blanche* was about to sail for Valparaiso, they were sent ashore to the English prison, under a guard of the Tahitian police. As they still refused to return to their duty on board the *Julia*, they remained in confinement for nearly a month, when the whaler, having obtained a fresh crew, left the harbor, and, consequently, Melville and his companions were liberated. Thus the author of “Omoo” made his acquaintance with Tahiti and its people, and spent his first month amongst them!

When they left the jail no captain in the harbor would have anything to do with them, on account of their desperate character. They were leagued with a reckless gang of seamen known in the Pacific as “Beachcombers.” These fellows derive their name from never attaching themselves permanently to any vessel, but “ship” now and then for short voyages, on the sole condition that they shall receive their pay, and be put ashore the first time the anchor touches the ground after they embark. They are a terror to the respectable residents in the ports where they congregate, and, by their example and appalling licentiousness, they oppose a formidable barrier to the progress of the gospel among the natives, by disseminating the worst of European vices and the most dreadful of European diseases. With such companions, Melville prowled about Papeetee for a few weeks, living on the contributions of the seamen on board the vessels in the harbor—upon the “stores” which they stole for them, and dropped into a small canoe which Melville and another were wont to “bring alongside” at night, and upon such fruit as they could gather in the groves. He was then engaged by two seamen who had settled down as planters in the neighboring island, Imeeo. With them he remained for a short time, and then, with an equally dissolute companion, who was hired by the planters at the same time with himself, Melville left the plantation to ramble about the island among the natives in quest of adventures. These he describes in a manner exceedingly attractive to every devotee of the sensual. At length, under the influence of similar feelings to those which led him to forego the pleasures of Typee, our hero prevailed upon a captain to “ship” him, and soon after he had signed the ship’s articles he bid a

\* Typee, p. 10, Routledge’s Edition.



final farewell to the scenes of the "missionary operations," which he so eloquently denounces!

Our task is done. We have permitted Mr. Melville to paint his own picture, and to describe his own practices. By doing so, we have fulfilled our promise, and have proved him to be a prejudiced, incompetent, and *truthless* witness. We have thus contributed our quota towards the formation of a correct estimate of his character; and we trust that our brethren of the press in North America—where he at present resides, and where his volumes have had an extensive circulation—will do justice to the Protestant missionaries and missions in Polynesia, by unmasking their maligner—MR. HERMAN MELVILLE.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

*On the Causes which Influence the Changes of Isothermal Lines.* By Mr. RICHARD ADIE. Communicated by the Author.

IN the following communication I mean to endeavor to show that the high temperature enjoyed by European countries, when compared with others in the northern hemisphere of the same latitude, can be better accounted for when the cause of the elevated temperature is referred to heat generated in the great desert of North Africa, than when, as is most generally done, it is attributed to the influence of the gulf stream.

For Isothermal lines, or lines traced through places on the earth's surface, having the same mean annual temperature, we are indebted, as the readers of this Journal are well aware, to M. Humboldt. This philosopher has traced in the northern hemisphere eight such lines, five of them confined chiefly to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and three of them extending round about two thirds of the earth's surface. The evidence given by these lines, together with the recent maps of monthly isothermal lines by Professor Dove, show the north-western parts of Europe to possess a much milder climate than any other localities of corresponding latitude in the same hemisphere.

M. Humboldt found, that of two stations of equal latitude, the one in Europe and the other in North America, the mean temperature in the former was 4.1 of Fahrenheit above the mean annual temperature of the latter. The attempts which have been made to explain the reason of this great elevation of temperature in Europe have dwelt chiefly on the proximity of the Atlantic, and the influence of the gulf stream. In so far as the western shore of a continent has been shown to be warmer than the eastern, the proximity of the Atlantic would be available to explain the superior temperatures in Europe, compared with the United States or British possessions in North America. But, if the observations which have been made on the western shores of North America can be relied on, the shore of that continent, bordered by the far-stretching Pacific, has much lower temperatures than similar latitudes in Europe, north latitude 45° being on the same isothermal line with London between 52° and 53°. Consequently, after deducting what is due to a western sea-board, there still remains an excess of temperature in Europe to be accounted for. The gulf stream which, after a course of about 4000 geographical miles, passes along the coast of the United States to the banks

of Newfoundland, where it begins to cross the Atlantic to the shores of Norway, has been repeatedly urged as a reason for the high temperatures of Europe; if we look at the registers of temperature of places on the North American coast, near the banks of Newfoundland, we find them but slightly elevated by that cause, while on the coast of Norway, where the gulf stream can have far less influence, the temperature for the latitude is very great; hence another source of heat is required to account for the elevated temperatures of north-western Europe. At a distance, varying according to the localities from 1500 to 3000 geographical miles, there is in the Sahara of Africa a magazine of heat, usually considered as the greatest on the face of the globe, and composed of heated air capable of travelling with facility at ten times the velocity of oceanic currents of water.

The air of the African desert has usually the same direction as the trade-winds, namely, north-easterly, which is now admitted to be explained by the reasons given by Halley, namely, the influence of the sun rarefying the air at the equator, and the rotation of the earth on its axis. The prevailing winds of the desert taking away the air from the direction of the countries whose temperatures are so much elevated, may be thought to militate against the inference that their climates are improved by heat from that source; but the continued stream of air in the region of the trade-winds all round the world, wherever the surface of the earth is uninterrupted by table-lands or mountain ranges, from NE., must have a counterbalancing SW. wind somewhere; for which reason it has long been held that the south-west winds of the temperate zone compensate or restore the atmospheric equilibrium which a perpetual NE. trade-wind would disturb.

Taking, then, the SW. winds as the return currents of air carried towards the equator by a NE. trade-wind, the influence of the heated air of the Sahara should reach Europe by a SW. wind; then, if we allow that much of the heat received by the air in the desert has assumed a latent form in aqueous vapor during the transit, we should next expect to find that where the aqueous vapor is chiefly condensed, the isothermal lines tend furthest northward; a supposition which agrees well with the position of the isothermal line for 32° temperature on the coast\* of Norway.

The climate of western Europe may be held to owe its favored temperatures to two distant sources of heat. The first and most important, from a tropical sun acting on the air over the greatest desert in the world; the second, from the same tropical sun heating the waters of the Caribbean sea. The action of the sun on ground destitute of vegetation is well known to heat the incumbent air with rapidity; in dry bright weather the air over a fallow field in this country is seen agitated by the uprising currents of air; and I have seen a thermometer placed on the soil, and covered with a little powdered dry earth, stand, on 1st of August, at 120° Fahrenheit. In the African desert, there is, within a short aerial journey of us, a mass of heated air greater than can be found in any other place of the same magnitude. The space of time required for the transmission of this air to Europe must, I fear, remain a matter of conjecture; the probability is that it may reach the latitude of London in 100 hours. The second source of heat, the Caribbean

\* Vide Charts by M. Humboldt and Professor Dove.



Sea, has an area nearly the same as the Sahara, so that there may be an amount of solar influence to transmit to northern regions nearly equal to that from the Sahara. The gulf stream passes for a course of 1800 geographical miles along the American coast, bathing the shores of places possessing low temperatures for their latitudes, but which are nevertheless influenced by the gulf stream; for, receding from the shore inland, the isothermal line tends to the south; while, for Europe, the gulf stream has to make another journey of 1800 miles, where its influence must be still less than on the American coast, from which we must infer that very little of the temperature of Europe can be due to the gulf stream. Taking the south-west winds as the counterbalancing currents for the perpetual NE. trade-winds, they cannot derive their heat from passing over the warm water of the gulf stream, for that is not in their tract. Subsequent observation must determine whether our S. and SW. winds derive their heat from what is generated in the form of dry parched air on the African Sahara; for the reasons given, I cannot but help believing that it is so, and that the west coast of Europe enjoys a climate distinguished for its high temperature above all other lands of the same latitude through the influence of the great desert of Africa.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

#### ON BRITISH EOCENE SERPENTS AND THE SERPENT OF THE BIBLE.

A FEW bones of serpents have been found in the superficial stalagmite, and in clefts of caves, in peat bogs, and the like localities, which bring their occurrence and deposition within the period of human history. None of these Ophidian remains, however, have offered any differences in size or other character from the corresponding parts of the skeleton of our common harmless snake (*Coluber natrix*.) As yet, no Ophidian fossils have been found in British fresh-water formations of the pre-adamitic or pleistocene period, from which formations the remains of the Mammoth, Tichorrhine, Rhinoceros, great Hippopotamus, and other extinct species of existing genera of *Mammalia*, have been so abundantly obtained. Between the newest and the oldest deposits of the tertiary period in geology, there is a great gap in England, the middle or miocene formations being very incompletely represented by some confused and dubious parts of the crag of fluvio-marine origin in which teeth of a Mastodon have been found.

The deposits in which the remains of the large serpents of the genus *Palæophis* occur so abundantly, carry back the date of their existence to a period much more remote from that at which human history commences. Yet, as the strange and gigantic reptiles that have been restored, and, as it were, called again to life, from times vastly more ancient, realize, in some measure, the fabulous dragons of mediæval romance; so the locality on our shore of the English channel in which the Eocene serpents have been found in most abundance and of largest size, recalls to mind, by a similar coincidence, the passage cited by an accomplished and popular historian, in his masterly sketch of the rise and progress of the English nation. "There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it

and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight."—*Macaulay's History of England*, vol. i., p. 5.

The discovery of serpents of different genera and species, some, as *e. g.* *Paleryx*, terrestrial, and all manifesting the peculiar and characteristic vertebral organization of true *Ophidia*, at a period incalculably remote from that at which we have any evidence of the existence of man, more forcibly recalls our early ideas of the nature and origin of serpents derived from annotations to Scriptures which represented them as the progeny of a transmuted species, degraded from its originally created form as the consequence and punishment of its instrumentality in the temptation of Eve.

"The curse upon the serpent," say the learned Drs. D'Oyly and Mant, in the edition of the Bible printed under the direction of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, ed. 1823, "consisted, 1st, in bringing down his stature, which was probably, in great measure, *erect* before this time; 'upon thy belly shalt thou go,' or, 'upon thy breast,' as some versions have it: 2dly, in the meanness of his provision, 'and dust shalt thou eat,' insomuch as, creeping upon the ground, it cannot but lick up much dust together with its food."

The idea of the special degradation of the serpent to its actual form, derived from interpreting the sentence upon it as a literal statement of fact, has been so prevalent as to have affected some of the zoological treatises of the last century. Thus, in the quaint and learned "Natural History of Serpents," by Charles Owen, D.D., 4to, 1742, p. 12, the author, treating of the food of those reptiles, writes—"That dust was not the original food of the serpent seems evident from the sentence passed upon the Paradisaic serpent, but the necessary consequence of the change made in the manner of its motion, *i. e.*, the prone posture of its body, by which it is doomed to live upon food intermixed with earth."

Dr. Adam Clark, commenting more recently upon the record in its literal sense, seeks to elude the difficulties which thence arise, by contending that the Hebrew "Nachash," may be translated "Ape," as well as "Serpent." But when we find him reduced to the necessity of glossing the text by such expositions, as that to go on the belly, means "on all-fours;" and by affirming, of the arboreal frugivorous four-handed monkeys, that "they are obliged to gather their food from the ground," we have a lively instance of the straits to which the commentator is reduced who attempts to penetrate, deeper than the Word warrants, into the nature of that mysterious beginning of crime and punishment, by the dim light of an imperfect and second-hand knowledge of the divine works.

If, indeed, the laws of the science of Animated Nature formed part of the preliminary studies of the theologian, the futility of such attempts to expound the third chapter of Genesis, viewed as a simple narration of facts, would be better appreciated by him; and if he should still be prompted to append his thoughts, as so many lamps by the side of the sacred text, he would most probably restrict himself to the attempt to elucidate its symbolical signification.

What zoology and anatomy have unfolded of the nature of serpents in regard to their present condition, amounts to this:—that their parts are as exquisitely adjusted to the form of their whole, and to



their habits and sphere of life, as is the organization of any animal which, in the terms of absolute comparison, we call superior to them. It is true, the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing; thus all these creatures fall its prey. The serpent has neither hands nor talons, yet it can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds. Far from licking up its food as it glides along, the serpent lifts up its crushed prey, and presents it, grasped in the death-coil as in the hand, to the gaping slime-dropping mouth.

It is truly wonderful to see the work of hands, feet, fins, performed by a simple modification of the vertebral column in a multiplication of its joints, with mobility of its ribs. But the vertebræ are specially modified, as I have already described, to compensate, by the strength of their individual articulations, for the weakness of their manifold repetition and of the consequent elongation of the slender column.

As serpents move chiefly on the surface of the earth, their danger is greatest from pressure and blows from above; all the joints are accordingly fashioned to resist yielding, and to sustain pressure in a vertical direction; there is no natural undulation of the body upwards and downwards; it is permitted only from side to side. So closely and compactly do the ten pairs of joints between each of the two or three hundred vertebræ fit together, that even in the relaxed and dead state the body cannot be twisted, except in a series of side coils.

Of this the reader may assure himself by a simple experiment on a dead and supple snake. Let him lay it straight along a level surface; seize the end of the tail, and, by a movement of rotation between the thumb and finger, endeavor to screw the snake into spiral coils; before he can produce a single turn, the whole of the long and slender body will roll over as rigidly as if the attempt had been made upon a straight stick.

When we call to mind the anatomical structure of the skull, the singular density and thickness of the bones of the cranium strike us as a special provision against fracture and injury to the head. When we contemplate the still more remarkable manner in which these bones are applied one over another, the superoccipital, overlapping the exoccipital, and the parietal overlapping the superoccipital, the natural segments being sheathed one within the other, the occipital segment within the parietal one, we cannot but discern a special adaptation in the structure of serpents to their commonly prone position, and a prevision of the dangers to which they were subject from falling bodies, and the tread of heavy beasts. I might enumerate many other equally beautiful instances of design and foresight—the whole organization of the serpent is replete with such—in relation to the necessities of their apodal-vermiform character; just as the snake-like eel is compensated by analogous modifications amongst fishes, and the snake-like centipede amongst insects.

But what more particularly concerns us, in the relation of the serpent to our own history, is the great and significant fact revealed by palæontology, viz., that all these ophidian peculiarities and complexities of cranial and vertebral organization, in designed subserviency to a prone posture, and a gliding progress on the belly, were given by a

beneficent Creator to the serpents of that early tertiary period of our planet's history; when, in the slow and progressive preparation of the earth, the species which are now our contemporaries were but just beginning to dawn: these, moreover, being species of the lowest classes of animals, called into existence long before any of the actual kinds of mammalia trod the earth, and long ages before the creation of man.—*A History of British Reptiles, by Professor Richard Owen. Part III., p. 151.*

From the Christian Register.

*Astræa.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Tickor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

THE poetry which maintains a high place will be found almost invariably to have underneath a sub-stratum of broad, vigorous good sense. The highest order of poetry is not made up of feeble sentimentalisms and capricious fancies, but takes a firm hold on the realities of the world. Good sense alone is not poetry, but it is as essential to it, as the trunk of a tree to its foliage. The great poets have been persons of large and strong powers of mind—men of thought and judgment, with whom you would be glad to take counsel in important emergencies; men quite liable, perhaps, to be hurried away themselves into too hasty action, but very likely to be both cool and wise advisers.

Whatever Dr. Holmes writes has this foundation of good sense. If he can see ideal worlds, he can also see, and see clearly, the real world. He never glorifies nonsense. He can discriminate between substance and pretence. As a writer he has the most nervous and condensed style of any American poet. He has the rare faculty of compressing an argument into a line or a phrase, and of giving that line or phrase a point capable of penetrating the thickest shield of error or folly. In what he has written, there is a singular union of wit and pathos—of good sense, of vivid and vigorous imagination, and of generous feeling, never lost even when dealing forth with unsparing hand the sharpest satire—all embodied in admirable English. No living writer knows better the capabilities of the hexameter verse. In his hands it loses its monotony, and seems the natural clothing of his thoughts.

We have already quoted two or three striking passages from this poem. We transfer to our columns a few paragraphs more, not because of any superior excellence to other parts, but because, with the exception of a few lines, we have not before seen them selected. How admirable his description of the coming spring:

At last young April, ever frail and fair,  
Woody by her playmate with the golden hair,  
Chased to the margin of receding floods  
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,  
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,  
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,  
Her clustering curls the hayacinth displays,



O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,  
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free :  
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine  
glows,

And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;  
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge,  
The rival lily hastens to emerge,  
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips  
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,  
The yielding season's bridal serenade ;  
Then flush the wings returning summer calls  
Through the deep arches of her forest halls ;  
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes  
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;  
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,  
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;  
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire  
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.  
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
Repeats, *staccato*, his peremptory note ;  
The crackbrained bobolink courts his crazy mate,  
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;  
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,  
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging walls,  
Deaf to her voice while blooming nature calls ;  
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?  
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past,  
Fly with the leaves that filled the autumn blast !  
Ye imps of science, whose relentless chains  
Lock the warm tides within these living veins,  
Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays  
Dazzling and giddy in the morning's blaze !

What is this life, that spreads in sudden birth  
Its plumes of light around a new-born earth ?  
Is this the sun that brought the unwelcome day,  
Pallid and glimmering with his lifeless ray,  
Or through the sash that bars yon narrow cage  
Slanted, intrusive on the open page ?  
Is this soft breath the same complaining gale  
That filled my slumbers with its murmuring wail ?  
Is this green mantle of elastic sod  
The same brown desert with its frozen clod,  
Where the last ridges of the dingy snow  
Lie till the windflower blooms unstained below ?

Here is a new way of presenting the results of  
living upon one idea.

No life worth naming ever comes to good  
If always nourished on the self-same food ;  
The creeping mite may live so if he please,  
And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,  
But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,  
If mammals try it, that their eyes drop out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to feed  
For their sole diet on a single creed ;  
It chills their hearts, alas ! it fills their lungs,  
And spoils their eyeballs while it spares their  
tongues.

When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,  
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;  
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,  
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown ;  
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,  
You stretch to pluck it—'t is a butterfly ;  
The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,  
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark ;  
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,  
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.

So by long living on a single lie,  
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye ;  
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue—  
Except when squabbling turns them black and blue !

We feel greatly tempted to quote half the poem,  
but it would be hardly dealing fair with the pub-  
lisher, and we take it for granted that before many  
weeks have past, the larger part of our readers will  
have seen and read it for themselves.

From the Times.

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND AND IN AMERICA.

As a mere mercantile adventure, the electric tele-  
graph has in England proved comparatively a  
failure. Its practical results have disappointed  
expectation, and thus the most wonderful discovery  
of modern times is to us almost without utility, and  
serves, indeed, for the most part simply to ex-  
cite wonder at the marvellous feats achieved by  
modern science. It is talked of, wondered at, and  
neglected.

In a country teeming with population, and that  
population bound together by the most intimate  
social and commercial ties, the means of rapid,  
easy, and *cheap* communication would seem to rank  
among the chief necessities of life. When, there-  
fore, we behold offered to such a community a mode  
of corresponding that in despatch surpasses the  
wildest flights and imaginations of fable—which,  
while thus miraculously expeditious, is also easy  
and safe—and find, nevertheless, that this great  
seeming advantage is generally neglected, we are  
driven to inquire into the causes of so extraordinary  
a result. Turning our attention to other countries,  
inhabited by nations in a similar state of civilization,  
with the same habits, subject to the same wants,  
and employing in all things similar appliances and  
means to the furtherance of their ends, public and  
private, we behold a result in this one particular  
wholly different from that which our own country  
presents. If we look to our brethren on the other  
side of the Atlantic, and bear in mind the circum-  
stances peculiar to them—those, in fact, in which  
their condition is different from our own—we shall  
be inclined yet more to marvel at the dissimilarity  
in the consequences of the discovery to two people  
so situated. In the United States of America the  
electric telegraph is now a common necessity, and  
of general use. It is spreading over every part of  
the vast territory belonging to the republic, and as  
a mercantile speculation it is said to have proved  
eminently successful. Now, if we consider the  
scattered state of the population, the small propor-  
tion it bears to the extensive country they inhabit,  
and the nature of that country, we cannot fail to  
admire and applaud the sagacity and energy evinced  
by the Americans in their immediate adoption, and  
successful and general application, of this most  
wonderful and, in their hands, most useful inven-  
tion. And if we compare their employment of it  
with our own, we must acknowledge that we have  
reason to be astonished, grieved, and ashamed.

We may select one instance as an illustration of  
the success which has attended the discovery in the  
United States ; and we make this choice because  
of the great difficulties which have been encountered  
and overcome.

The Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois Telegraph Com-  
pany, we are told, has already one thousand miles



of line in working order, and this through a country covered, not with human dwellings, but dense and almost impervious forests—thus exhibiting another and a striking instance of the mode in which the latest discoveries of modern science are made subservient to the wants of communities at the very commencement of their existence. Half a century since wild beasts, and still wilder Indians, wandered over the lands now traversed in perfect security by these frail wires, the mysterious agents by which human thoughts and desires are made to travel in fact as rapidly as they are conceived. This transition from a wild and barbarous condition to that of the most elaborate civilization has not been gradual, but instantaneous. Civilization has not here at first dimly dawned, then slowly advanced, gradually working its way against opposing difficulties to its ultimate perfection, but has at one bound leaped into life, surrounded with every appliance and means which the existing knowledge of man has devised for ministering to his wants and his enjoyment. The railroad and the electric telegraph, the steam engine with all its multiplied variety of uses—in mills, in boats, on rivers and canals, and in ships on lakes that in fact are inland seas—every sort of machinery, every chemical discovery, all practical discoveries, in short, have been immediately adopted, improved upon, and to the very utmost employed in these new states, all of which have been founded within the memory of living men; and in nothing has this immediate application of novel arts been more manifest than in the use of the electric telegraph. Let any one place before himself the map of the United States, and trace the distance that intervenes, for example, between the cities of New York and Cincinnati; and then let him regard the character of the country all along that extended line—the boundless forests, the wide, deep, and numerous rivers, the lofty mountains, that must be traversed by the wires which connect the two cities we have named. Again, from New Orleans to New York the route is just as difficult; yet here again we see that the obstacles have not prevented communication, and, to our astonishment, we discover that there is a more rapid and continued correspondence between people residing in Louisiana, New York, and Massachusetts, than between London and Bristol! Is there not here cause for wonder and regret?

When we remember that the discovery thus employed was made in England—that the people of England have quite as great a need of rapid intelligence as those have who dwell in America—that we have greater wealth and equal intelligence and energy—we are driven to ask, Why have we not made the same use of this great invention? We may be told that the enormous distances at which people live from each other in the United States is the one great reason for their general adoption of the means of communication afforded by the telegraph. Undoubtedly, the difficulty of traveling and of personal communication does enhance the value of the discovery. But the distance must greatly increase the cost, and the thinness of the population must tend to diminish the return to the outlay of capital. In such circumstances we should therefore expect that the charges upon communication would be proportionally great, and that in England, where the distances are much less, and the population much more dense, the number of communications would be very much larger in proportion to the sum expended or the miles of line laid down, and the sums charged upon communica-

tion much less than those of America. Yet the very reverse of this takes place. The charges are very small in the United States, *and as a consequence the communications are very numerous*, and thus the frequency of the use pays for the greater expense of the lines; and herein we suspect lies the cause of our neglect of this instrument of communication. The post travels rapidly, is cheap, and the communication therefore between persons living at no very great distance apart is sufficiently easy and expeditious to make us unwilling to incur a very heavy cost even for a more rapid means of correspondence. If, however, this more rapid means were also very cheap, the use would become a habit, and the frequency of the employment of the telegraph would quickly repay its outlay. In fact, the principle of small and frequent returns would hold good in this instance as in so many others; and our telegraph adventurers have hitherto partially failed because they have made their communication far too costly.

There is, however, another point of view in which this wonderful invention may be regarded, and in which it will be seen to be capable of being made subservient to still greater social improvements than any which have yet been achieved. The constantly increasing commerce with America, and our growing relations, social as well as commercial, with her people, render a rapid communication with the American continent of increasing importance. This necessity of trade and society may be made the means of a great improvement in one part of our country, which certainly much needs enlightenment and assistance—we mean Ireland; and her geographical position may be turned to use not simply to increase the rapidity of our correspondence with America, but to her own good. From the west coast of Ireland to America a voyage by steam might be performed in so short a time as to be measured rather by hours than days. If packets were to sail regularly between the nearest harbor on the western coast and Halifax or New York, and there were direct telegraphic communication between that Irish harbor and London, news might be transmitted from the borders of the Mississippi, and ultimately from the western coast of America, to every part of Great Britain and Ireland in less than a week. If, in addition to this telegraphic communication, a railroad were carried across Ireland from east to west, all who prefer travelling by land would take their final departure from the Irish port rather than incur the inconvenience and annoyance of the longer sea voyage which is necessary if the voyager start either from an English or a Scotch port. The fastest liners would in that case not be those which sail between Liverpool and America, but Irish vessels would enjoy that distinction and advantage, and the moral benefit to Ireland resulting from such constant contact with men of other countries would be incalculable. In such a state of things we should little dread the influence of the Synod of Thurles, or look with anxiety upon the astronomical teaching of Dr. Cullen. The electric telegraph and the railroad would soon put to flight the whole conclave of cardinals, with the Pope at their head, even if attended with all solemnity by the whole Catholic hierarchy of Ireland.

This plan of thus communicating with America has long occupied the thoughts of statesmen and merchants, and now, we are told, engages the attention of our government; and certainly the executive authorities in Ireland could not better employ their power than in ascertaining what are



the difficulties in the way of achieving this great national work. A tenth part of the sums that have been squandered upon making and unmaking useless roads, and in perfecting costly and unnecessary surveys, would have enabled us long since to ascertain the proper route for this great national railroad and telegraphic line, and we might now be prepared to begin the making of a road instead of surveying it. Still, entertaining the idea is a great step in advance.

#### THE "MALIGNANT PHILANTHROPIST."

[From *Astræa*, a poem, by Dr. Holmes, now in press of Ticknor, Reed & Field, Boston.]

THE Moral Bully, though he never swears,  
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,  
Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,  
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,  
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen  
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,  
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast,  
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,  
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear,  
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,  
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words  
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,  
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,  
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,  
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,  
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck.

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal clown,  
Whose arm is stronger, free to knock us down?  
Has every scarecrow, whose cachetic soul  
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,  
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace  
Of angel visits on his hungry face,  
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,  
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,  
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,  
And bait his homilies with his brother worms?

*The Farmer's Every-Day Book*; or, Sketches of Social Life in the Country: with the Popular Elements of Practical and Theoretical Agriculture, and 1200 Laconics and Apothegms relating to Ethics, Religion, and General Literature; also 500 Receipts of Hygeian, Domestic and Rural Economy. By the Rev. JOHN L. BLAKE, D. D. Derby, Miller, & Co., Auburn, New York.

Into this single volume the experienced and skilful author has condensed a mass of information of every-day importance to all people who live in the country, whether they be farmers, mechanics, lawyers, merchants, or clergymen. It will exert a beneficial effect on whatever house it shall enter,—not only by the actual knowledge which it will convey, (for which alone its value is much above its price,) but by the quickening of thought, and by the elevation of morals which it will produce.

We commend it to our readers as the result of much experiment, labor and research, condensed by a sagacious, practical, religious, and skilful

author, whose former successful publications afford abundant ground for their confidence.

It is for sale by subscription only.—Price three dollars.

We add a notice from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine:

This work is designed to embrace the popular elements of agriculture generally, so condensed as to be within the reach of persons possessing only limited pecuniary means; so perspicuous as to be understood and applied by individuals of the most common education; and especially so analyzed and arranged that an examination of its several parts may be made in the short intervals of leisure under the control of every farmer, without intrusion upon his hours appropriated to ordinary manual labor. Forming our opinion of it from the portions we have read, and from some twenty years' acquaintance with the character and habits of the author's mind, we have no hesitation in commending it to that large class of persons designated in the title. And we apprehend that it will not only be an "Every-Day Book" for every farmer in the land, but one that will interest the political economist, and, indeed, all who take an interest in the social and moral welfare of our common country. The liberal and comprehensive views of the learned author, and his large experience and practical common sense, are strikingly exhibited in its preparation, as all who read it will readily admit.

*The Conservative Magazine*; a London Journal of Politics, Literature, and Science. No. 1. August, 1850.

The object of this periodical is to supersede *Blackwood* as the Tory magazine, or at least to take the *pas* of him; *Maga*, it seems, being "old," and published in Edinburgh, with sundry other objections. For so bold a project, the specimen should have exhibited more originality; instead of novelty either in form or matter, *The Conservative Magazine* is to a great extent an imitator of *Blackwood*. The appearance of the letterpress is the same. The political article is a little measured in manner, and has a variety of statistical tables; but it wants the wild though wordy vigor of the Northern Magazine, as well as its artificial elevation and philosophic tone. *Blackwood* has frequently been distinguished for a half-burlesque sort of diablerie; a tale of mystery and horror begins and is carried on with due seriousness, till the close, when a strange conclusion leaves the reader in doubt of the real earnestness of the writer. Such a tale is "Purses and Coffins" in the *Conservative Magazine*; and there are several other things that one would not have been surprised to meet in *Blackwood*. One of the best papers is the "Historic Doubts relative to the Existence of Mr. George Hudson;" which is made the vehicle of a cleverish though coarse attack upon the daily press. If the *Conservative Magazine* is to be considered as a recognized organ of the tory party, it merely shows to what a state that party is reduced; having no intelligible principle of action, and neither ideas nor manners adapted to the time. The general style of this periodical is that of the literary party-man twenty years ago, and is exploded now among persons who have any thought or purpose.—*Spectator*.



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Nine “ “	\$40 00.
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Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.



From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Second Visit to the United States of America.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. 2d edit.
2. *The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7; exhibiting them in their latest development—social, political, and industrial—including a chapter on California.* By ALEXANDER MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 1849.
3. *Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches.* 2 vols. 1835.
4. *Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts System of Common Schools.* Boston: 1849.
5. *Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster upon the Subject of Slavery, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 7. 1850.*

IF books are now like the sea sand, good and true books are but as the rarer shells; and voyages and travels, having passed on beyond the interest of mere discovery, are to be estimated by those deeper qualities which make civilized nations *truly* acquainted with each other.

To this end, judgment and candor are more than all the arts of composition, and true candor is perhaps even more than judgment. Sir Charles Lyell's books upon the inexhaustible field of America are distinguished by both these qualities, but more especially by the last, and are worthy therefore to be studied for real increase of knowledge.\* They comprise observations upon everything in that theatre of great experiments which would naturally attract the attention of a liberal and cultivated Englishman, possessing those advantages of access and intercourse which were at the command of a man not only eminent in science, but conversant with the best society of Europe, a gentleman by station, and a gentleman by nature. He has visited the United States twice, (which it would not be so pleasant for many *writers* upon them to do,) and had the advantage, therefore, of revising his first impressions, and also of noting many signs of progress made during his absence, which indicate how fast the social tree will grow in virgin soil. Mr. Lyell crossed the Atlantic first in pursuit of his geological vocation; and we can imagine the interest of the New World to him in its mere physical features—for a geologist looks at a continent as an anatomist looks at an animal—he sees with his mind's eye the internal organization, and the fire and the water in digestive action, and the peristaltic earthquakes, and thinks he knows what the monster was like in its infancy and youth, and what it will be like in its old age—he sees the valleys rising from the sea, and the mountains rising from the plain—he sees nature laying in her coal measures, and commonwealths

coming down in the mud of primeval rivers—he looks backward to the Saurian aborigines, and onward perhaps to undefinable developments of the type of man. A geologist thus full of the great generalizations of his proper science will hardly confine himself within the sensible horizon when he comes to the historical period. The kingdoms, constitutions, creeds, and rituals of men, he will be apt to regard as less permanent than Niagara—which is itself no immortal cascade. Yet, these he investigates as phenomena, with the fidelity of a naturalist, and applies the inductive method to thoughts no less than to things. There can be no doubt of the light, as well as the impulse, which physics have lent to metaphysics, and nature to divinity, since Pascal declared for Galileo and Newton became a saint in the English calendar, and since the Protestant schools and churches have given so many professors to geology.

The sun at the centre, and the earth among the stars, and that star of ours in unceasing mutation and development, are suggestive of thoughts which are themselves but developments—which must revolve with man, who must revolve with his world, which is invisible from the Great Bear. Geology includes the whole visible creation, and is neutral ground on which all students meet, and all philosophies must adjust themselves to Nature's dimensions—and historians and politicians learn to recognize other occult agencies and dynamic forces, besides the climate of Montesquieu, underlying the institutions and controlling the schemes of men! It is, at any rate, unquestionable that political speculations are now largely turned from the dramatic, dynastic, and personal interests of history, to the life of nations, the destinies of races, and the ultimate prospects of mankind—our fathers' generation and our own have been marked by changes so vast and rapid as to strike the least imaginative minds with an anxious sense of temporal instability, and to fill the most imaginative with solemn instincts of an undeveloped providence, and dim visions of a future which no theorems of the schools and the churches will contain. So much for the aptitudes, in our estimate, of a geological professor to report upon the social stratification of the great North American republics.

The book, in point of arrangement, like Sir C. Lyell's account of his former visit, is of the nature of a diary, taking up subjects as they arose by the way, or were suggested in conversation. But as his first visit was chiefly scientific, his second is chiefly popular, the mixture of geology and natural history giving the same variety, of interest to the reader which it must have given to the daily progress of the traveller. "It is an

\* We can very honestly say the same for both Mr. Mackay, and Messrs. Reed and Matheson.



agreeable novelty," he says, "to the naturalist to combine the speed of a railway, and the luxury of good inns, with the sight of the native forest; the advantages of civilization, with the beauty of unreclaimed nature; no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undisturbed."

Landing at Boston, he begins with the New England States, where lies the interest that most comes home to us. The foresight of Bacon could not have predicted what would come of those Pilgrim Fathers within two hundred years. But observers of far inferior penetration, on looking back, may discern and trace downwards a natural expansion from that vigorous root. There was cast at once into fresh earth the seed of civil liberty, and the seed of independent belief, both included in that indomitable Protestantism which fled from the bondage of Europe to worship God in the wilderness. The Mayflower carried over to new shores the germ of a great nation, wherein, physically, there was nothing strange to experience; but she carried over also a spiritual venture of vaster capabilities under less visible promise—universal toleration latent in the most inhuman of schoolborn theologies—universal religion in a husk of Calvinism! No rational observer of the United States will now overlook that grain of mustard-seed in studying the moral phenomena of the Anglo-American nations.

Anglo-Saxon America is the land of progress, whatever the end of it is to be; and in that respect, and not for any results yet attained, is so deserving of our attention. The vigor of population corresponds there to the scale of nature. All the wants of civilized men are developed, and all the means of satisfying them are within reach; the war against the wilderness keeps all energies alive, feeding them with victory and hope; and all the experience of the Old World comes in aid to guide, to encourage, and to warn. If freedom be doomed to end in rebellion against God and anarchy among men, America will unteach the world an error of two thousand years. If, on the contrary, self-government be the secret of society, or the right way towards it, America is the land of promise, and the object of highest hope as well as of liberal curiosity.

But, without presuming to decide this momentous question, or to assume it, let us hear Sir Charles Lyell's evidence. He is very curious about all religious manifestations, as every wise man must be, who knows how much may be inferred from them as to popular intelligence, and the state of education, and the moral heart of a community. The faiths of the multitude must be studied by those who would know their own times, and the thoughts of the wise by those who would foresee the coming time. The convictions of the many are the laws of the living world—the negations of the few mark the spiritual path which the next generations will follow; for the fear of God in the hearts of the wise tends ever to enlarge itself, to reject school definitions, and

to purge the popular creed. To the ancient *vates* every part of nature was a separate God; to the modern poet universal nature is but a part of God. Consider the decline of faith, yet the progress of truth, in the church, the schools, and the world, from Tertullian to Bishop Butler, from Ptolemy to Sir J. Herschel, from St. Louis to the King of Prussia! Now sectarianism is the beginning of the end of a blind reverence for human authority; and as Old England is the land of sects, compared with Europe, so New England is the land of sects compared with Old England, and the sects of America, like her factions, have the salient energy of youth. It requires a true philosopher to report of them fairly; and the habits of a natural philosopher to investigate them calmly and piously—as he would the interesting peculiarities of animals. Behold, these are some of God's creatures, and these are some of their ways.

New England is in truth a museum of sectarian curiosities; no maternal church keeps down fanaticism, and no court manners suppress or chasten the free expression of it by word and by deed. Here, if anywhere, we must be careful to learn what such a state of things naturally comes to—whether to internecine war, or to mutual forbearance and gradual comprehension. It is a most practical question for all Christendom. At Portland, in Maine, Sir C. Lyell found a "happy family" of sects—all, except the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, of Puritan derivation—but all without exception reconciled to live and eat together in the same cage. The late governor had been a Unitarian; the present governor was a Roman Catholic! Now, according to the theory of *exclusive truth*, and a state conscience, either these sectaries cannot be sincere in their differences, or they have no sense of the awful gulf that lies between the church and the world;—and, in either case, that state has no conscience. Yet, judging the tree by its fruit, here is an impartial observer, who finds himself bound to report well of it, and to prefer a friendly diversity to an intolerant uniformity. Sir C. Lyell enumerates eight sects in this town of Portland; and the American Almanac for 1849, gives twenty-eight in all for the United States, with an estimate of their respective numbers. Statistics, however, are a rude, and must be a most vague, measure of spiritual quantities; but take the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, which strives to be the same in all lands, and multitudinous Protestantism on the other; and among the popular heresiarchs of the Union in our generation, let Dr. Channing stand at the top and Mormon Smith at the bottom;—and then let us consider the gradations of faith and polity that must lie between them. If amity be an *accomplished fact* in such a conflux of opposites, the spirit of peace must be strong, after all, in the world, and the problem of "happy families" no longer desperate. The variety of sects is in truth not a subject either for satire or for tears, unless



we could say how religion could otherwise adapt itself to the unequal growth of intellect in society. The polity of the Roman Church was perfect in itself, and for its own purposes. It grasped the whole body of the state, and left no grade or member of it uncared for. But when heresy broke into the fold, and conviction, instead of submission, was made the basis of the new church, and every man had to choose his creed, or at least the keeper of his conscience, uniformity became impossible, and sects inevitable. Then arose the proverb, *ubi una, ibi nulla!* And if a civilized commonwealth is ever again to be one fold, under one Shepherd, it must be by getting through the sectarian stage, as the individual mind can best do, and resolving moral as well as material phenomena into general laws and a universal providence.

To this end, the first step is not that sects should cease to be—far from it—but that they should agree to be. And this is what we rejoice to learn has been brought to pass in New England, as exemplified in the above-mentioned instance in the State of Maine. The same phenomenon is repeated and recurred to in many places; and, instead of exaggerations and contrasts, Sir C. Lyell endeavors to give us things in their natural colors and proportions, the result of which is, a more intelligible picture of religion in America, than we usually meet with. Revivals, and camp meetings, and fanatical excesses are reported too, but not in a satirical style or spirit, nor with undue inferences drawn from them as to national character. Such fanaticism is the religion of an uninstructed but awakening vulgar. It is religion, however, having reference to conscience and the moral condition of man. A fixed superstition belongs to a wholly ignorant and stationary people. The free enthusiasm of a democracy is error in agitation and transition, and we may hope will correct itself on the way.

Revivals are made up of all the arts of excitement, and some of the arts of fraud, which mingle strangely together in spiritual zealotry. Sir C. Lyell quotes from a New York paper the following advertisement:—"A protracted meeting is now in progress at the church in — street: there have been a number of conversions, and it is hoped the work of grace has but just commenced. Preaching every evening. Seats free." At a revival in Bethlehem, attended by sixteen ministers, Methodists, Baptists, and one Orthodox, "there were prayers and preaching incessantly from morning to night, for twenty-one days." Sir C. Lyell was assured by a Boston friend, that, when he once attended a revival sermon, "he heard the preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect to experience on the first, second, and third day previous to their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to his pupils on the progress of a well known disease; and the complaint, he added, is indeed a serious one, and very contagious when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the judgment,

and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination." But such a preacher belongs to a well-known genus in church history. The most memorable of them was perhaps Peter the Hermit. Religious madness is also a form of mania well known in lunatic asylums and out of them. "It is admitted, however, and deplored by the advocates of revivals, that, after the application of such violent stimulants, there is invariably a reaction, and what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general, of late years, almost discontinued such meetings."

Then we have an account of the Millerites, followers of one Miller, who had appointed the 23d of October, 1844, for the final destruction of the world, and who found such faith on earth that, in the autumn of that year, many of his neighbors would neither reap their harvest nor let others reap it, lest they should tempt Providence in that awful hour; and *after* the 23d of October, though they saved what they could, or had it saved for them by the parochial authorities, yet the failure of the prediction was resolved into miscalculation merely, and the sect continued to flourish and believe, and Boston shops advertised ascension robes for going up to heaven; and an English bookseller at New York assured Sir C. Lyell "that there was a brisk demand for such articles even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October!" Several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the tabernacle in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension. In this tabernacle—which was afterwards sold and converted into a theatre—the author saw Macbeth; and was told by some of his party "that they were reminded of the extraordinary sight they had witnessed in that room on the 23d October of the previous year, when the walls were all covered with Hebrew and Greek texts, and when a crowd of devotees were praying in their ascension robes, in hourly expectation of the consummation of all things."

Now fanatical excesses like these have been worked up with much effect by satirical and declamatory writers, as evidence against the general intelligence of American society; but when Sir Charles Lyell alleged the numerous followers of Miller and Smith to a New England friend, as "not arguing much in favor of the working of their plan of national education," he received, we think, a very sensible reply, which, without vindicating the younger world, laid upon the elder its due share of the reproach.

As to the Mormons, you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European



emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from the illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites however, though confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement have advanced the cause of truth.

The same friend then went on to describe to me a sermon preached in one of the north-eastern townships of Massachusetts, which he named, against the Millerite opinions, by the minister of the parish, who explained the doubts generally entertained by the learned in regard to some of the dates of the prophecies of Daniel, entered freely into modern controversies about the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament, and referred to several works both of German, British and New England authors, which his congregation had never heard of till then. *Not a few of them complained that they had been so long kept in the dark; that their minister must have entertained many of these opinions long before, and that he had now revealed them in order to stem the current of a popular delusion, and for expediency rather than the love of truth.* "Never," said they, "can we in future put the same confidence in him again."

Other apologists observed to me, that so long as part of the population was very ignorant, even the well educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best fed individuals in the whole community.

This last observation and similitude, which Sir Charles Lyell thinks "plausible and ingenious, but fallacious," seems to us to have both force and truth in it. All excitability beyond the bounds of reason is a matter of temperament, and subject to strange sympathies which reason can neither control nor explain. But whoever seriously believed the end of the world to be at hand, would be in a state of *reasonable* excitement; and the doctrine of literal inspiration had, long before America was known, seemed to give all men an absolute warrant for that belief. The behavior of the New England sectaries under such persuasion was natural enough. The opinion was a delusion; but if one honest sermon proved sufficient to dispel it from the minds of one congregation, let the theology both at home and abroad, which dares not speak plainly to the people, and hardly dares to open its own eyes, bear the blame of all such epidemic extravagance.

But we must follow Sir Charles Lyell further into this subject, on which, in his 12th chapter, he

has written fully, earnestly, and wisely, in a tone that can give just offence to nobody. And if we can draw more general attention to that chapter alone, we shall render a seasonable service to truth and charity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Religion is rightly assumed, by all who believe in a power above them, to be the basis and soul of education. Yet religion, as moulded by most schools of theology in Europe, is found in unnatural opposition to free teaching; and it puzzles the wisdom of senates to discover how this fatal schism is to be healed. But in New England the problem has been solved already. There are free schools there and independent sects in amicable fellowship; and it is well worth further inquiry whether toleration has produced the schools or the schools have produced toleration. Sir Charles Lyell quotes, from the farewell charge of Pastor Robinson to his congregation at Leyden, before they set sail in the Mayflower, the following passage:

I charge you before God, and his holy angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their first reformation; the Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will die rather than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember it; it is an article of your church covenant, that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred covenant.

Now the principle which is contained in these pregnant words it is probable that neither the preacher himself nor the most reflecting of his hearers would have been ready to follow out to its destined results. The zealous exiles were as positive and intolerant under their new heaven as the brethren they had left behind them under the old. But no philosopher ever stood wholly clear of his own times and associations—how much less any religious enthusiast. The progress which Pastor Robinson foresaw was something that should enlarge only, and enforce, but not confute, or altogether outgrow, the teaching of Calvin. It was indeed a great step to admit that Calvin himself saw not all things. It is a further and greater step to admit that Calvin saw many things that were not, and that the progress of truth includes unlearning much as well as learning more. It is Coleridge, we think, who remarks of political dis-



putants and parties, that, seeing half the truth, they are generally right in the principles which they assert, and wrong in those which they deny ;—in the same sense in which opposite proverbs are the complements of each other—both true, and yet both false. But as much can hardly be said of religious sects—for, in religion, the positive, from the nature of the case, is far more likely to be wrong, because the horizon there is infinite ; and we have no data for a doctrine of the *moral* sphere. The pastor's rule, however, "be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you," though it has already led whither he would not, is a rule for all times, and will outlive all the systems in the world. Then how, and by what steps has it led the posterity of the Puritan pilgrims so wide of their father's pathway, and rolled out their narrow Calvinistic synagogue into this umbrageous confederation of Gentile Christianities? Sir C. Lyell ascribes it all to the peculiar polity of the congregational churches, and to the natural recoil of religious feeling from the strain of Calvinism. A notable example of such reaction at the fountain head has been seen in the church and clergy of Geneva ; but the spiritual independence of every separate congregation is among the issues of Protestantism, which it was reserved for New England to sanction by law, and to make the basis of an extensive ecclesiastical discipline. It is a principle, indeed, inconsistent with truth, if religion be a catechism and a confessor ; but if it be a compound of instinct, reflection, faith, and experience, a light of the soul itself, it must feed upon free meditation ; and the independence of any body of consenting worshippers is but the natural right of so many individual minds to obey the laws of thought and the conditions of their intellectual being. Now, by insight, foresight, self-assertion, or self-defence—or why not by the providence of God?—the Puritans of New England, before they were tolerant themselves, adopted the essential polity of toleration, and also of progress. The law gave effect to it ; and in every congregation, if the creed of the majority change, the minority must secede, and set up no rights of freehold against rights of conscience. Such is the principle of the congregational churches, of which, according to the list in the Almanac of last year, there are in the United States 1727, with 1584 ministers called orthodox, and 300 with 250 ministers called Unitarian. Sir C. Lyell says that the separate congregational churches of England, both Old and New, are, in all, above 3000, which would seem to indicate a greater proportion for New England than we should have inferred from the figures in the Almanac. But whatever their number may be, they were the true root of American Protestantism and of American education ; and Sir C. Lyell gives a very interesting account of them in both those relations :—

It is now (he says) the settled opinion of many of the most thoughtful of the New Englanders, that the assertion of the independence of each separate congregation was as great a step towards

freedom of conscience as all that had been previously gained by Luther's reformation. \* \* \* \* To show how widely the spirit of their peculiar ecclesiastical system has spread, I may state that even the Roman Catholics have, in different states, and in three or four cases, (one of which is still pending in 1848,) made an appeal to the courts at law, and endeavored to avail themselves of the principle of the Independents, so that the majority of a separate congregation should be entitled to resist the appointment by their bishop of a priest to whom they had strong objections.

But to exemplify the more regular working of the congregational polity within its own legitimate sphere, I will mention a recent case which came more home to my own scientific pursuits. A young man of superior talent, with whom I was acquainted, who was employed as a geologist in the state survey of Pennsylvania, was desirous of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian church, in that state ; but when examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first chapter of Genesis, inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted respecting the high antiquity of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the earth long anterior to man. The rejected candidate, whose orthodoxy on all other points was fully admitted, was then invited by an Independent congregation in New England to become their pastor ; and when he accepted the offer, the other associated churches were called upon to decide whether they would assist in ordaining one who claimed the right to teach freely his own views on the question at issue. The right of the congregation to elect him, whether the other churches approved of the doctrine or not, was conceded ; and a strong inclination is always evinced, by the affiliated societies, to come, if possible, to an amicable understanding. Accordingly, a discussion ensued, and is perhaps still going on, whether, consistently with a fair interpretation of Scripture, or with what is essential to the faith of a Christian, the doctrine of complete and immediate inspiration may or may not be left as an open question.

Now the close connection of all this with the moral culture of a people cannot be questioned upon general grounds ; nor can anybody turn away from it, as remote from the business of life, who reflects upon our actual religious difficulties at home, upon our public divisions and our domestic estrangements, all springing from the old passion for doctrinal uniformity.

The love of truth is honorable in all ; and with the disciples of an infallible church we will not dispute. But there can be only one infallible church ; and if the Protestant world be but seeking for that through free inquiry, then the freer the inquiry, the greater the hope of ultimate unity. In the present state of the world, unity is irreconcilable with freedom ; and, in default of unity, the outward simulation of it is plain falsehood. We may agree that sincerity is not everything in religion ; but insincerity, even on the right side, must be something worse ; and how much of that there is in Old England, we should be sorry to see computed in a question of national character. Reli-



gious insincerity, commonly called cant, is one of our special vices; and yet it does not seem natural to us, but results insensibly from our conservative love of old forms of speech which have survived their meaning, and ancient rites that have no life left in them. This is notable in church and state alike; in our constitutional and legal fictions; in our public testimonials, tributes, toasts, epitaphs, and oaths, no less than in our solemn creeds, confessions, and thanksgivings. Consider, for example, in things sacred, our universal conventional indifference to the vows of sponsors in baptism, although the awful old service is scrupulously retained. So of the ordination service. Consider, also, the weekly recitation of the fourth commandment, and *the response to it*, without one word of comment or qualification on the part of the church, notwithstanding that nobody believes a *Jewish Sabbath* to be either binding upon Christians, or possible in modern life; and not the strictest Puritan of us all, not Scotland herself, even thinks of observing it as such. The immense variance between the letter of this law and the most rigid practical interpretation of it, confounds all English ideas of Sabbath keeping and Sabbath breaking; creates unnecessarily an awful *malum prohibitum*; and lays snares in the path of innumerable honest and devout men and women. If the fourth commandment be, indeed, a law of the Christians, it is too certain that all Christians deliberately break it; but if it be a law of the Jews only, then all the scandal is chargeable upon those who, professing to have divine truth in their keeping, recite this law weekly from the altar, as if it were part of the Sermon on the Mount. In the same way, chapters from the Old Testament and from the New are read out to a congregation, with no other distinction than that one is the first, the other the second lesson.

Such inconsistencies, to those who will reflect upon them, will appear far more important, and more fruitful of evil consequences, than most of us are aware of. Then there are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned, imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer. Sir Charles Lyell adduces at length the text of the three heavenly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still, nevertheless, retained in our Bibles, and also in those of the Episcopal church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalians revised the liturgy, and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers. It is now becoming extremely dangerous to their influence and authority. There is no meeting an age of inquiry except in the spirit of perfect candor. The question which lies at the root of all dogmatic Christianity, is the authority of the letter of Scripture; yet, strange to say, that question is neither a settled nor an open one even among Protestants.

All the clergy of almost all sects are afraid of it; and the students of nature, intent only upon facts that God has revealed to our senses, have to fight their way against the self-same religious prejudice which consigned Galileo to his dungeon. The geologists, following in the track of the astronomers, have made good some very important positions, and number among them many eminent churchmen of unquestioned fidelity to their ordination vows. It is now, therefore, admitted that the text is not conclusive against physical demonstration. Is the text conclusive against moral induction and metaphysical inquiry? Let a layman put that question, and an awful silence is the least forbidding answer he will receive. No minister of a parish, no master of a school, no father of a family in England feels himself free to pursue any train of instruction that seems in conflict with a familiar text or a dogmatic formula, excepting only the subject of the opening verses of Genesis. He is either fearful of the ground himself, or he cannot clear his own path for others without opening a discussion, which is discountenanced on all sides and branded with reproachful names. He, in spite of himself, must take refuge in evasions and reserve, and close a subject of perhaps the liveliest interest to the most reverential minds, lest the works of God should seem to be at variance with his word. Here is the dilemma which will be found at the bottom of the education question in England. This is what is consciously or unconsciously meant in many important quarters by the cry against secular instruction. This is why the natural sciences were so long frowned upon in our grammar schools and colleges, and ancient knowledge preferred to modern, as a sounder and a holier lore. The theology of the Vatican was at home among the Pagan mythologies, the Aristotelian physics, and the Hebrew cosmogonies; yet stood in awe of "the Tuscan artist's optic glass;" and the spirit of the ancient church has ever since been true to that instinct. But Protestantism, we say again, and printing have admitted the light of nature into the schools; and, in the unlimited ecclesiastical freedom of the United States, religion and education go hand in hand.

Certainly (says Sir C. Lyell) no people ever started with brighter prospects of uniting the promotion of both these departments than the people of New England at this moment. Of the free schools which they have founded, and the plan of education adopted by them, for children of all sects and stations in society, they feel justly proud, *for it is the most original thing which America has yet produced.*

The Puritans introduced the congregational polity—the Puritans introduced also the free schools. In the log huts of the early settlers in Massachusetts were commonly found the Bible and "Paradise Lost."

Full of faith, (says Sir C. Lyell,) and believing that their religious tenets must be strengthened by free investigation, they held that the study and



interpretation of the Scriptures should not be the monopoly of a particular order of men, but that every layman was bound to search them for himself. Hence they were anxious to have all their children taught to read. So early as the year 1647, they instituted common schools, the law declaring "that all the brethren should teach their children and apprentices to read, and that every township of fifty householders should appoint one to teach all the children." Very different was the state of things in the contemporary colony of Virginia, to which the cavaliers and members of the Established Church were thronging. Even fifteen or twenty years later, Sir Wm. Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia for nearly forty years, and was one of the best of the colonial rulers, spoke thus, in the full sincerity of his heart, of his own province. in a letter written after the restoration of Charles the Second :—

"I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy, and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

Such are two opposite views of the value of learning which still agitate the world ; and the question between them is no speculative question, but by many degrees the most practical of all the questions of our time. But here it seems right to call in the other witnesses whose works are enumerated at the head of this article, that no conclusion in this important inquiry may rest upon any prejudice of ours, or of any single writer, however discerning or dispassionate. The problem of the civilized world is, how to promote the continual improvement of our race by means of free institutions ; for there is no sign that the principle of despotism either in church or state can do it. Let the admirers of the absolute in human affairs mark the contrasts of history and of the living world. The political order of China is to British and American disorders like a cage of tame animals to the lords of the forest : the civic order of Rome is to the civic order of Boston like a cage of untamed animals to a park of friendly deer and kine.

Anglo-Saxon polity was extant 1800 years ago in the forests of Germany. "De minoribus rebus principes consultant ; de majoribus omnes ; ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penes plebem arbitrium est apud principes pertractentur." The "de majoribus omnes" has developed into parliament and congress ; the "apud principes pertractentur" into Downing Street and Washington cabinets. But the principle of jury trial appears also in that ancient picture : "Licet apud concilium accusare quoque et discrimen capitis intendere ;" and the principle of election was applied to their state governors or sheriffs and lords lieutenant, "Eliguntur in iisdem conciliis et principes qui jura per pagos vicosque reddunt." This popular polity, we say, is historically traceable from Tacitus to Blackstone, and from the Rhine and Danube to the Potomac and the Hudson. And what results has it not brought to pass in things spiritual as well as things temporal ? There

are Eastern despotisms and Eastern idolatries over boundless realms, the same to-day as they were when the Druids sacrificed in Stonehenge ; but the Druids and their followers are transformed into Romanists and Protestants, into learned Tractarians, devout Baptists, followers of Chalmers, followers of Channing, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents and Universalists. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, two pious English dissenting ministers, have written each a volume on religion and education in America ; and in Mr. Mackay's very copious and sensible work there is a chapter on each of those subjects. We have also before us the tenth annual report of the Massachusetts' system of Common Schools, 1849 ; and all these authorities agree in representing the United States generally, but the New England States in particular, as excelling all other nations in the general education of the people. Reed and Matheson were deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the American churches in 1834—devout, earnest Calvinistic dissenters—not unprejudiced, therefore, but very honest and open-hearted ; and from Mr. Matheson's letter on "general impressions" we select the following passage, remembering what Sir C. Lyell, a witness of such a different class, has said to the same effect :—

Allowing, as I did, for the difficulties of a newly settled country, and for the disadvantages of emigration, the state of education, morals and religion was decidedly better than I expected to find it ; indeed, I have never visited a country in which I have seen them equalled. *England herself painfully suffers in the comparison.* There are undoubtedly some points in politics, in science, and in domestic life, in which the advantage may still be with the parent country ; but on the subjects in question, and which are legitimate to this inquiry, the advantage is with America. Education with us may, in certain cases, be more refined and recondite ; but it is not spread over so large a surface, and is less in the sum total ; and if, as Johnson says, the state of common life is the true state of a nation, the nation must be considered to be better educated. In morals too you are constrained to receive the same impression.

Such is the testimony of the pious dissenting minister, looking at everything in the light of religion. Take next the verdict of the English barrister, looking at spiritual things from neutral ground, with a feeling by no means irreligious, but wholly unsectarian, liberal and humane—half philosophic, half worldly wise :—

There is much in the general polity of America to strike the stranger with surprise, but nothing more calculated to excite his admiration than the earnestness with which education is there universally promoted by the state, as a matter in which the state has the most deep and lasting interest. The American government is one which shrinks not from investigation, but covets the intelligent scrutiny of all who are subjected to it. It is founded neither on force nor fraud, and seeks not therefore to ally itself with ignorance. Based upon the principle of right and justice, it seeks to league itself with intelligence and virtue. Its roots lie



deep in the popular will; and in the popular sympathies is the chief source of its strength. It is its great object therefore to have that will controlled, and those sympathies regulated by an enlightened judgment. It thus calls education to its aid, instead of treating it as its foe. (*Mackay*, vol. iii., p. 225.) Again:—The results of the general attention to popular education characteristic of American polity, are as cheering as they are obvious. It divorces man from the dominion of his mere instincts, in a country the institutions of which rely for their maintenance upon the enlightened judgments of the public. Events may occur which may catch the multitude in an unthinking humor, and carry it away with them, or which may blind the judgment by flattering appeals to the passions of the populace; but, on the great majority of questions of a social and political import which arise, every citizen is found to entertain an intelligent opinion. He may be wrong in his views, but he can always offer you reasons for them. In this how favorably does he contrast with the unreasoning and ignorant multitudes in other lands! All Americans read and write. Such children and adults as are found incapable of doing either, are emigrants from some of the less favored regions of the older hemisphere, where popular ignorance is but too frequently regarded as the best guarantee for the stability of political systems. (*Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 238.)

Now surely this, in all unjaundiced European eyes, ought to seem the noblest and most hopeful political spectacle which the world affords. It is giving democracy the fairest of trials, and goes far to explain and justify the great part which seems assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupying and civilizing of the earth. For allowing fully the advantage of an unlimited territory, and unlimited employment, as contrasted with the perennial pauperism of old countries; yet here is a nation which takes measures beforehand against the degradation of the people by making the ignorance, which is the main source of it, impossible. Of course, if anybody doubts the progressive destiny and continual improvability of our race, and thinks, with Lord Byron, that "man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal," it is easy to point to rocks on which American civilization must suffer shipwreck. The union will be rent asunder by factions and slavery—population will at last overflow the temperate regions—pauperism will overwhelm polity—and society must start again round the old circle. But what if there be no such circle? or if the true circle be an ever-enlarging one, and the measure of it beyond historical ken? The power of knowledge has never yet been tried upon the majority—the old world has not dared to try it. But thoughtful men are looking now—some it may be with doubt, and some with fear, but every one of them with the deepest interest—to the issue of that "experiment solitary" in America. As for the system and machinery of American education, it is of less importance than the principle, but of great importance notwithstanding. All the authors we have named give us detailed accounts of it; but we had better resort to the Massachusetts' report itself, where the system is most perfect, and the

results the most satisfactory. Mr. Horace Mann, the compiler of the report, is ardent in the cause; and some allowance must be made for a style colored by enthusiasm; but this volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people; and, if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth! From the second section of the fifth chapter of the constitution of Massachusetts, he gives us the following passage:—

Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of the legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially in the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trade, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry, and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humor, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.

In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians, (we fear a large one,) that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favor of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory—that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a Protestant commonwealth.

Take the following article from the "Massachusetts Declaration of Rights":—

It is the right, as well as duty, of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe; and no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship.—(*Art. 2.*)

All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another, shall ever be established by law.—(*Amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts. Art. 11.*)

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free



exercise thereof.—(*Constitution of the United States. Amendments, Art. 1.*)

The School Committees shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any town schools, any school books which are calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians.—*Revised Statutes, c. xxiii. sec. 23.*)

Now, a state religion would be acceptable to all men, if there were one religion only in the state; but where there are many, it is difficult to conceive it consisting with religious liberty, and with the universal or harmonious system of public education. We know too well our own dilemmas upon this subject, from which we vainly attempt to escape by compromises which invade both theories, and give satisfaction to nobody; and we see, as a matter of fact, that the United States have delivered themselves from our difficulties, by altogether rejecting a state religion, and putting all sects upon one footing.

Upon this foundation is built the great system of which this Massachusetts' Report is a full and complete delineation; and we must confess that the pilgrim fathers were truly prolific men, and that their free schools have spread as far and wide, and outgrown the original type, as much as their first Puritan churches. The area of Massachusetts is about 8000 square miles, divided into 314 towns or cities. Each town and city is a body politic and corporate, required by law to provide one or more schools for the free admission and free education of all its children; and is indictable for not doing so: the law fixes the minimum, but not the maximum of schooling. And though fact so often follows law with tardy and unwilling steps, yet in Massachusetts this law has been superseded by the zeal of the people to obey it!—"the towns taxing themselves for an amount of schooling many times greater than the law requires." "In this respect," says Mr. Mann, "the towns are like a righteous man who acts from a higher motive than a legal mandate—who does right because it is right, and has no occasion to think of penalties."

To the same effect, Sir C. Lyell says:—

My informants in general were desirous that I should understand that the success of their plan of national education does not depend so much on the number and pay of the teachers as on the interest taken in it by the entire population, who faithfully devote more time and thought to the management of the schools, *than to any other public duty*. About one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, independently of the sums expended on private instruction, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the amount levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000*l.*) If we were to enforce a school rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living, and the comparative average standard of incomes among professional and official men.

The system of Massachusetts, from the building of a school to the choice and qualifications of the

master, is most elaborate and complete; and supported at every step by acts of the legislature and decisions of the courts, and by the coöperation of the whole community. Democracy works it all!

Each town, in public meeting, determines its school districts; votes the money; collects and deposits it in the town treasury; determines the distribution of it, for, 1. The wages of teachers; 2. The board of teachers; 3. Fuel for the schools; then appoints what is called a "prudential committee,"—*i. e.*, one person or three, charged, like our churchwardens, with the care of the school fabric and furniture, also at the public expense; then elects a *school committee* of three, five, or seven persons, "to have the general charge and superintendence of all the public schools in the town." The members of this last important committee are entitled to one dollar a day for their actual working days, and their duties are prescribed by law,—*viz.*, to keep a record book of all their own proceedings; to select and contract with teachers; to examine them, and certify to their qualifications, 1. In respect of morals; 2. In respect of literature; 3. In respect of "capacity to govern;" and, 4. In respect of "good behavior,"—*i. e.*, good manners; also to visit the schools *at least* quarterly, and to prescribe the books that shall be used in them. Then we have a "Board of Education, whose duty is to obtain information respecting the true principles of education, and the best means of promoting it, and to diffuse that information among the people." And to this end we have school registers, directions and explanations, inquiries and returns, school committees' reports, school abstracts, reports of the Board of Education and its secretary, school libraries and apparatus, state normal schools, teachers' institutes; aids and encouragements towards universal education, teachers' associations, county associations of teachers, *schools for the Indians*, for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for idiots, for prisoners, and a state reform school "for the instruction, employment, and reformation of juvenile offenders."\*

Into the details of all these, of course, we cannot enter; but the foregoing summary is enough to show that here is no republic of barricades, or of national workshops, or of twenty-four hours' pillage, but a most earnest endeavor after a commonwealth of intelligent, industrious, just, and humane men.

"He who studies," says Mr. Mann, "the present or the historic character of Massachusetts will see—and he who studies it most profoundly will see most clearly—that whatever of abundance, of intelligence, or of integrity—whatever of character at home, or of renown abroad she may possess—all has been evolved from the enlightened, and at least partially christianized mind, not of a few, but of the great masses of her people."

If there is national pride here, it is surely pride

\* We wish our Education Committees would look at a volume on School Architecture, by H. Barnard, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. We have no such book, even for the Lodges of Country Seats.



that has much to say for itself—"a noble passion, misnamed pride"—and we must not forget what our English witnesses have testified to the same effect, and generally in favor of the state of society in New England. It is a country without native pauperism and without native ignorance; a country where domestic peace, wealth, science, piety, and the refinements and charities of life have flourished for seventy years under an absolute democracy.

Of course there is no perfection in the case. National follies and vices are the follies and vices of those who compose the nation. But the way to judge a nation justly is the way to judge a man—to look not at his virtues alone, still less at his vices alone—but at the whole of his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. There are democrats who applaud everything in America, because there is universal suffrage and ballot there. There are Tories and high churchmen who condemn everything in America, because they have cast off the crown and mitre; and Whigs who judge them, because they have not got rid of slavery; and men of taste, because the odor of Puritanism is yet strong upon them, and because in two hundred years of pioneering through the forests of a hemisphere, they have not advanced with equal steps in court graces, the belles lettres, and the fine arts. But all Englishmen should remember this, that these their brethren of the New World have sown the institutions of Alfred, and the language of Shakspeare, broad cast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! that in the north-eastern states, at least, they have cherished and improved upon the virtues of their fathers, and outgrown many of their vices; that the slavery of the southern states is a legacy from the parent land, and that all the ignorance and pauperism of New England is an overflow from Europe!

Thus far we have confined our views to the moral aspects of American society—taking material developments for granted. The industrial, commercial, mechanical, business-loving, money-making virtues and vices of the British race are conspicuous throughout the world, and are the indispensable groundwork of whatever other and higher conquests that race may have achieved. But if to feed and clothe and lodge himself better and better were the whole duty of man upon earth, history would soon lose its interest for us. It is what he will make of the world when he has won it, that we look to with anxious and curious eyes;—and New England is, we think, a hopeful specimen of what at least he is aiming at in the western world. The number and energy of the sects there bespeak the life of religion among the people; and popular religion is popular philosophy—the love and study of wisdom—the cultivation of the spiritual part of man—the counterpoise and corrective of mere animal existence; and the *amity* of so many zealous and independent sects is an answer we think to the question—Can the majority be just when it is supreme? Every sect is a small minority, among a multitude of rivals—yet the

conscience of every sect is respected both by the law and by society—and nobody appears afraid of free inquiry and the light of knowledge. We say, therefore, that society in New England is at least as civilized and as secure as in Old England. "There is no country," says Sir C. Lyell, "where a woman could, with so much comfort and security, undertake a long journey alone." And when he was animadverting upon the evils of universal suffrage, the turbulence of demagogues, and the strife of elections perpetually going on, he was asked in reply, "whether any of the British colonies are more prosperous in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are doing so much to promote good schools, as some even of their most democratic states, such as New Hampshire and Maine? Let our institutions, they said, be judged of by their fruits. To this appeal an Englishman, as much struck as I had been with the recent progress of things in those very districts, and with the general happiness, activity, and contentment of all classes, could only respond by echoing the sentiment of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, '*Quam parvâ sapientiâ mundus gubernatur.*' How great must be the amount of misgovernment in the world in general, if a democracy like this can deserve to rank so high in the comparative scale!" Perhaps a juster reflection would have been that it is not upon what we call government that the world essentially depends; but upon certain laws of nature and of Providence, which the more that men will study and submit to, each in his private sphere, the more the world will go as its Creator designed it to do; and to this end it is essential that thought, and inquiry, and conscience, and worship should be free.

And now let us glance at the question of the federal government, and see whether we gather from our witnesses more grounds for fear that the south will break with the north, or for hope that the civilization of the north will peaceably spread to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the Union continue to hold together this great brotherhood of British nations.

Mr. Mackay upon this, as upon all other points, is abundant in details and inferences, and has one chapter which he is adventurous enough to entitle "a peep into the future." But Sir C. Lyell is more cautious, and so far a better pilot in unknown seas. The following passage we have noted particularly in chapter nine, just after an account of a Whig *caucus*, and a moderating speech from Mr. Webster in reference to the Oregon dispute with England, and also to certain party divisions in the Union:—

It was satisfactory to reflect that in Massachusetts, where the whole population is more educated than elsewhere, and more Anglo-American, having less of recent foreign admixture, whether European or African, the dominant party is against the extension of slavery to new regions like Texas, against territorial aggrandizement, whether in the north or south, and against war. They are in a minority, it is true; but each state of the union has such a separate and independent position, that, like a dis-



inct nation, it can continue to cherish its own principles and institutions, and set an example to the rest, which they may in time learn to imitate. The whigs were originally in favor of more centralization, or of giving increased power to the federal executive, while the democratic party did all they could to weaken the central power, and successfully contended for the sovereign rights and privileges of each member of the confederation. *In so doing they have, perhaps, inadvertently, and without seeing the bearing of their policy, guarded the older and more advanced commonwealths from being too much controlled and kept down by the ascendancy of newer and ruder states.*

Here, then, is a source of moral strength latent in the very weakness of the federal bond; for we take for granted that it is the influence and example of the more enlightened states that give tone and dignity to Congress; and those centres of civilization would lose their proper light and heat, if their domestic administration were dependent upon the will of a ruder democracy. This will be manifest to any one who makes for argument's sake an extreme supposition in the matter of slavery. Suppose the south strong enough not only to withstand the opinion of the north upon that subject, but also to impose the institution of slavery upon New England! The whole civilized world would then pray for the dissolution of the Union for civilization's sake. In such a march of allied nations through the wilderness, all depends upon the rear following the front, and unless not only the white man can govern the black and the red, but the wiser whites can lead the ruder, and light prevail against darkness by its own inherent power, the western world must relapse almost into its original condition; and what vantage-ground has the old world from which it could look undismayed upon such a fall?

But we are hopeful of American civilization and of American democracy, which two must stand or fall together; and we would not willingly believe the slavery schism so fundamental as to sever all the natural and habitual ties which bind the southern states to the common interests and glory of the Union. It is not only material interests against moral, which can never prevail in the long run, but the material interests of the present against the material interests of the future. A republican league upon the basis of slavery, or a war of independence for such a cause, could not prosper in the modern world. The north would hold its own, and the south would fall a prey to civil discord and servile war. This, we think, must be so clear to reflecting men on both sides, that in the last extremity it will save the Union. On the one hand are the great natural ties of blood and language—similar political institutions—the same proud memories of the past—the same high anticipations of the future—one Washington—one thanksgiving day—one star banner—one Mississippi! On the other hand, only the black man, and the unblest dominion over him.

It is, however, confessed and proclaimed that the difficulties of the slavery question have increased

formidably since the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war. Both those transactions had their origin and impulse from the worst and not the best side of American democracy; and though national errors ought not to reflect upon the character of the minority that opposed them, they lower the character of the government whose action is determined by votes, and which represents the country in its foreign relations. And see how the millstone of slavery hangs about the highest interests and prospects of the Union. It is no longer that blot upon the Constitution which was not to be mentioned by name—no longer that inheritance which North and South alike were eager to repudiate before emancipation had become the religion of England. Slavery is now a “peculiar institution”—a right and a privilege for which secession or war can be openly spoken of on both sides! and Fugitive Slave Bills proposed and probably carried! Slavery began to be cherished for the sake of cotton, and new states have been annexed for the sake of slavery, and the result is not only increasing complications upon the slavery question in particular, but imminent dangers to the Union itself, from an overbalance, not so much of territory, as of impulsive and untrained democracy. Texas was annexed against the best and wisest opinions in the United States—the most moral and the most prudent—against the opinions represented by Channing, and against the opinions represented by Webster. Texas, which was free under Mexico, is enslaved under the Union! Texas led to the Mexican war, to the western territorial mania, and to California: and here, in the course of five years, we have progress upon such a scale, and under such a momentum and velocity, as to create political complications unknown to the long experience of Europe.

No wise man will predict the future of America; and yet to avoid speculation wholly, we must shut our eyes upon the most interesting phenomena of the living world; and to see American civilization swallowed up in barbarism would chill the hopes of the most sanguine friends of man, as they have never been chilled hitherto in the darkest eras of the past. Doubtless there are dangers; and the peril of the Union supersedes at this moment every other question in the United States. For though the cause of civilization is not bound up with the present confederacy, a dissolution would involve wars and backslidings, and a century of lee-way, and would react heavily upon the fortunes of Europe.

Let us look, therefore, if there be no elements of hope in the conditions of the question as it now stands.

We began our survey of the United States on their bright side, where, in New England, civilization has achieved its greatest triumphs, and achieved them under a democracy: from which we drew this inference, that civilization is compatible with democracy. And if so in the North, why not in the South? If in the East, why not



in the West? It is at any rate more a question of blood and breed than of latitude and climate. There are great races of men in the world that have never shown a genius for polity. But our race has shown it eminently under every sky, and for one thousand years, from Alfred to Washington, has never for any considerable interval been retrograde. The English tongue is a compound of all languages, and British institutions are a compound of all the polities of the world. The war against the American wilderness is the same now as it was from the beginning; or, if upon a vaster scale, with corresponding advantages of experience and power. Consider how greatly physical and mechanical apparatus have been brought to bear upon civilization: and if parish boundaries in America are meridians of latitude and longitude, let us remember the steamship and the steam-press, the electric post and the flying train! The scale of operations is nothing if the ways and means be commensurate; and in the *rasa tabula* of America those ways and means have only the natural intractability of men to contend with, and not the adventitious obstacles of the prejudices and prescriptions of the Old World. Should the civilization of the old and free states be but secure, their character cannot suffer by those accessions from the backwoods which lower the average character of the Union. It is incident to popular government, and still more to federal constitutions, that the nation in its collective form and action is a balance of the best and worst sense which it contains; and the United States must pay this penalty for the glory of subduing a continent;—their progress will be constantly retarded and checked from time to time by the influx of wild brethren and of raw levies from the far West. But what help is there for this, except in the constant resistance and protest kept up against it? No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn: no moment of maturity can be predetermined for the admission of a new state. It is the task of tame elephants to subdue the wild. It is the very commission of the civilized states to leaven the mass, and to annex that they may leaven. And has not so much hitherto been done and made good in that way as to forbid despair at this or any other season? It is Texas and slavery which have raised the present excitement and brought on the present crisis. But the ferment, we think, is more likely to be healthful than destructive. To every bane there is an antidote. As the spirit of the slave interest is embittered, the moral spirit of abolition is reanimated and reinforced; and as the barbarism of the West presses upon Congress, the civilization of the East puts on its armor and stands on more vigilant guard. Then in the West itself, against Texas is to be set off California and New Mexico, “which,” says Mr. Webster, in his great speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 7th of March last,—

—Are likely to come in as free. What I mean to say is, that African slavery, as we see it among

us, is as impossible to find itself, or to be found, in California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren, entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself, or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important question. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce anybody to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers, but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their tortillas, and all by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or anything else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation? I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use an expression current at this day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, as far as they are settled at all, which, I believe, especially in regard to New Mexico, will be very little for a great length of time—free by the arrangement of things, by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by as irrevocable, and more irrevocable, a law than the law which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that if a resolution, or a law, were now before us to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. The use of such a prohibition would be idle, as respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to reenact the will of God.

Now though Mr. Webster thinks that new Mexico will be slowly peopled, yet the rush of adventurers upon California will certainly raise up some rapid masses of population there—and of population trained in the Old World, and in the oldest parts of the New—so that the Union will have some groundwork of allegiance, and many peaceful interests, already established on the Pacific, and the backwoods may be attacked in the rear. Then, among moral agencies, to say no more of the Protestant sects which sow some seed of Christianity everywhere, we would not overlook the Romanist religion of the French races in the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Rome, though no friend to intellectual freedom, and therefore to the progress of mankind, has always been the nursing mother of humanity in rude times and regions. Compare, for instance, her missionaries and ours, even in China! Her pastoral system is benign and all-embracing, and, for simple men, her ritual the most elevated of all mythologies. Mr. Mackay is alarmed for the Protestantism of Western America.



The Church of Rome, he says, has in a manner abandoned the comparatively popular states of the sea-board, and fixed its attention upon the valley of the Mississippi. In this it has discovered a farseeing policy. Nineteen twentieths of the Mississippi valley are yet under the dominion of the wilderness. But no portion of the country is being so rapidly filled with population. In fifty years its inhabitants will, in number, be more than double those of the Atlantic States. The Church of Rome has virtually left the latter to the tender mercies of contending Protestant sects, and is fast taking possession of the great valley.

In her operations she does not confine herself to the more populous portions of the valley, her devoted missionaries penetrating its remotest regions, wherever a white man or an Indian is to be found. Wherever the Protestant missionary goes he finds that he has been forestalled by his more active rival, whose coadjutors roam on their proselytizing mission over vast tracts of country into which the Protestant has not yet followed him with a similar object. Catholicism is thus, by its advance guards, who keep pace with population whithersoever it spreads, sowing broad-cast the seeds of future influence. In many districts the settler finds no religious counsellor within reach but the faithful missionary of Rome, who has thus the field to himself, a field which he frequently cultivates with success. In addition to this, seminaries, in connexion with the church, are being founded, not only in places which are now well filled with people, but in spots which careful observation has satisfied its agents will yet most teem with population. Ecclesiastical establishments, too, are being erected, which commend themselves to the people of the districts in which they are found by the mode in which they administer to their comforts and their necessities when other means of ministering to them are wanting. The Sisters of Charity have already their establishments amid the deep recesses of the forest, prescribing to the diseased in body, and administering consolation to the troubled in spirit, long before the doctor or the minister makes his appearance in the settlement. By this attention to the physical as well as to the moral wants, the Roman emissaries, ere there are yet any to compete with them, gain the good will of the neighborhood in the midst of which they labor, and proselytism frequently follows hard upon a lively sentiment of gratitude.

We cannot but regret that this pleasing picture should be dashed with any shade of Protestant jealousy. A thousand synods of Thurles shall not provoke us here. It exhibits the Church of Rome on what has ever been her bright side—the pastoral and not the theological. She has always been the friend and guardian of society in its infancy, in its desolation, in seasons of famine, of pestilence, and of secular oppression. In Europe, for many centuries, amid the darkness of evil generations, she was the sole sanctuary of peace, of mercy, and of female innocence. And now for her labors of charity, not for the first time in the American wilderness, we are very willing to forget her prospective policy, and that eye to business which Mr. Mackay forewarns us of. In the Roman Catholic missionaries of the great valley let us welcome present instruments of good whom Providence has not sent there for nothing.

And thus whoever casts a comprehensive eye over the vast and varied picture of the United States will discern signs of growth, change, transition, conflict, and compensation on every side, and agencies of man and nature apparently in opposition that are really working together to some general end. The four races of men, too, which compose that vast population—the Saxon, the Celt, the Negro, and the Indian—whatever their separate fortunes, must mingle their blood, more or less, together; and, as Nature makes nothing in vain, we know not what political results may come of that. Dr. Arnold, many years ago, in some historical disquisition, assumed that European society must work out its destiny with the means already in its possession, and had no new ingredients or infusions to look for; upon which, a writer in the Westminster Review remarked that the Negro race had not yet played its part in the world, and was perhaps destined to supply the pacific and *Christian* counterpoise to the martial and pioneering virtues of the northern races. Of course we do not propound this as any serious theory of our own; but when we study Lavater, and read Blumenbach and D'Israeli upon Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, and the type man, there is nothing absurd in suggesting that Nature may have designed ultimately to fuse her three original types into one, and that the last and highest man may be something higher than a Jew.

There is an opinion in Europe that American democracy has outlived the virtues of its founders, and has become corrupt and acquisitive, envious, factious, and insensible to honor. But if this means that America is suffering, upon the whole, a moral decline, the opinion seems to us inconsistent with the high and progressive civilization of many of the older states. We would ascribe the evil to growth rather than decay; or at the worst to that *relative* deterioration which is involved in the rapid increase of independent constituencies. The national point of honor may easily stand lower now than it did in the first years of independence, when the population was more compact, more united by a common sentiment, and more under the influence of the eminent and disinterested men who laid the foundation of the republic. The pioneers of the west have not been trained in courts or camps; and the questions which now agitate the Union, like the questions which agitate all governments, are calculated to bring out the fiercest passions of the populace. Yet the true question is not simply as to the existence and vivacity of democratic vices in America, but whether such corruptions are the permanent and increasing tendency of popular institutions;—for if they be, then men of virtue, as well as men of taste, will “fly from petty tyrants to the throne,” or, if need be, even to the shelter of hierarchies and of castes. But let institutions be judged by their fruits—the good and the bad together. In every country there are examples of any kind of moral character from which a



writer may choose to generalize. If we were to judge at home of the quality of the waters by the scum of the surface, or by the dregs at bottom, what inferences should we draw from election mobs, parliamentary intrigues, and railway morality? These are undeniable disgraces, but they are not the whole of England. There are readers, who never crossed the Atlantic, who figure to themselves all America to be spitting on the carpet, all American religion to be that of a Smith and a Miller, and all American law to be that of Lynch—the truth being that Americans do spit more than is approved of in England; that Lynch is still an indispensable man in the backwoods: and that the Mormons have founded a state; but the truth being also, that the best society and manners are to be found in the States; that the gradations of law rise from Lynch, through Kent, up to Story, one of the first of modern jurists; and gradations of religion from the fanaticisms of Smith up to the Christian theism of Channing, for whom even the Roman Catholic chapels tolled their bells as his coffin passed to the grave.

In the Union, besides freedom and slavery, we have all stages and varieties of the social condition—the town life of Boston, the town life of New York and of New Orleans, and the town life of San Francisco—rural life in the valley of the Connecticut, rural life in the valley of the Ohio, and rural life in the valley of the Sacramento—and all in both kinds that lie between those extreme and intermediate points. We own that when we reflect upon such diversities of civilization, all under high-pressure democracy, our admiration is great at the births of time which some seventy years have seen in the western continent, and our hopes no less of what the coming centuries will bring forth. There is a corresponding strength in the vices and virtues of freedom. No European moralist could inveigh with more severity against the corruption of opinion and practice in the United States than Dr. Channing in writing upon Texas and slavery. And touching the press, which indicates as accurately as anything the spirit of a reading democracy, hear Webster in the speech before referred to:—

Again, sir, the violence of the press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the north against the south, and there are reproaches no better in the south against the north. The extremists in both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of the government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both houses of Congress. In truth, I must say, that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and

corrupted by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people, as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out “God save the republic.”

This, from the mouth of the first orator of the Union, we take to be a wise and discriminating view of democracy, as it proclaims and asserts itself in speech; and applicable to many other of its phenomena, if not to the whole thing. Democracy is vehement, turbulent, overbearing, and often overreaches itself. It is, however, the toil and struggle of men engaged, with various fortune, in the battle of life; for the world is a warfare throughout, and the church herself militant on earth.

Mr. Webster being now again in office, his sentiments have increased interest and significance; and we think the following passage contains a most just estimate of the twofold duty of a representative in the united legislature of a federal government, and preserves the true balance between the independence of the component parts and the common rights of the whole:—

Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the north, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this district, but sometimes recommending Congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the states. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in Congress; and therefore I should be unwilling to receive from the legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the states, for two reasons: because, first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it; and, next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have anything to do with it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common—and if the legislatures of the states do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down than I have to uphold it;—it has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the state legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape. I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject, made, the other day, in the Senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and character, of whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts, as to what her members of Congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common—a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question,



and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter pending in this body while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interests of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time equally affects the interests of all the other states, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbor, and then *instruct* me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government—if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all: each member appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all—sitting here, under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole.

If the statesman who spoke thus, and the colleagues who support him, and whom the death of the late president has restored to power, can maintain their ground and their principles, we, too, cry, God save the Republic, in confidence rather than in fear; for upon those conditions we think the Union will not split upon the rock of slavery, and will not be run down by the democracy of the backwoods.

In the foregoing survey, we have endeavored to follow the outlines of the subject rather than its subdivisions and details, because the difficulty of keeping such a field in sight betrays many judgments, otherwise fair and just, into narrow views and partial conclusions; and we believe these two books of Sir C. Lyell's and Mr. Mackay's to be the most comprehensive, as well as impartial, that have been published in England upon the United States. Sir C. Lyell is by nature and habit a searcher after truth, and Mr. Mackay treats every subject in the spirit of a man intent upon conveying faithful and correct impressions to his readers. "It is time," he says, "that caricature should cease, and portraiture begin," and we trust that future travellers will bear this rule in mind, and follow this good example.

There are many particular subjects of great interest, connected with the internal polity of the United States, into which we should be glad, if space permitted, to enter, under the trusty guidance of our authors. In particular we are sorry not to follow Sir C. Lyell into the slave states, of which he gives a more cheerful picture than we have been accustomed to, together with many proofs of the improbability of the negro race, and some physiological reasons for believing them capable, in successive generations, of unlimited development. Then there are Mr. Mackay's statistics of agriculture, manufactures, and trade—the increase and migrations of the people—the foreign immigration—the chapter on California—and the international, commercial, and literary

interests of the old and new world. It is altogether such a scene of political youth, strength, excitement, inexperience, opportunity, enterprise, and hope, as the world presents nowhere else between the poles. To treat such a subject wisely is a task for the best faculties of the wisest men. To treat it with supercilious dogmatism or with national ill feeling, must be discreditable to any writer of any country, but most of all to any writer who speaks the English tongue.

Amid the difficulties which beset all governments, and the uncertainties that hang over the future of all nations, it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce that the civilization of America is doomed to no reverses, no revolutions or mediæval eclipses; that democracy will commit no crimes or blunders entailing penalties upon unborn generations; that even under the best human guidance, the reclaiming of a moral as well as material wilderness can be one march of victory and triumph. But this much we will venture to say, that, as the conditions of the problem manifest themselves at present, the United States have no greater lions in their path than the ignorance, misery, and depravity of the plebeian populations of Europe.

From the Spectator.

#### ROYAL ENCROACHMENTS.

By far the most objectionable part of the proceedings in respect to St. James' Park and the adornment of Buckingham Palace is the *mode* in which the whole affair has been conducted officially. In this part of the question a truly important consideration is involved, affecting the relation of the sovereign and people; and it is this point alone to which we wish to draw attention—it has been too much overlooked.

We are not among those who condemn reasonable sacrifices for the gratification of the sovereign, especially of one whose public demeanor is so perfectly constitutional and decorous; we *are* among those who would desire an improvement of the unsightly portions of the parks immediately around Buckingham Palace; and if it so happens that a gain to the public will be a gain to the monarch, we cannot help rejoicing at so felicitous a coincidence. We would go further. Much of the regal state in England is maintained for the satisfaction of English traditions and liking: although the abode of royalty shelters the person of the sovereign, it belongs to the nation, and is stately to please the public eye: we desire for the public, therefore, better accessories to Buckingham Palace.

But encroachment and stealthy reserve are bad modes of seeking the public consent. About the parks in particular there is a standing jealousy, and the resistance to the royal grasp upon them is a point of honor; so that seeking improvement under an aspect of encroachment was not only a certain way to provoke resistance and defeat, but was doubly accursed with a dangerous tendency to draw upon the royal family an unmerited odium. This is no phantom: a subservient ministry, desiring to gratify royal wishes, and seeking to do so not boldly and openly but by stealthy circumvention, may easily betray the court into a course of unpopular requirements; may as easily circumvent



or cajole the guardians of the public interests; and may thus bring about a disastrous train of impulses in the public mind—mistrust of the sovereign, dislike, ireful and ire-provoking resistance, hatred, and denouncement.

We have seen such things before. George the Third was met by the spontaneous homage of his people; but his ministers helped him to provide for a large family; his own calamity rendered him unconscious of the account of sulky, drudging dislike which had been run up against him; but his spoiled child, George the Fourth, lived to be a butt for the bitter sedition, the sarcasms, the gibes, the execrations of his people. His stables, his gorgeous palaces, his gilt-paper boxes, his Carlton "ride," his dinners, his coats, were enumerated by the paymaster, the public; who took out a return in libels. Queen Charlotte was not open-handed, and people talked at her "German relations," to whom rumor described her as sending surreptitiously from taxpaying England enormous cribbings in the guise of a pie filled with diamonds—the "diamond pie!"

Let us hope that we are not upon the beginning of a new cycle like that Georgian era. It is true, however, that people *are* already beginning to talk in a very untoward spirit. They enumerate the costly stables added to Windsor Castle, the new front to Buckingham Palace, the new stables to Marlborough House for the boy Prince of Wales, to be used eight or nine years hence; not to mention minor demands upon the public purse; and now some demand for a slice out of the park is pushed forward with a stealthy mien, explained so as to veil its intent, half-retracted, and finally left unintelligible; as if the commissioners of woods and forests had been trying to do something for Queen Victoria which the department dares not avow manfully, and gives up as soon as it excites inquiry. When Sir Robert Peel resisted the larger whig grant to Prince Albert on his marriage—when he manfully maintained his own position against court wishes—he may have neglected fine opportunities to cultivate back-stairs influence, and may have forfeited payment in the most pleasant ready money of smiles; but, besides guarding the nation's interest, he truly served the royal interest—by keeping the sovereign right with the people. Queen Victoria may meet with greater subserviency, but that accommodation will cost dear. She ought to be informed that many are talking about these repeated demands, and of "German relations," as connected with such demands, and with the look of royal reluctance to pay for royal fancies. Not justly, we believe; but if the court has not merited suspicion, then we say that the blame is due not to the public—which certainly has not been over-eager to suspect—but to those who go between the crown and the public; who try to reconcile conflicting allegiances, not by an open and straightforward choice of the duties paramount, but by concealment and equivocation; which serve *their* purpose for the moment, at the cost of the public in money or property—of the crown in popularity and respect.

MESSRS. LEE AND ROBINSON, of Wapping, have patented a process of making and baking bread and biscuits by steam. The *Morning Post* describes the method as seen in operation: "The flour is placed in a hopper, in its descent through which it comes in contact with carbonated water, which im-

mediately converts it into dough, in which form it issues from a cone below, and is cut off into portions of a given size; when, being received by an attendant boy, it is passed through other machines as it may be required for bread or biscuits, into which form it is almost instantaneously converted. The batch of bread or biscuits is then placed in an oven heated by the same steam-machine by which the whole of the machinery is worked, and within a few minutes is ready for table—we have ourselves seen excellent biscuits made and baked within ten or twelve minutes." It is said that this improvement, if generally adopted, would greatly reduce the cost of bread-making, and get rid of baneful night-work, as "setting spoge" would no longer be necessary. If, however, the carbonated water is objected to, barm can still be employed.

HATS.—Among the minor matters to which the attention of reformers needs directing are—dress and costume. Science and art have invaded the palace, the cottage, the workshop, the prison—concerned themselves with the flesh we eat, the air we breathe, the waters we drink, the houses we dwell in, the streets along which we walk; it is high time they should deign to look at the clothes we wear. Possibly, more than one article of our costume—ugly and expensive as it is, from hat to boot—will meet its condemnation in the great gathering of the coming year. Look, for example, at the European hat. Grim, stiff, unsightly, uncomfortable—it has not a redeeming feature. Yet, from year to year, we go on wearing it, and even capricious fashion refuses to meddle with this mode. We owe the hat to France, whose proverbial good taste in dress is certainly here—as, indeed, in male dress generally—at fault. The native English hat, whether worn soberly, as in the Commonwealth time, or with the dancing plume of the Restoration, was characteristic and useful. We never turn over the prints of those times, without envying our fathers the ease of their soft and shady coverings. Ours are neither. While they brand the temples with red and painful lines, they expose the face to both wind and rain. Our neighbors across the channel, we see, propose to send over to the great exhibition a variety of new ideas in the way of male head-dress; perhaps this may lead to a revolution in English hats. The turban is, at least, picturesque—the Greek cap is gorgeous—the old German slouch hat is comfortable—the helmet affords protection—every covering that we remember has some good quality in its form, except the sections of funnels now worn.—*Athenæum*.

A NEGRO WOMAN WITHOUT EARS.—The Rev. B. H. Benton, in a letter to the Loudon (Va.) Chronicle, says—

"Strange, but not less true, I yesterday saw a colored woman without ears; not only was she without the auricle, or the external part of the ear, but there is no trace of a foramen, or passage for sonorous vibration—the meatus is entirely closed, yet she can converse with others, and distinctly hears their words, for which purpose she opens her mouth. Now, is the sound transmitted to the brain by means of the tympanum, or does it act on the auditory nerves without the intervention of the drum and appendant organs? This is an interesting question for physiologists. The woman belongs to Mr. James Broaddus, near Caroline Court House."



MR. LAYARD'S LATEST DISCOVERIES.—A few weeks ago, we announced (says the *Literary Gazette*) Mr. Layard's return from his expedition into the desert, and the rescue of some of his larger antiquities from the mud of the river, and their embarkation for England. We have since, however, received further particulars of his most recent discoveries at Koyunjik, which are extremely interesting. He found, as has been stated, a chamber which is completely filled with terra cotta tablets, the inscriptions on which, we now learn, are stamped in, so that though Major Rawlinson thinks it very probable these tablets may be records of the empire, it is still not unlikely that many of them may, in fact, be duplicates of, or a collection of, manifestoes, for issuing to the people or their immediate rulers; in short, a sort of Assyrian official printing office. We believe that no fewer than twenty-five cases are on their way to England. In the pyramid at Nimroud, also, a unique statue has been discovered. It is from four to five feet in height, in gypsum, elaborately carved, and very perfect. There is also a high relief of the king, very beautifully executed, standing in an arch eight feet high, and covered with minute inscriptions. Mr. Layard's last communication is dated Akra, July 17th, where, we are sorry to say, he had been confined by a severe attack of fever. The inefficient assistance he has received has caused him to over-exert himself, and thus he has been stopped for a while, on his way to Van, to secure inscriptions. He hopes to pass a great part of the winter in Babylonia, and to return home in the spring. The very important discoveries he is now making render it imperatively necessary that his exertions should not be stayed for want of funds.

THE USE OF COFFINS.—The query of "H. E." seems to infer that the use of coffins may be only a modern custom. In book 23, chap. i. and ii. of "*Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church*,"

H. E. will find ample proof of the very early use of coffins. During the first three centuries of the church, one great distinction between heathens and Christians was, that the former burned their dead, and placed the bones and ashes in urns; whilst the latter always buried the corpse either in a coffin or embalmed in a catacomb, so that it might be restored, at the last day, from its original dust. There have frequently been dug out of the barrows which contain Roman urns, ancient British stone coffins. Bede mentions that the Saxons buried their dead in wood. Coffins both of lead and iron were constructed at a very early period. When the royal vaults at St. Denis were desecrated, during the first French revolution, coffins were exposed that had lain there for ages. Notwithstanding all this, it appears to be the case that, both in the Norman and English periods, the common people of this country were often wrapt in a sere-cloth after death, and so placed coffinless in the earth. The illuminations in the old missals represent this; and it is not impossible that the extract from the "*Table of Duties*," on which H. E. founds his inquiry, may refer to a lingering continuance of this rude custom. Indeed, a statute passed in 1678, ordering that all dead bodies shall be interred in woollen, and no other material, is so worded as to give the idea that there might be interments without coffins. The statute forbids that any person be put in, wrapt, or wound up, or buried, in any shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, unless made of sheep's wool only; or in any coffin lined or faced with any material but sheep's wool; as if the person might be buried either in a garment, or in a coffin, so long as the former was made of, and the latter lined with, wool. I think the "*bury all without a coffin*," quoted by H. E., must have referred to the poorest class. Their friends, being unable to provide a coffin, conformed to an old rude custom, which had not entirely ceased.—*Notes and Queries*.

## MY NOVEL ; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

## CHAPTER X.

IN my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the fig-tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed. Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvass is all ready for the colors.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque*, *quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion

call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park Lane, when this superëminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him—and carried off much solid property in its flight: he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fireside beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his



executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves ; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton ; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gayeties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean ; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterwards he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells ; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the canes of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion—but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him ; so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of “the set,” and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth amongst the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father’s talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree ; and at Oxford the future “something” became more defined—it was “something in public life” that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and indeed had once been so ; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favorable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the clubs flew open to receive

him ; and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was “born to ruin or to rule the state.”

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L’Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton ; and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L’Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis ; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen, (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton,) left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L’Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions—became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of a public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, “A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young.” Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don’t know whether Harley L’Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen ; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L’Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to ensure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Dorimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere, (which said borough was the single plague of the earl’s life.) But this wish was never realized. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever



strewn the table of a young Guardsman ; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton ; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the peninsula their imperishable renown ; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home ; and, whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative ; but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, “conducted in the spirit of gentlemen”—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county ; and as the earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighboring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his lordship's candidate. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the rules of the bench ; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed “Haverill Dashmore, Captain R. N., Baker street, Portman Square,” announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandizement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four covered with yellow favors, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who

had, however, taken a disgust to the profession from the date in which a minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalized Nelson himself ; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off ; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds, bequeathed by a distant relative, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter Parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window ; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical radical and moralizing democrat hollow. Moreover, he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip ; he threw open all the public houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared “he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker.” Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the state (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*) should admit Jack upon quarter-deck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election ; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of “Old Pompous ;” and the mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint soubriquet of “Tops and bottoms !” Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. “The man from Baker Street,” with



his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rapscallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendor. “The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent!” wherefore said my lord tremulously,—“The constitution is gone if the man from Baker street comes in for Lansmere!”

But in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the earl in honor of Audley; and in the squire the solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain—a man with a voice as burly, and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three, great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, “that he would do anything in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a lord’s nominee; and, moreover, if he was to be a sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be stanch and true to the land they lived by; and how could he tell that Audley, when he once got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!”

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the squire at length consented to confront the man from Baker street, and went accordingly into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into everything whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the squire’s capacities for popular electioneering were fully realized. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest;—there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer’s friend. They began to share in the earl’s personal interest against the man from Baker street; and big fellows with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore’s tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, “intimidating the electors,” as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in

the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenel, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the squire’s estate.

These votes were unexpected; for though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the squire’s brother, and though the Avenels had been always stanch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerably silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L’Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr. Egerton’s triumph, it was much damped when, on leaving the dinner given in honor of the victory at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his lordship’s house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied the captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the squire back to Mr. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that, on the day of nomination, the captain having honored Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as “Prize Ox,” “Tony Lumpkins,” “Blood-sucking Vampire,” and “Brotherly Warming-Pan,” the squire had retorted by a joke about “Salt-Water Jack;” and the captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called “Salt-Water Jack” by a “Prize Ox” and a “Blood-sucking Vampire.” The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the sister country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honorable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighborhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of DUELLING. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman’s ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says “it is very foolish;” he is sure “it is most unchristianlike;” he agrees with all that philosopher, preacher, and press, have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out, like a heathen!

It never, therefore, occurred to the squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion.



The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he to himself, "that a man who has been actually paid by the king's government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I should not mind if it was with double-barrelled Mantons and small shot; but, ball and pistol! they arn't human nor sportsmanlike!" However, the squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old college friend, who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters, (the which posture the squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking,) but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of the shoulder; after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the squire, much to his astonishment to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and, when he was in a humor more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favorite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at the risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters at least connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after, Audley took his seat in Parliament, (which he did not do for some months,) he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promise the squire had made on his behalf, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer, that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterwards, the squire's exasperation reached the culminating point; for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned without a heightened color and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—had, like the squire, a half-brother with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*." Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant-brother*!"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents—let us return to the Stocks.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks. Then came the painter and colored them a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian

genius of the Hazeldeans:—to wit, the almshouse the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked Heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterize royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-faddle *chatelaine*, with *breloques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnought, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the first of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism; in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent unmarriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through



a piece of furze land, which was let to a brick-maker at twelve shillings a year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights (an old Saxon family if ever there was one.) Every twelfth year, when the fagots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said fagots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependants, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided; and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between a younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblessed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune independent of her parents. They died and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility towards the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan, who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she deigned to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering places. But her grateful affection to the squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighborhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts towards the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite

her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often, (for when she laughed, there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favorite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life and somewhat obese. It sat on its haunches, with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure;—the less said about the face the better; a truth of which the captain himself was sensible, for it was a favorite maxim of his—"that in a man, everything is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

Quite apart from all the rest, with the nonchalant survey of virgin dandyism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high-starched neckcloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one disdains the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the squire, suddenly turning round to his son, "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other, you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, drily—

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to everything at once," retorted the squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No—in my apartments in the Albany. No. 3 A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me," said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning when he was breakfasting at my rooms—'Higginbotham, how is it that you, who like to



have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?" "Upon my life," said I, "one can't think of everything at a time;" just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Hazeldean, gruffly—"not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out, when I'm speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now—don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of a landscape," put in Miss Jemima sentimentally.

The squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but, leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing," said a voice behind, as the parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master, perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative, "why, surely, if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands as if he had been setting his terrier at the parson: "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the parson, replying in preference to the lady, "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs. Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now—that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the parson stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put into the Eton grammar—'*Quiescit non movere*.' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The squire was a stanch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funereal of her two favorite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said, thoughtfully—"Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added with his usual consolatory conclusion:—"The odds are, that it will last our time, squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks

or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank, to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired amongst other polite accomplishments at Eton—"Sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom will you get to put into them?"

"True," said the squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the parson, mournfully. "If you would but learn '*non quiescit movere*!'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, parson!" cried the squire, angrily; "I can give you as good as you bring any day."

*Propria quæ maribus tri buuntur mascula dicas.—  
As in præsentî, perfectum format in avi.*

"There," added the squire, turning triumphantly towards his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Hazeldean—"There, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No!—hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the parson—holding out his hand cheerfully. The squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs. Dale too." Mrs. Hazeldean's favorite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*, and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the squire, "in half-an-hour, eh?—How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the parson.

"And I too," added Mrs. Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her to-morrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighboring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—*à propos de bottles*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggins the squire did it



for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards!"—cried a big lad who seemed to think himself personally appealed to—"why, the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it in't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been sitting snares."

"What for?" said a stout, sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beant the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the hay-time, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let um off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent. in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation—"Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yoursels!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the squire; he'll make some on us happy women if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, encouraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of its predecessor—"Maw be some o' the Misseses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeythir's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the squire is a kind-hearted man, God bless un!"

"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamor among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps towards the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the squire himself—as, indeed, a squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the stew-

ard, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and ploughed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr. Stirn. If a laborer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the squire knew that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging *αγγελος* or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the poet's *Sæva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French Revolutioners did afore they cut off their king's head; my hair stands on end to look at ye." But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off towards the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight, behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your willanous little fist there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr. Stirn,



who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbors, had attained his present eminent station in life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

The gods dispersed in empty air.

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably, ill-disposed towards Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck farthing, as I declare they've been a-doing, just in front of the elewation. Now you knows your 'sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honor they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the squire says to me. So you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honors, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy governor or *chargé d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlor) held the great round tea-table, with all appliances and means to boot—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country,

shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernized, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here to the left by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling alley, with the white columns of a summer-house built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded, undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncrasies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilized from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs* and *Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark panels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall-backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in fardingales, and gentlemen in trunkhose, seem never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot, were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The pianoforte stood open near the fireplace; a long dwarf bookcase, at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tendencies of the present Mrs. Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazeldean, the mother.

Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!

But to be sure the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbors—and that is all that can be expected by the best of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James' Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table; all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all



and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazeldean, "Don't you think the parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazeldean glanced at the parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the card-tables. The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to those rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favorite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, now-a-days, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place—and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover, (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a-week during the season,) and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotatory dances which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could add to the parson's offence was wanting. In the first place, he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Graham's with honor and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of these two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the squire and his lady; so that the parson was obliged to pocket his conscience, together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best-tempered people in the world grow snappish

at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the hall and the rectory. The squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humored fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honors in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humor, always echoed both the squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband, despite her headache, sat on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colors and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant accomplished woman." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up the squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs. Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs. Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs. Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs. Dale said Mrs. Hazeldean was "just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs. Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs. Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Poor Mrs. Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs. Hazeldean called Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the



female vocabulary which may be called "obscure significants," resembling the Konx Ompace, which hath so puzzled inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who was embroidering the word *Caroline* on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little further off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?" "Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper,) "don't say *he*—'t is a lady dog!" "Oh," said Mrs. Dale, edging off still further, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lapdogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

Miss Jemima. "I had a gentleman dog once—a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else;—the battles I fought for him! Well, will you believe—I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So, on coming here, I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

Mrs. Dale, looking up languidly. "Well, my love."

Miss Jemima. "Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterwards, Miss Smilecox had seduced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too—yet people say pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

Mrs. Dale.—"Pugs? I dare say they are!"

Miss Jemima, with spirit. "Men!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

Mrs. Dale, apologetically. "True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

Miss Jemima. "You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise of Marriage in the papers—an old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

Mrs. Dale, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe. "Yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three,) "to agree with him—that is, in theology."

Miss Jemima, earnestly. "But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

Mrs. Dale, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully. "Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

Miss Jemima. "Interesting! Not to me. Interesting! Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R in *Caroline*.

Miss Jemima, half pettishly, half coaxingly.

"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes and never eats. Ugly, too!"

Mrs. Dale. "Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

Miss Jemima. "Very true; what is it, indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there is something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

Mrs. Dale. "It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the squire——" Mrs. Dale paused, looked towards the squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick, lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

Miss Jemima. "It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

Mrs. Dale. "I wonder the squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition we find him!"

The squire's voice from the card table. "Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

Parson's voice impatiently. "Come—come—come, squire; play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

Squire. "There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

Parson. "Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The captain, solemnly. "Trick turned—play on, squire."

Squire. "The king of diamonds."

Mrs. Hazeldean. "Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

Captain Barnabas, in tenor. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Squire. "And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

Captain Barnabas, in base. "Ho—ho—ho!"

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas:—"Three to our score!—game!"

Squire, wiping his eyes. "No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale? (waxing angry.) First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

Mrs. Dale. "My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

Squire, growling like a bear. "I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

Mrs. Dale, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted. "It was of mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazeldean."

Squire. "What! Rickeybockey?"

Mrs. Dale, attempting the pure Italian accentuation.—"Signor Riccabocca."

Parson, slapping his cards on the table in despair.—"Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The squire, who is fourth player, drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now, the captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing



to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is, therefore, precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The captain hesitates, and, not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

*Squire*, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the captain. "Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybockey—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for those foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!"

*Parson*, aghast at seeing the captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr. Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades, of which he has only one, (the cards all falling in suits,) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand. "Really, squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

*Squire*. "Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? Thank ye for that!" And the squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace king knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the parson has only one—and the captain, indeed, but two—forces out the captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

*Parson*, with a look at the captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder. "That, I suppose, is the new-fashioned London play! In my time the rule was, 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

*Captain*. "Could not save it, sir."

*Parson*, exploding. "Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump"—Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N. B. it is *short whist*, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall)—can't make out more than four—captain smiles triumphantly—parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and, falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice.—"The cruellest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazeldeans in chorus. "Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The squire gets up to stretch his legs, and, the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—"Write to Rickeybockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs. Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the

squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the captain, during his visits to Hazeldean Hall, was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein:—"To the left of the village of Dundar, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and, in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the squire. "Mrs. H. he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the county."

"Ay, and history too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

*Frank*. "I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The *Captain*, putting down the cards to cut.—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

*Frank*. "No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

*Mrs. Hazeldean*. "I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

*Frank*. "Why don't they mix with the county?"

*Mrs. Hazeldean*. "I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud; they are an old family."

*Parson*, thrumming on the table with great impatience. "Old fiddledee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour!"

*Captain Barnabas*. "Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

*Squire*, who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air. "Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

*Frank*, rather hesitatingly. "Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

*Parson*. "Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you *mean* to play."

The squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided by a dexterous finesse of the captain against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten; the servants enter with a tray; the squire counts up his own and his wife's losings;



and the captain and parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

*Squire.* "There, parson, I hope now you 'll be in a better humor. You win enough out of us to set up a coach-and-four."

"Tut!" muttered the parson: "at the end of the year, I 'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One third he gave to Mrs. Dale, for her own special pocket money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was, that every time the parson won seven and sixpence, half a crown, which nobody could account for, found its way to the poor box; while the remaining third, the parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained: but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and colored, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in anything.

The *Squire*, with a little embarrassment in his voice. "Pray, Frank, what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered—"They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr. Dale, with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr. Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie, the great heiress; and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman,) pays for his schooling, and has, I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr. Audley Egerton, thank Heaven."

"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the parson sturdily, "for I am sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the parson, coloring up, and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"O! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw

over, after all the pains I had taken to get him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale?"

"My dear sir," said the parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over. "Irritable, sir! I should think so: a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honor to Bussy d'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazeldean! Mr. Hazeldean! I 'm shocked at you," cried the parson; and, putting his lips close to the squire's ear, he went on in a whisper—"What an example to your son! You 'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazeldean; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket handkerchief.

The parson skilfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman, you say, of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son;—Frank," (here the parson raised his voice,) "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly, "if my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow-feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

Mrs. Hazeldean retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though *you* may not think Frank clever, his masters find him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

Frank, reluctantly. "Verses, ma'am."

Mrs. Hazeldean, with triumph. "Verses!—there, Carry, verses!"



Frank, in a hurried tone. "Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

Mrs. Hazeldean, recoiling. "O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

Frank, ingenuously. "You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

Mrs. Dale, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper. "I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs. Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs. Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside"—"But we are forgetting poor Mr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry?"

Mrs. Dale kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her. "Suppose you write the note yourself. Meanwhile, I shall see him, no doubt."

Parson, putting his hand on the squire's shoulder. "You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honor and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself.—"You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my—"

"Brother's," quoth the parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the squire would not correct the parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruellest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *détour* through the shrubbery.

Mrs. Dale. "I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

Parson, rousing himself from a reverie. "Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

Mrs. Dale. "Handkerchief!—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

Parson. "Brought together!"

Mrs. Dale. "You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

Parson.—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

Mrs. Dale, smiling loftily. "Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

Parson dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie. "Ay—ay—I daresay."

Mrs. Dale. "And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time;—eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious! what's that?"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation, they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

Parson. "What's what?"

Mrs. Dale pinching her husband's arm very nippingly. "That thing—there—there."

Parson. "Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the squire."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

*Supposed to be a letter from Mrs. Hazeldean to — Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.*

"DEAR SIR,—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the *greatest* pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to *all* our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly *ESTEEM*. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the *pleasure* of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"H. H.

"HAZELDEAN HALL."

Miss Jemima, having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and, singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the squire's stables—told him to saddle the gray pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his boots; besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill; "Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants' hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

Frank. "No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

Squire, in high wrath.—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbor, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose



father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

Mrs. Hazeldean, observing Frank coloring, and about to reply. "Hush, Frank, never answer your father—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the squire's hand.

"Well, but Frank," continued Mrs. Hazeldean, "I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor."

Frank. "Eh, mother?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

Squire, with great admiration. "Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

Frank, leaving the squire's hand to take his mother's. "You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish*!"

Squire. "Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

Mrs. Hazeldean to Miss Jemima. "Is that the note you were to write for me?"

Miss Jemima. "Yes, I supposed you did not

care about seeing it, so I have sealed it, and given it to George."

Mrs. Hazeldean. "But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

Miss Jemima hesitatingly. "Do you think so?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the squire. "If Rickey-bockey's at home, 't is ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 't is worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Hazeldean, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine, indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows whom he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two, and then darts out of the yard.

"BURY ME IN THE GARDEN."—There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of maternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and, with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and, while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and, returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart path—and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bed-side, and were hanging over the young one, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother could alone interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips: "Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the melting of the heart, had crept up to the bed-side, and, taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ear,—“Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter

one more wish and a word of affection; its soul was on its lips as it whispered again: "Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the—" and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.—*Burritt.*

From the Asiatic Journal.

## A HOME SCENE.

### A WIFE WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND.

THE noonday sun has set, and still she stands,  
(The oft read letter rustling in her hands,) Gazing aslant along the glimm'ring lane,  
Her prest lip breathing on the clouded pane;  
The evening shadows darken round—and—see!  
With misty lantern twinkling through the tree,  
The ponderous wagon rolls its weight along,  
Cheered by rude gladness of a rustic song,  
High in the air the swinging canvass flows,  
Brushing the twilight foliage as it goes;  
Now deep'ning fast as on attentive ear,  
Up the green path a shadowy step draws near;  
And winds *he* now beneath those branches dim?  
No; other cottage-faces look for him;  
And other cottage-ears his steps await;  
Hark! down yon field rebounds his garden gate.  
Sadly she shuts again the parlor door,  
And, through the parted shutter, on the floor,  
The pallid rays of autumn moonlight fall,  
And the quick fire-light flickers on the wall.  
Now pensive, in the chair, she thinks awhile  
O'er the fond parting sweetness of his smile;  
Now to the window goes, and now returns;  
And now hope dies away, and now it burns.  
In vain with book she soothes the hour of grief,  
Startled by every rustle of the leaf—  
O joyous sound!—her tearful vigil past—  
The threshold echoes now—he comes at last!



From the Transcript.

## GRIZZLY BEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE are great numbers of western men in the mines, whose iron constitutions and habits of life well adapt them to gold digging. The majority of them are "dead shots" with the rifle, and regard with contempt the Yankee, with his nicely finished fowling-piece. Bear and deer are their game, and a party, encamped near us, brought in, during one week, ten of the latter. Two of this party left their camp, to hunt deer, a few weeks since. They became separated, and wandered in, towards evening, from opposite directions, to our cabins. They were both *six-footers*, clothed in buckskin, wore long, flowing hair, and, as they moved, displayed muscles that would do yeoman's service in a bear fight. One accosted the other:

"Dog on it! Whar did you come in?" "Come in? Down yunder ravine." "Have you seed anything?" "Yes; I drew on a buck, and dropped him." (Here he showed the heart and liver of the animal, which he intended for that night's supper.) "Waal; what did you dew with the critter?" "Dew? I clumb a tree with him, about fifteen feet, jist to keep off the *grisleys* till morning."

"Grizzlys," as they are familiarly called here, are getting much too numerous for safety, where not one in ten of the people are capable of hunting or killing them. A great many cits from New York or Boston keep their rifles nicely rubbed and in perfect order; and some of them, doubtless, (thanks to the numerous shooting galleries at home,) are tolerably expert marksmen. But generally it is only your experienced frontier men who can venture to attack the grisley bear. I would rather trust to the mercy of a Bengal tiger, than to one of these shaggy monsters, when wounded or pinched with hunger. Many stories are told of them, nearly all exaggerated, and improving by travel. You may think that, after this, they will not decrease in magnitude on their way to your sanctum; I have half a mind to drop the subject, and leave you to glean what information you can from other sources. But Bruin must not be slighted.

Besides several skins, with the murderous claws attached, which may be seen in this vicinity, I know, within the range of my peregrination, of more than twenty bears, some of them of great size, which have been killed. Enough bear yarns, for which one has only to pay by being a good listener, might be collected in a few months to make a very interesting volume. They might sound like Munchausenisms; but, believe me, no tiger hunt in the jungles of India has more excitement in it, than when one of these ferocious beasts, wounded and maddened with pain, rushes on his assailants, tearing and mangling all within his reach, and earnestly entreating the entire party, in the key of G terrible, to come and be killed. They are frequently taken weighing twelve hundred pounds, and one was killed, a few weeks since, on the Merced river, weighing fifteen hundred pounds! So you see they are a much more formidable beast than the redoubtable black bear of the Rocky Mountains, which, I believe, seldom reaches six hundred pounds in weight.

Bear tracks are frequently seen in the creek near our camp; but, until last night, they have never ventured to give us a call. I shall close my letter by giving you a description of what occurred last

night, about twenty yards from our cabin, much too near to make sleeping comfortable. They utter a sound, when disturbed in their retreats, resembling a growl and a snort together. It is gravely stated that they bury themselves, during the winter, in some retired cavern, and suck their paws for nourishment; but the numbers that were tracked and killed among the snows of the coast-range, last winter, prove that this is not their custom, at least in this country.

The native Californians have a method of fighting them, which, if the horseman is expert with the *lariat*, seems to be the surest and speediest way of despatching them. The alarm being given that bears are near, he mounts his best horse, and, looking to his saddle-gear and riatta, sallies forth with his rifle slung across the shoulders of his horse. Upon seeing the bear, he rides towards him, swinging his *lariat*, made of closely braided strips of green hide, and watching his opportunity to swing it over the head of the savage creature.

Bruin, somewhat surprised at such temerity, stands at bay, winking his small, twinkling eyes, and closely watching the movements of the horse, who is sufficiently aware of his danger to keep on the alert, and yet so well trained as to answer every movement of the rider's hand. At first, the bear stands on all fours, with his head down, much like a hog manœuvring to rush by his pursuers; but, at the first throw of the *lariat*, he rises, and, squatting on his hind feet, knocks away the coil with his paws as fast as it is thrown; frequently running at the horse, who as often eludes him, while the rider endeavors to draw him into the open field, by retreating and appearing to be off his guard.

At last, however, the coil glides over the head of the bear; and the horse, taught from a long experience at throwing bullocks, that his safety depends upon keeping this limit between him and the monster tightly strained, regards his adversary with staring eyes and dilated nostrils, and constantly accommodates himself to every movement of the bear. Sometimes Bruin, enraged at being thus unexpectedly taken in, rushes upon them, gnashing his great jaws, and tearing up the earth in his fury; but the wary horse and rider back nimbly away, and are as ready to follow him if he retreats.

The horseman, who has all this time endeavored to draw the enemy towards the nearest tree, awaits his chance, and, drawing toward the bear, coils up the riatta in his hand as he approaches, and, with a sudden jerk, throws the bight over a limb, and then, turning tail, urges his horse out into the plain, who, tugging with might and main, drags the unwieldy creature first under the limb, and then forces him on to his hind feet, where, half hung and half standing, he presents a fair target. The horseman, trusting to the sagacity of his animal, who hangs back with all his strength, makes use of his trusty rifle, and soon terminates the affair. It is considered unsafe to fire at these bears, unless from the crotch of a small tree, or from the saddle, as they often walk away with half a dozen rifle balls. Woe to the hunter who fires upon one beyond the reach of some friendly tree!

In our passage up the San Joaquin, which we made in a whale-boat, last winter, we stopped at a small settlement on the river, called San Joaquin City. Here we saw a man dying, who had that day been rescued from the hug of a grizzly bear. He was literally torn to pieces. One arm was nearly bitten off, the face disfigured, and the whole



body mutilated too horribly to relate. A party had left the camp early that morning to track an unusually large bear. Losing the track at the river, they had separated, and this man, coming suddenly upon the bear, imprudently fired his rifle. His shouts and cries brought the rest of the party up in time to see him thrusting the rifle down the mouth of the animal, and immediately struggling in his mighty grasp. We saw the skin and quarters of the bear, which they had just completed dressing. There was no surgeon within miles of the place, even if medical aid could have availed anything. Two tents and a log cabin composed the settlement. The rain was pouring down mercilessly, and leaking through the roof upon the dying man. A dismal place, thought I, to end one's days in, and in such a manner!

From Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours."

#### CHASE OF A FAWN.

A PRETTY little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several dogs; one of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner; dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit.

Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking

of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment; would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the wood in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and, showing a collar with her name upon it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died; one would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend.

#### JENNY LIND.

THE following sketch of Jenny Lind, from the pen of Hans Christian Andersen, is copied from his work, entitled the "True Story of my Life:"—

Let us now go back to the year 1840. One day in my hotel at Copenhagen, I saw the name Jenny Lind among those of the Swedish strangers. That same year I had been in the neighboring country, and had been received with much honor and kindness. It would not, therefore, be an unbecoming



thing on my part were I to visit the young artist. At this time she was almost entirely unknown out of Sweden; even in Copenhagen her name was known to but few. She received me with great courtesy, but distantly and coldly. She was, as she said, on a journey with her father to South Sweden, and was merely come over to Copenhagen to see the city. We shortly after separated, and I had the impression left upon me of a very ordinary character. It soon, however, passed away, and I had forgotten Jenny Lind.

In the autumn of 1845 Jenny Lind again came to Copenhagen. Boumonville, the ballet master, one of my friends, had married a Swedish lady, a friend of the fair singer. He informed me of her arrival, and told me that she remembered me very kindly, and had now read most of my writings. He entreated me to go with him and make a call upon her. I did so. I was no longer received as a stranger. She cordially extended her hand. She spoke of my writings, and of her friend Miss Fredrika Bremer. The conversation then turned upon her appearance in Copenhagen.

"I have never made my appearance out of Sweden," said she. "Everybody in my own land is so affectionate and loving to me. If I made my appearance here, and should be hissed! I dare not venture on it."

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment upon her, having never heard her sing; but that, nevertheless, I felt convinced that such was then the disposition in Copenhagen, that she was certain to be successful. Boumonville's persuasion eventually gained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had. Jenny made her first appearance in the part of *Alice*. It was a new revelation in the realms of art. The fresh young voice found its way into every heart. Here truth and nature reigned. Everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sung her Swedish songs. They were so peculiar and so bewitching, that, uttered by such a purely feminine being, they exercised an omnipotent sway. The whole of Copenhagen was enraptured.

The first artist to whom the Danish students gave a serenade was Jenny Lind. Torches blazed around the villa where the serenade was given. She came out and expressed her thanks by singing one of her Swedish songs. I saw her then hasten into the darkest corner of the room we were in and weep for emotion. "Yes, yes," she said, "I will exert myself. You shall see that I will be better qualified when I again visit Copenhagen." On the stage she is the great artist who rises above all that are around her. In her own chamber, she is a young and sensitive girl, possessed with all the humility and piety of a child. In Copenhagen her advent made an epoch in the history of our opera. She showed our art in all its sanctity. I had beheld one of its vestals. She returned to Stockholm. Thence Fredrika Bremer wrote to me—"We are both of us agreed as to Jenny Lind as a singer. She stands as high as any artist of our time well can stand. But as yet you do not know her in her real greatness. Speak to her of her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind. Her countenance is lighted with inspiration. Converse with her upon God, and of the holiness of religion, tears will spring from those innocent eyes. She is a great artist, but she is still greater in the pure humanity of her existence."

Indeed, nothing can lessen the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, save her

personal character in her own home. Her intelligent and child-like disposition here exercises a singular power. She is happy, belonging no longer to the world. Yet she loves art with her whole soul. She feels her vocation. Her noble and pious disposition cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only, in my hearing, did she express her joy and self-consciousness in her talent. It was during her last stay in Copenhagen. Every evening she appeared either at the concerts or in opera. She heard of a society, the object of which was to take unfortunate children out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were compelled to beg or steal, and place them in better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually for their support, yet the means for this excellent purpose were but small. "I have an evening disengaged," said she, "I will give a performance for these poor children, but we must have double prices." Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she heard the amount, her countenance lit up, and tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so."

JENNY LIND.—Our memory is still, and long will be, vocal with her unforgotten notes; and particularly with her execution of Handel's masterpiece—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." To hear her performance was like listening to a most solemn confession of faith from all the pious dead who are sleeping in Jesus. In listening to those strains, one might well have said to her, even thanking Shelley for the words,

My soul is an enchanted boat  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it,  
While all the winds with melody are ringing.  
*Puritan Recorder.*

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.—America exists to reproach and reform the world. There is a Providence in these things. The rough and ready republicans expand themselves over a universe; the Union has just been enlarged by territories as large as Europe, and already the new state of California exports half a million of gold a month, and prepares to open a steam communication with China and Japan. The Pacific becomes the highway of nations, and enterprises unheard of approach maturity, while the mind of the ancient world is absorbed on the miserable subjects of divine right and sectarian controversy. The majesty of civilization and commerce brightens regions rich and vast, while Europe pauses to parley with idiot legitimists and ancient nonentities. The republic of America bid for the mastery of the universe, and will achieve it. We could dispute ascendancy with them, but will we? China has again snubbed us—we sought to be polite by condoling with the new emperor on the death of the old one, and sent a ship of war to give dignity to the message. The ship could not reach Peking for want of water, and, profiting by our miscalculation, the authorities declined to accept our civility, and the attempt to recommend ourselves failed; but, perhaps, we gained a little nautical and geographical knowledge, which we wanted. The Yankees, by-and-by, will deal differently with the brother of the sun and moon.—*Liverpool Journal.*



## WILD SPORTS IN AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—On reading your review of Mr. Cumming's work on South Africa I cannot refrain from offering a few remarks in his defence, trusting that the spirit of justice which so eminently distinguishes your journal will induce you to insert them. I may probably be at present the only person in England who has gone over a great part of the deserts and hunting grounds spoken of by Mr. Cumming, and I therefore feel it almost a duty to bear witness to the truth of such part of his statements as I can, and this the more readily as I am a total stranger to the author. I cannot pretend to vouch for the truth of Mr. Cumming's performances, not having witnessed them; but I can for the accuracy of his description of the countless thousands of wild animals that are to be found together on some of the plains he speaks of, and if I can answer for the truthfulness of his description in this respect, (a portion of his statement much disbelieved,) I think we should in charity be slow to disbelieve his other statements.

I confess myself guilty of having set off into the wilds of Africa of my own free will, and of having made a few notes in the shape of a journal, but I never had the courage to publish it, feeling how difficult it would be for most people to believe it. Neither will people believe Mr. Cumming's work till more shall have ventured on the same road. You say most truly that people in this country cannot bring themselves to believe such marvellous accounts of wild animals; neither do I wonder at it. I see, on referring to my journal, that I was bewildered and confounded with astonishment on beholding the wonders of that country. The life led there, and the whole scene, are such as I defy any one properly to describe, or, on the other hand, to appreciate or believe, who has not seen it. Your reviewer wonders that a man could take such delight in wild sports. Surely, when we see men devoting their time and fortunes to hunting a fox in this great allotment ground, a man may be excused for being led away for a time by such a pursuit in so noble a country as South Africa. Life in the desert is one that has charms so hopeless to describe that I wonder any one is found to undertake the task. The deserts of South Africa open to the mind of the astonished adventurer a sense of freedom, combined with a feeling of dependence on a merciful Providence, which is not brought out by life in civilized countries.

My course in South Africa lay amongst the deserts and forests bordering the Orange river and the Thebus mountain, and it was there that Mr. Cumming discovered the vast herds of springboks and blesboks, on the improbability of which your reviewer chiefly dwells. I will venture to give these few extracts from my journal:—

"Awoke from my sleep on the ground by a noise as of distant thunder. On looking up, saw the plain covered with dust as if an army were engaged, and presently the dark columns of countless thousands of wildebeek, springbok, blesbok, and other animals charged along the plain within shot. They were in a dense mass of great breadth, and apparently extending to the horizon."

Again, referring to the swarms of locusts, I find—

"The air was filled with dense masses of locusts, darkening the earth, and apparently coming from

the clouds, having all the appearance of a thick snow storm."

I feel, therefore, that I may boldly give my name as witness to such scenes as those described by Mr. Cumming.

I hope the above statement may induce some to be more inclined to believe Mr. Cumming's work.

Having said this much in his defence, I confess I cannot admire the style of his work, which has justly laid him open to your severe criticism, and entirely agree with you that the way he dwells on "the murdering parts of the business" is unfortunate. When a man is living in that wild state his blood must be got up for such scenes, or he could not exist; but he should have remembered that the naked recital of them, so frequently dwelt upon, must shock the nerves and feelings of the European reader.

I would conclude by remarking that a noble country will there be some day opened to emigrants, and that the Orange river will not long remain the boundary of the Cape colony.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

COSPATRICK BAILLIE HAMILTON.

No. 11, Anglesey, Sept. 20.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.—Some twenty years ago, I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time, I had heard no news thence, either private or public. Off Barnegat, we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well, skipper," said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?"

He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, "Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel!"

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but, the news, friend, what is the news?"

"Wal!" said he, "there was a great crop on 'em last fall!"

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, "tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politikil!" said the fisherman, standing silently for a few minutes. "Politikil! d'ye see that fellow in my boat yonder?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen, "wal! captain, that are chap made two hundred dollars last winter!"

There was no use in trying to get anything out of him; so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the same coast, I again met this fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I had given him, waved it with a cheer above his head, and swore I should have the best and biggest of all the fish he had. I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I inquired, "who's president?" it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "D'ye recollect my boy that I had in the smack with me—the one who made two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wal!" he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, "the little cuss is dead."

"And that," said the captain in conclusion, "is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat."—*Spirit of the Times.*



From the Examiner.

## THE TWO EXTREMES.

DUM VITANT, IN CONTRARIA CURRUNT.

CONTRADICTION an idle rumor that at the instance of the despotic governments the British ministry proposes to adopt measures for the extradition of refugees, who may be objects of suspicion, the *Times* proceeds to take a view of the position of refugees in this country which seems to us to call for some remark :

We may as well say at once, and we say it most confidently, there exists no such intention on the part of our government towards political refugees as that so positively stated at Paris. England will continue to be, what it has ever been, the asylum of nations. We should be most unfaithful to our constitution, most untrue to our political faith, and many of us most ungrateful for the refuge given to our forefathers in this land of their adoption, if we consented to the exclusion or other ill-treatment of political refugees, except from the plainest necessity, and the most definite apprehensions. But there can be no such intention. It would only be legal under an "alien act," and the last alien act has been allowed to expire without renewal this very year. The announcement towards the close of the session was received with general acclamation, showing how little such measures are to the taste of an Englishman. Her majesty's ministers have shown a marked degree of attention, almost too expressive of political sympathy, to some of the leading refugees. But it is notorious that all classes in this country will *show not merely hospitality, but friendship to foreigners, whose opinions, and whose acts, they would not tolerate for a moment in their own fellow-countrymen.* As a slave ceases to be a slave as soon as he touches this soil, the refugee is commonly supposed *to have left behind him all his substantial vice, and to retain merely the superficial hue of his party.*

Certainly this is a true representation of the reception of the refugee in the aristocratic society of London, when his deeds or his misdeeds have invested him with anything of the character of a lion, and excited curiosity or furnished the material for a sensation—the besetting vulgarity of the self-styled *beau monde*. So that a foreigner has figured in the world, he is welcomed in the drawing-rooms of our fine people to be stared at, no matter what may have been the mischief he has done, or fallen in attempting. "The broken tool that tyrants throw away;" the bad monarch who has made every throne tremble, and shaken all securities of authority and peace in Europe, by his besotted, selfish, despotic policy, in violation of pledges the most solemn; the red republican on the other hand, the pedantic socialist, the apostle of anarchy, all these and more than we care to recite, are sure, as the *Times* says, not only of hospitality but friendship in the circles of our "great world." The hand of the political incendiary who has done his worst to give up his country and society to anarchy, rapine, and ruin, is grasped as cordially at least as that of the purest patriot who has fallen in vindicating the dearest rights of man. The villany gives the notoriety

and *éclat*; but, as the *Times* explains, the moral complexion of the conduct is bleached even while the recollection of it imparts the interest to the fugitive.

Haynau mistimed his visit to England. Had he presented himself in the fashionable season, he would have been a courted and caressed guest at most of the great houses, and would have been far too much engaged at dinners, routes, and fêtes to have had leisure or a thought for a visit to a brewery. The question arises whether this is moral, whether it is politic, whether the rude treatment of the fugitive evil-doer may not be provoked by the frequent example of the favor with which offenders of his class are received by a large portion of our aristocratic society. Is not the sentiment in many an uncultivated but honest nature likely to be, "If no one will let this man know what is thought of his conduct, I will. He shall not get off with nothing but compliments and servilities." How different would the feeling and actions of such a man be, if he were aware that the coldness and neglect of the foreign delinquent's class in society would mark the sense of his offences, and most cuttingly punish them!

Do not let it be supposed that we are contending for the exercise of judgment upon the minor shades of error in foreign politics, of which we may be very imperfect and incompetent judges; the cases which we would bring under moral jurisdiction are happily the less frequent ones of great gravity or atrocity. And for the men implicated in them we would not deny an asylum, and the protection of the laws; but they should have nothing more than the asylum, bringing with them none of the claims on the hospitalities in felon, blood-stained hands. Had cutting neglect been the known portion of Haynau in London, the draymen of Bank-side would not have stirred a finger against him, content with the finger of scorn whose exquisite punishment is not to be surpassed.

An ultra-enthusiastic proposal has been forwarded to us from a public meeting in Liverpool to erect a statue on the occasion. These fervid sympathizers miss the point altogether, misled by the bad style of antagonism on the other side. None know better than the draymen who drove the general to the dustbin that they can have no honor and glory from the act except the sense of the impulse that prompted it. In cool blood we are still contented that the hot blood *was*; but when a burst of wrath has served its purpose, no one should desire to see it vindictively dwelt upon. This would be to emulate the spirit of Haynau himself, and of his allies and friends abroad.

The *Times* has given, under the head of General Haynau and the press of Germany and Austria, various animadversions on the assault. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Times* of Germany, after taking a very exaggerated view of the affair, asks—

Are not the English afraid of being served in the same way—the English who every year spoil our beautiful landscapes by the oddity of their appearance and the "refinement" of their manners?



And it puts the case of Sir H. Ward in the Ionian Islands, and asks where slumbers the wrath of our press. Sir H. Ward handled miscreants with a severity we are not prepared to defend; but there is no charge against him of sanctioning, countenancing, or suffering the flogging of women.

Another paper states:—

In the "Café Daum," which is haunted by our officers, there was, amidst the portraits of other royal personages, a portrait of Queen Victoria. I say it was there, for it was yesterday assaulted by a Croatian officer, who, *drawing his sabre, with a volley of imprecations, smashed it into atoms, while his comrades cheered and cried "Bravo." They rattled their swords in a most alarming manner, and they curse the islanders, "whom they cannot get at," and whom they long to "shiver," as the officer did the picture of their queen.* But not only absurd—indeed, the insults are low and mean which were yesterday offered to two harmless English tourists (whose dress bespoke them as such) by several cavalry officers, among whom was a near relative of the Prince Schwarzenberg.

Sabring the picture of a lady is at least an improvement, and a gallant one certainly, upon flogging one in the life. Of course, for so manly and heroic an exploit the officer will obtain promotion and a decoration. General Haynau must appoint him his aide-de-camp. He deserves to be on that staff. One cannot sufficiently admire the hardihood of this officer, who drew his sword so fearlessly against the portrait of a woman, sustained only by the cheers of his comrades. It shows, in the teeth of a popular anecdote to the contrary, that the chivalry of Austria can do something for itself single-handed, at least where a woman, or the likeness of a woman, is in the case. It is said that an Austrian soldier being involved in some difficulty, a pert gamin, with a shrill voice, called to him, "Austrian, shall I fetch a Russian to conquer your enemies, and get you out of the scrape?"

The hero of the Café Daum could shiver to pieces our queen's picture without the aid of a Russian. He must, however, have a care of Bankside. His place of honor is now second only to that of the more soaring hero, whose ambition would be satisfied with nothing else than striking the person itself of our sovereign, instead of contenting himself with an outrage against a picture.

As for Haynau, it turns out after all that the draymen have been his best friends, and have swept him back with their brooms to imperial favor, and high advancement. The *Times* states—

We understand that preparations are making to greet General Haynau on his return to Vienna with a splendid demonstration of loyal devotion, *accompanied by an extraordinary act of grace on the part of the monarch. The garrison is to serenade him by torchlight, and the emperor is to place in his hands the object of his ambition—the marshal's "baton."*

And all this comes of Bankside! Little thought the general in the dustbin how it was all for his good, and the growth of his honors. When before

was a baton so earned? Surely it will bear the likeness of a drayman broomstick couchant.

On second thought, we think the hero of the Café Daum cannot do better than come over to London, visit Messrs. Barclay's, and subscribe himself "The lady-killer of Queen Victoria in portraiture." Any little specimen of mob-law he might provoke would ensure him in consistency some extraordinary act of grace on the part of the monarch, a serenade by torchlight from the garrison, and promotion to the rank of general. He should be forever distinguished as the hero of the Café Daum.

From the Examiner.

#### EXTINCTION OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN GERMANY.

THE struggle between despotic reëction and even the old moderate degree of constitutional liberty formerly allowed in Germany, will soon be decided. Austria, at the head of its resuscitated Diet, has acted with much more boldness, decision, and ultra-repression, than could have been effected under the old Diet. That assembly sanctioned the expulsion of the old Elector of Hesse, and of the Duke of Brunswick, for violating their constitution. Instead of following any such precedent, the actual Rump of the old Diet has ordered bodies of Hanoverian and Wurtemberg troops to occupy Cassel, to put down all opposition, to restore the elector to his throne, and to enable him to govern, not merely without Parliament, but against every law, custom, right, and popular will in the country.

It is impossible to imagine that Austria would have gone such a length were it not certain of Russian support and of Prussian acquiescence. Still it is difficult to conceive that the King of Prussia would thus forfeit his last claim to the respect of Germany, and break the last link that bound him to the constitutional party. If fifteen thousand Hanoverian and Wurtemberg soldiers can be found to put down the constitutional and passive resistance in Hesse, if the Hessians submit, and if Prussia allows it—then, certainly, the Frankfort Diet is restored not only to its pristine life, but to more vigor than it ever possessed, and to a greater despotic power and spirit than it has yet dared to assume, in the present century.

Should all this be consummated, every spark of constitutional government will have been trodden out in Germany. Everywhere have the Chambers been dissolved or sent about their business, everywhere is the press put down, the rights of freemen suspended. Assuming that this has the sanction of Prussia, of course the King of Prussia is prepared to replace his own kingdom under the German uniform of despotism, and abrogate his constitution. He must indeed, in consistency, do so. The Camphausens, Hansemans, Beckeraths, and Gagerns, he must silence or exile. For they can never pardon or compound with such treacherous and pusillanimous conduct.

There is one class of politicians who will hail with exultation and delight the universal extinction of constitutional government by the strong arm of most of the German princes, and the acquiescence of the others. This is the extreme democratic party. Their continued cry, ever since their defeat, has been that their outrageous mistrust and coercion of princes was the only prudent conduct. They



have denounced the constitutional party as idiotic, in trusting and respecting princes who have shown no respect for either their subjects' rights or their own oaths; and as traitorous, in aiding to crush that genuine popular party which could alone have given them strength to resist the perfidy and tyranny of the despotic courts. All which has since happened, the democratic writers had unhappily foretold. They are proved right in their mistrust, right in their appreciation, of the princes; right in their prophecy of the extinction of all constitutional principles and party; and henceforth there will exist in Germany but the red flag of Struve and the white flag of Schwarzenberg and Haynau. As to the constitutionalists, with their red, white, and black colors, these will be an eternal laughing-stock; and the white and black flag of Prussia a thing to spit upon.

Should the present *réaction* succeed in Cassel, Germany may be looked upon as entering that phasis which Spain did in 1823, when Ferdinand resumed the reins of government. The only difference would be, that, instead of one Ferdinand, Germany will have a score. Such a regime cannot exist without frequent insurrections, or without respectable citizens and constitutional personages favoring such insurrections, as was the case in Spain and in France from 1815 to 1830. Martial law, military execution, and the scaffold, are the necessary accompaniments to such a state of things. All which Germany will have to endure without even the pity and respect due to the brave when they are unfortunate.

It is but too true that Prussia is chiefly to blame for the want of manliness and courage visible in the educated and civic class of Germans at present. Prussia put down with such rigor, and punished with such ferocity, the attempts of the people to stand up for constitutional liberties, that now, when it would be her interest to resuscitate a constitutional spirit and defence, she finds it dead. Had Prussia repressed the Baden insurrection as republican and extreme, but at the same time bearing in mind how much that foolish uprising was provoked; had she shown some clemency and forbearance to the vanquished, she would have stood in a better position now. But how can she support constitutional resistance in Hesse, when she put down with her artillery resistance almost as righteous in Saxony? Having re-established her own power by military *réaction*, how can she prevent other powers from following her example? A middle course in politics is at all times difficult enough; but when it becomes a series of tactics and manœuvres, of cruel vengeance upon the weak and mean truckling to the strong, alike devoid of dignity and honesty, it is a course which no craft of government can make ultimately prudent or successful.

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From the Spectator.

#### HESSE-CASSEL.

SMALL as Hesse-Cassel is, the events now in progress are instructive for every class of politicians. As a small breach in the land can disclose to the geologist the structure and history of a region, so the Hessian rupture may disclose to the politician the actual working of the political elements.

Most especially ought it to instruct the royal

classes, who appear to have made such slight progress in learning their true place in contemporaneous society. There are a few before Europe just now who have shown some faculty of adapting themselves to the political state of their dominions—such as the King of Holland and the King of the Belgians; but, with those exceptions, all are now illustrating immense mistakes. Francis Joseph of Austria is relying on his armies, and on that dangerous ally, Russia; reckless of the future pay-day, and wholly neglecting to obtain a real hold on his subjects in any section of his empire, insomuch that he is an alien in every province except *unnational* Vienna. Frederick William is “wading” among tentatives and failures for a policy. The Count de Chambord is keeping alive a notion of returning to a throne “by the grace of God.” Ferdinand of Naples lends a temporary sanction to the idea that kingcraft is to be kept up by tyranny, foreign support, and perjury. Pius the Ninth is thinking to rebuild a temporal power on the traditionary rock of St. Peter. The quasi-royal Prince President is acting so as to countenance the notion that a people may be cajoled. Not one grapples with the facts of the time, and bases his position upon them.

Now the actual state of Hesse-Cassel exposes the processes at work in political society, which forbid any peace or safety for princes unless they adapt themselves to the movement. Its position is that of England under Charles the First, with this difference, that the nation is unanimous, from its mob even up to its Parliament and its public departments. There appears to be *no* minority—except the elector himself and his minister, Hassenpflug—Charles with his spectaclled and fugitive Strafford. In Hesse-Cassel, then, constitutional doctrines have obtained so firm a hold over the bulk of the people, over the civic classes, the acting officials, and even the army, that they all thought it safer to abide by constitutional law than by hereditary authority; there is, to any public effect, no counter-opinion. Hesse-Cassel has had a longer enjoyment of constitutional laws than other provinces of Germany; but it is only in *advance* of the rest; and it seems probable that opinions will gain upon all classes, in other dominions, as they have done in this little state. In some degree, princes who do not adopt constitutional doctrines are in the position of the fugitive elector, although it may be disguised; and although a crisis may not be so thoroughly prepared for them as it is for him, it cannot be indefinitely postponed.

Now the royal classes of Europe labor under many disadvantages. They are not practised in the conduct of public affairs under constitutional restraints; they are not trained to vigilance and patience. They hold a certain amount of power without appeal or liability, but are also under the management of ministers who “advise” them. Thus ministers of state, who neglect to keep their respective princes properly trained and corrected up to the newest standard, are practically risking the safety of monarchy. If they want to “save society”—about which Louis Napoleon makes such a fuss—if they want to rescue constitutional doctrine from being wrecked by an attempt at absolutist *réaction* ending in republican revolution, they will take active steps towards ascertaining the actual relation of princes and people, and adjusting the position of the royal functionary on practical grounds.



From the Spectator.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 5 OCT.

IN this quiet season of the political year, the news from the Arctic regions assumes the full prominence which is really due to it. Some traces have been discovered of Sir John Franklin's ships. The nine vessels engaged in the several expeditions sent out in search had been distributed into five parties, to carry on the survey more systematically. The first fact of much interest was an alarming rumor, among certain Esquimaux near Cape York, in Baffin's Bay, that Sir John Franklin had been laid up for the winter of 1846, near Cape Dudley Digges, had been attacked by a fierce band of natives, and that all the crews had been killed, not at once, but apparently in two attacks. As to the faith due to this story, there is the utmost difference between the commanders of the searching expeditions. Captain Ommanney takes no notice of the rumor; Captain Penny praises the services of the Danish interpreter for "exposing a story of Sir John Ross' Esquimaux." On the one hand, therefore, we find Sir John Ross maintaining the credibility of the report, explaining that the Dane intimidated the Esquimaux, and that the Esquimaux stuck to his story after the Dane was gone; on the other hand, we find many intelligent men treating the story as worthless, and it is known that Sir John Ross' temperament exposes him to be hasty in error and obstinate in adhering to it. It is to be observed that the Esquimaux was not confronted with his countrymen, in the presence of Sir John and the Dane; a step which would have gone far to test his veracity.

Meanwhile, we have the further report of Admiralty ropes discovered at Cape Riley and Beechy Island, in the Wellington Channel, and other traces that the Erebus or Terror, or both, had been at those places; and it would seem that both vessels had left it in safety. The disheartening fact is the long lapse of time. It now is becoming all but *impossible* that the party, with the best economy, could have found means to subsist so long in those ice-bound deserts. The systematic search, however, will secure at least a negative knowledge respecting the fate of the lost voyagers.

In the least happy event, the search will have been far from vain, on many accounts. Lord Palmerston implied that the true principle of maintaining the greatness of Britain throughout the world, is to uphold the *Civis Britannicus* against all foreign oppressors, and even against foreign laws: clearly a misconception of the true principle. That principle is, to endow the British subject with the confidence that wherever he may go the vigilance and just influence of the great empire follow him, not to uphold him against the laws of foreign countries, but to see that he be not abandoned or unlawfully oppressed. It is not by upholding a Don David Pacifico against the rules and laws of the Greek government that the truly commanding greatness of our empire is shown; but it is displayed in the array of well-stored ships—of most intelligent and daring commanders—of hardy, resolute, enduring men, following their countrymen to the most desolate regions of the globe, in order to rescue them if possible—to know and record their fate if more be impossible—at all events, to leave no duty unfilled, though it be but that of inditing on the cenotaph a correct inscription doing justice to their memory. This, we say, which to the superficial politician looks like a vain sacrifice, is really a small

sacrifice from the present official representatives of the nation, towards that confidence which renders the subject strong in the service of his country—towards that impression among foreign countries that at the back of every Englishman is the vigilance and power of his state, to succor him in trouble, to uphold him in justice, at whatsoever price.

The deputies of the Peace Association would appear to be making some progress in arranging the dispute between Denmark and her revolted Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The points actually attained are these: Denmark has consented to negotiate to the same extent as Schleswig-Holstein; and after the return of the deputation to Kiel, the ducal authorities had appointed a gentleman to act as arbitrator on their behalf, and to meet the arbitrator for Denmark. Meanwhile, Mr. Elihu Burritt remained in Hamburg to watch and smooth the progress of the negotiations. The Peace Association has thus succeeded in attaining a recognized position between the governments of Europe—a position so important, that it would be very desirable if the respectable gentlemen composing that body of amateur diplomatists would investigate the real causes of their success. Among those causes, no doubt, is the highly embarrassing nature of the contest to both the litigants, so that an intervention from any respectable quarter is as welcome as the Beefeater in the "situation" of Don Whiskerandos; and that accidental element of success in the present instance could not be expected in other instances.

Again, we have yet to test the efficacy or possibility of any sort of "appeal" between litigants still more obstinate than Denmark and the duchies.

We suspect that a close investigation of the facts will enable the deputation to discover that the practical success which they have attained is entirely due to the really practicable part of their scheme—that part which consists in promoting the *mutual intelligence* of governments and nations. Many a war might be prevented if the combatants did but really know each other's relative strength, and often the desire for war would be obliterated if the combatants did but know each other's real intent; though instances may be imagined in which that mutual knowledge would *occasion* war. In any case, however, those who rely on moral and not on technical or formal influences, and who, on the broadest principles of religion and humanity, go between contending nations to promote mutual understanding and obedience to common faith and its precepts, are performing a truly sacred office—one which overrides difference of blood, of creed, and of political opinion. That was once the office of the priesthood, when priests maintained their position in being wiser than the rest of mankind: it was the most sacred office of the heralds. In testimony of the success which may yet be attained in the same direction, we see one of the most remarkable spectacles ever presented to Europe—a blacksmith from republican America is sitting at Hamburg to watch over the mutual advances of the Teutonic Duchies and the Scandinavian monarch.

Not inconsistent with that spectacle is the other, nor less remarkable—the old governing influences of Europe, exiled from power, or shaking in the throne and distracted in councils, are petitioning for an idea that may help them to exist. While the good bishops of the Sardinian States are in-



voking the Sovereign Pontiff to reconsider the policy which is breaking up the Romish church, his favorite ecclesiastic in Piedmont, Cardinal Franzoni, persists so obstinately in the reactionary policy, that he draws upon himself exile and confiscation. Poor Pio Nono, confessing inability to wield the destiny of Rome, abandoning *his* mild methods of little regeneration for that "eternal" state, has wholly lent himself to the reactionary idea. The more intelligent prelates of Piedmont, not a few in proportion, recognize all the destructive tendencies of that idea, and petition against it, in vain; and the civil state of Piedmont, in self-preservation, has been forced into open defiance of the Papal supremacy. As the Anti-Papal feeling has spread far and wide in Italy, especially north of the Neapolitan frontier, such a signal adhesion to that feeling by the constitutional state of the peninsula is a formidable event for the ancient ecclesiastical dominion. That rule cannot accommodate its essential idea to the living ideas of the day, and it is to be extruded as dead matter from the living organism of society.

In like manner, the legitimist party in France is vainly struggling to keep up a show of existence. The earnest Marquis de Larochejaquelin only retains his connexion with his party by waiving his attempt to reconcile the idea of legitimacy with the presence of the people. M. de Larochejaquelin explains, that he did not seek a restoration of the original monarchy at the hands of the people, but only to give the people an opportunity of declaring that it did not concur in the Republic. This is *permitting* the people humbly to support the Pretender, without prejudice to his absolute rights over said people; such is the proposition of that statesman among the Legitimists, who is most intelligently and earnestly bent on accommodating the legitimist idea to the living ideas of the day!—No, the Count de Chambord is right: legitimacy cannot abate itself: it must die—it is dying. No wonder, then, if the Parisians, practical philosophers, pay far less attention to the dreamy controversies of the political legitimists than they do to the fact of present importance, that the Italian Opera is at last organized; that the Count de Chambord should reign as Henry the Fifth is an idle romance-dream, but that Mr. Lumley is appointed director of the Opéra Italien is a fact for the Parisians of serious and present importance.

Her majesty's ship the North Star, which went out as a tender-ship to the expedition of Sir James Clark Ross in search of Sir John Franklin, a year and a half ago, returned unexpectedly to Spithead on Saturday morning. She has brought despatches from the ships of the four English expeditions which went out early this year; and of these there have been published the despatches by Captain Ommanney, commanding the Assistance and Intrepid of Captain Austin's squadron, a despatch from Captain Penny, and one from Sir John Ross, all to the Admiralty; and also two despatches with enclosures from Sir John Ross to his patrons, the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Prince Albert, a ship despatched in July, under Captain Forsyth, to make a special search beyond Brentford Bay, returned from the Polar regions to Aberdeen on Sunday night; and the Admiralty have published Captain Austin's despatch in full.

By the North Star no reliable news concerning

the expedition under Sir John Franklin has been brought home: a report picked up at Cape York from some Esquimaux, that the ships of the expedition were wrecked at the top of Baffin's Bay in 1846, and the exhausted crews overpowered and killed by a savage tribe, was discredited by further inquiries, and by search in the neighborhood. The ships entered Lancaster Sound to prosecute their searches; intending, however, to make minuter inquiries into the truth of this painful rumor if their search in the north-west should fail.

But by the Prince Albert we learn that "traces" of the missing expedition have been discovered in the expected direction of the Wellington Channel.

These traces are undoubted evidences that the Erebus and Terror have passed in the direction they indicate, at some time not to be guessed; but they tend in no wise to clear the melancholy doubt now hanging over the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

It seems that Captain Penny, with his two vessels, the Lady Franklin and Sophia, was the first to traverse the full length of Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, and to enter Melville Bay. At that point, however, he was prevented by the middle ice from further advance; and before he could cross to Lancaster Sound the ships of all the other expeditions overtook and joined him.

For a good portion of the voyage up the Greenland coast, the two American discovery vessels were in advance of all the English ships except Captain Penny's; but one of these friendly rivals got aground off the Devil's Thumb, and thus both got behind. The English were anxious to give their aid; but the American commander declined to delay them, having plenty of strength to get afloat again. The Americans had recovered their lost ground by the time when the English entered Lancaster Sound, and were near Leopold's Harbor at the same time with Sir John Ross, on the 22d August.

All the English vessels were congregated in Melville Bay, off Cape York, on the 13th August. Acting in the spirit of their instructions, and with the best feeling of mutual confidence, they formed a plan of operations in which the following division of searching labor was made. Captain Austin's expedition of two ships with two attendant screw-steamers was divided; and the nine assembled ships of all the commands were divided into five commands, which we will enumerate in an order corresponding to the geographical position of their region of search. 1. Captain Ommanney, with his ship Assistance and her steam-tender Intrepid, was to search the whole northern coast of Barrow's Straits—marked on the maps as North Devon—from Cape Warrender in Lancaster Sound to the Wellington Channel. 2. Captain Penny, with his two ships, the Lady Franklin and Sophia, was to proceed on his special survey of Jones' Sound, leaving such traces of his progress to the north-west, that when Captain Ommanney gained the westernmost extremity of his region he should be able to communicate with Captain Penny. 3. Sir John Ross was to proceed at once, with his two ships, the Felix and Mary, to the Wellington Channel, and search all the region from Cape Hotham to the west end of Melville Island; and if possible search down southwestwards along Bank's Land. 4. Captain Austin, with his ship Resolute and her steam-tender Pioneer, was to begin at Pond's Bay, and explore the whole southern coast of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits; and, if possible,



push along by Cape Walker, till he should have connected his southern explorations with the terminal voyagings of Sir James Ross. 5. Captain Forsyth, with his single ship the Prince Albert, was to go down Regent's Inlet to Brentford Bay, to cross the isthmus, and explore the west side of Boothia Felix; and to extend his inquiries in all directions over the unknown region south of Cape Walker and Bank's Land.

The vessels started on their allotted courses on the 14th August. The progress of the northern commands may be briefly summed. On the 25th August, Captain Ommanney had completed his search all along the coast of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits; and was observed by Mr. Snow, from the mast-head of the Prince Albert, "well over with Cape Hotham, carrying a press of sail, with a strong breeze from westward;" two American brigantines were working over towards the Cape; and Captain Penny's vessels were pushing stoutly up the Wellington Channel. It was found that the sea was so perfectly ice-locked in the direction of Cape Walker, that advance in that direction would be totally impossible. Cape Hotham alone might with difficulty be reached. For this reason, Sir John Ross was understood, when last seen at the north-west corner of Prince Regent's Inlet, to be in doubt whether he should not return to England. Of the southern commands we have only the accounts by the Prince Albert. Captain Austin had gone to Pond's Bay, to send home despatches by the North Star; but those ships missed each other, and the progress of Captain Austin is left unreported. Captain Forsyth has fulfilled his instructions to the extreme point permitted by nature, but that permission was very restricted. Prince's Inlet, like the sea towards Cape Hotham, is covered with ice from coast to coast. From this cause, it was impossible to get anywhere near Brentford Bay and cross the isthmus. "As we drew up towards Fury Beach, the land-ice gradually extended off the shore, commencing a little to the southward of Port Leopold, up to within ten or fifteen miles of Fury Point, when it stretched directly across the inlet, apparently in front of Port Bowen." Captain Forsyth found himself even in danger of being carried up the inlet by the drift-ice; so he hastened out to the north, and crossed Barrow's Straits towards the entrance of Wellington Channel. He examined the coast from Capes Herschel and Hurd to Point Innis. It was at Cape Riley they found the traces already mentioned. "We observed five places where tents had been pitched, or stones placed as if they had been used for keeping the lower part of the tents down; also great quantities of beef, pork, and bird-bones, a piece of rope with the Woolwich naval mark in it, (yellow,) part of which I have enclosed." In a cairn mounted by a flag-staff was a despatch from Captain Ommanney, who had landed at the same place before Captain Forsyth, stating that he had observed the same traces, and had also observed similar traces on Beechy Island. He had pushed on towards Cape Hotham and Cape Walker in search of "further traces of Sir John Franklin."

Having made out from the despatches the best account which they afford of the progress and further plans of the ships, we recur to the details of the Esquimaux report concerning the destruction of Sir John Franklin's expedition. On the 14th August, as Captain Penny passed Cape York,

three Esquimaux were observed: he communicated with them: and they conversed with his interpreter, but made no allusion to any lost expedition of white men. On the 15th, next day, Captain Ommanney and Sir John Ross passed the same spot, and again hailed the Esquimaux. Captain Ommanney sent his steamer, the Intrepid, under Lieutenant Cator, and Sir John Ross sent his whale-boat under Commander C. Gervans Phillips, R. N., to converse with them. The Intrepid arrived first, and "communicated" with the natives: they informed her people that a ship had wintered in Wolstenholme Sound; she was housed in, and had departed in the spring about a month before. It turned out that they meant the North Star. In the whale-boat under Lieutenant Phillips was Captain Ross' Esquimaux interpreter, Adam Beek, who speaks Danish: as soon as the Cape York natives saw their countryman, they threw up their hats and ran to the boat, and got on board without being invited. They conversed with Adam Beek for half an hour. At the end of that time, Lieutenant Phillips set out with Adam to Sir John Ross, who alone understood Danish, that they might learn what he had heard. As they went, they overtook first Captain Forsyth's vessel, the Prince Albert; and on board of her was a cook, John Smith, who has lived at Churchill, and knows the Esquimaux language—"a little of it," according to Sir John Ross—"a good knowledge" of it, according to Lieutenant Phillips. Adam Beek immediately sought him out, and gave him the following narrative, on the authority of the Cape York Esquimaux.

"In the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were broken by the ice a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Diggs, and afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives. The ships were not whalers—epaulettes were worn by some of the white men. A part of the crews were drowned; the remainder were some time in huts or tents, apart from the natives; they had guns, but no balls, were in a weak and exhausted condition, and were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows."

Captains Ommanney and Forsyth immediately proceeded to Sir John Ross' ship; and they sent to Captain Penny's ship for his Danish interpreter, Patersen, or Petersen. The despatches leave us in confusion as to the stages of the examination, but the result is that Captain Ommanney takes no notice of the report in his despatch. He seems to have thought it an invention founded on the actual circumstances of the stay made by the North Star. Captain Penny briefly praises the services of his interpreter Petersen in "exposing a story of Sir John Ross' Esquimaux." Sir John Ross himself states that Petersen was "totally at variance with Adam Beek;" but declares that the Dane overbore Adam, by calling him a liar, and intimidated him; but Adam persisted in his story when the Dane was gone, and he wrote it down in the Esquimaux language. Here it is, for such of our readers as have scholarship to translate it—

"Innuvit Takkurkarbark, Agus 13, 1850, Kes-sean nili Killissejaragkit ommiarssarnik Tagkog innassogallugit okarbot ommiarsuuit Tagkugittik Nunnaminni egkimmatta Sarkinnirrok Sessammarrattillunni Tarrit tarbok Taimattummik aglagbagka okiot 1846 Sikko Kubirriarmat allarbut omannammut Pillugtik Tarrsanni Sekkur soarmit



allarmitt ajollirlugtik okibut innuvit Tarsanni am-millarkigagmik Takko omijarsuvit Malluvit innivi Nogorbuigog Tagkunniga.

“AGLAGTOK ADAM BEEK.

“JOHN ROSS, witness to the above, on board the Felix discovery-vessel, this 13th day of August, 1850.”

On the one hand, Adam might have been again confronted with the natives who gave the report to him, and if he was so his veracity could be instantly estimated; and we find the commanders of the expedition generally incredulous of the report; on the other hand, we find Sir John Ross treating it as so far worthy of continued attention, that he is resolved to unravel it thoroughly on his return from his north-west search. The most important, but still not conclusive point, is that a considerable space of the country generally indicated by the Esquimaux was traversed in extended order, and carefully examined, by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Phillips and a party of the officers and men of her majesty's ships Assistance and Intrepid, and no sign of any destroyed ships or men was discovered. Several Esquimaux huts were entered: “two of the huts covered the unburied remains of three or four natives.”

#### PEACE-MAKERS.

MESSIEURS Joseph Sturge, Elihu Burritt, and Frederick Wheeler, the members of the peace congress who “on their own responsibility” have attempted to conclude a peace between the king of Denmark and the Danish Duchies, report the further progress of their well-meant officious ministrations. At Rendsburg, on the 3d September, the Stadtholderate stated that they could not make “any sort of proposition;” and they gave the three peace-seekers “no mission.”

But they added, that they should be willing to refer the claims of the Duchies to the decision of enlightened and impartial arbitrators, provided Denmark would also submit its claims to the same tribunal; reserving for eventual arrangement the appointment, composition, and jurisdiction of the court.

With this reply, authenticated in writing, the deputation proceeded to Copenhagen; where they arrived on the 10th September, “after having been detained several days in quarantine.”

“We readily obtained,” they say, “separate interviews with the prime minister and with the minister of foreign affairs; who received us with great cordiality and kindness. We presented to them a written statement of the object of our mission, and of what had transpired at Rendsburg. We invited their especial attention to the treaty of alliance between Denmark and the Duchies, bearing date 1533, which was renewed in 1623, and confirmed at Travendahl in 1700, by which ‘the contracting parties bound themselves mutually to assist each other;’ and, with respect to any differences that might arise between them, they agreed to adjust them, not by means of arms, but by means of councillors constituted as arbitrators on the part of each, and disengaged from their oath of allegiance.”

Urging their appeal on the humanitarian grounds which chiefly prompted them, they concluded with a few remarks, “to the effect that Denmark, by this mode of settlement, would release herself from those obligations to foreign diplomacy which

might obstruct the full development of her free institutions.”

“Both the ministers expressed their desire to effect a satisfactory and pacific arrangement. They said they were sensible of the evils of the war, and were anxious to bring it to a speedy termination by an amicable mode of adjustment. At our last interview with the minister of foreign affairs, he said substantially, that if the government of the Duchies would authorize a plan or basis of arbitration, the Danish government would take it into immediate consideration. We subsequently received the declaration that they accepted the principle of arbitration to the same extent that it was accepted by the Schleswig-Holstein government at Rendsburg. Having received this reply, we returned to Kiel, to communicate it to the government of the Duchies, and to endeavor to induce a direct negotiation on the composition, appointment, and jurisdiction of the court of arbitration. On the 23d and 24th instant, (September,) we met the minister of foreign affairs; who authorized a plan of arbitration prescribed by the treaty between the two countries, to which we have referred. He also appointed a gentleman to meet any one the Danish government should be willing to commission, for the purpose of agreeing upon the measures requisite to carry this plan into effect. Steps have been taken to bring these parties together as early as possible; and one of our number (Elihu Burritt) will remain at Hamburg for a few weeks, with a view of doing all in his power to facilitate and expedite this preliminary stage of negotiation.”

From the Spectator.

#### FRANCE—HER PRESIDENT, PRESS, AND PEOPLE.

By what fatality is it that the French people, one of the most intelligent, brave, and generous in the world, adorned with a literature the most searching in its analysis of human nature and personal character, should have made such huge exertions, such wonderful sacrifices, in behalf of “liberty,” and should find in each form of government, precisely the same attacks on liberty, political and personal, as those which have provoked successive revolutions? The question has often been asked, but it still remains to be asked; and its solution really is of considerable moment to the science of politics. Possibly that solution awaits some further turn of affairs, whence the historian may take a more complete view; meanwhile, we think a provisional answer may be found, in certain natural traits of the French character, modified by the transition state of the people from absolute monarchy to some form of government as yet wholly undetermined. For the present constitution is evidently no more than a “provisional government.”

The most salient fact in the political aspect of France at this moment is the “Austrian” treatment of the press under a government of universal suffrage. Every successive law is tending more and more to bind the journalist in chains. The compulsory rule, that every political paper shall be signed by the writer—whatever general arguments there might be for such a law—was intended to bring the class of political writers more closely under the screw of the government. And it has done so. As the act of a republican government, the alteration excites wonder. As the direct imitation of the policy that caused the exile of the despotic Charles the Tenth, it is a marvellous in-



stance of naked transparent impolicy. As a provision for "order," it is singularly inept. The rule helps less to silence rebellion than to blind the ruler to the guiding signs and warnings of the day. The greatest use of a press, to those who are responsible for the management of a country, is the function that it performs of exhibiting the opinions and feelings of parties; the rule which obliges every man who holds the editorial pen to attach his signature to his section of the work, deprives the composition of its collective character, and compels it simply to represent the opinions and feelings of a few individuals. There may be cases in which it is desirable to have out, for the public service, the peculiar opinions of individuals; but such will always come forth where the authentication is advantageous. We have seen examples in the United Kingdom, without any compulsory law; and we remember such in France, before the recent enactment. The new law, in fact, is not based upon any such general views; it is of the nature of a military law, proclaimed for a country in "a state of siege;" and it signifies that the existing government of France holds its place by a sort of military tenure, which it attempts to strengthen by putting down all the free movement of a conquered country. The prosecution of the moderate and orderly *Assemblée Nationale*, for intimating that M. Persigny had come to England to "raise the wind" for Louis Napoleon, betrays the spirit of the government.

The *Pays* denies that M. Persigny has been here to raise a loan, and hints that the National Assembly will be forced to make a grant to the president by compassion for the pensioners who depend on his bounty; an intimation after the fashion of Robin Hood, who pleads the wants of "his children" at home. The wants of the president are no secret; for the third time within two years he is opening his beak for provision; and he will probably get it. That the French do not understand the game which the close-countenanced prince-president is playing, does not deter them from permitting it to be played out. His policy, indeed—if policy *for the nation* he can be supposed to have—is inscrutable; so inscrutable, that we doubt its existence. His is a *self-policy*. An adventurer recalled from exile to the head of a republic, he is evidently laying his plans to obtain as much of royalty as he can; superseding Louis Philippe, who was expelled for imitating the policy of the man that *he* had superseded, Louis Napoleon imitates the policy of that same Ulysses untaught by experience. Louis Napoleon has an impenetrable countenance, unshakable courage, "a talent for silence," and a faculty of acting; he waits on events; meanwhile, neither too generous nor too farsighted to use the weapons that lie in the bureaucratic treasury, tarnished as they may be with monarchical or legitimist odium, and even with defeat.

It is not, then, to the press that France is to look for redemption; nor to the Parliament that passed that press-law; nor to the president that uses it. And if it is to the people, we observe that it is the people which permits these things. And why does it permit them? Is it that the French people, however much inclined to the abstract in politics—far more so than the English—has not the English faculty for collective action? No doubt, that idiosyncrasy of the French race contributes. The French sympathize with individuality and individualized power; they adore a hero, they regard each man as a representative of themselves, and take a

pride to see the Frenchman place himself in a striking and dramatic attitude; they like the theatrical effects of military shows, reviews, and revolutions. But they have little taste for the plodding business-like work of the town-council or parish-board. This is the reason why any good company of political performers is allowed to take its turn on the political stage. But if there has been hardly time in the half-century since France cast off her ancient despotism—a period by no means consecutive and regular, but much broken—for France to acquire the habit of popular and local collective action, the disposition to cultivate that healthy function of politics has been shown in the recent activity of the *Conseils-Généraux*. The municipal spirit is dawning in France; and that is the true antagonist to the bureaucratic fashion in which the republic acts. It is to her people that France must look for redemption; and the people seems to be acquiring the power of popular action in the sustained business of local administration.

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 FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE Nepaulese princes have set out for Marseilles. Just as they were on the point of departure, and stepping from the door of the hotel into the diligence, a scene occurred which might have had a very serious termination. A burley bully of a calèche-driver insisted upon getting thirty francs for a "course" which he had made over night; and not having been able to obtain the offer of more than his legitimate fare, planted himself squarely before the panel of the diligence, manifesting serious intentions of blocking the ambassador's way. All attempts to stir this fellow from his post by fair means were in vain. There he stood, and raved for the thirty francs; and when Jung Bahadoor advanced to get into the coach, the ruffian had the audacity to seize him by the collar of his gown. But he had little reckoned upon the strength and nimbleness of his adversary. Swift as lightning the slight nervous arm of the Indian, which grasped a cane, descended upon the cabman's visage; and presently that hero was borne off bleeding profusely from a severe cut on his temple, dealt by the jewelled pommel, to get his hurts bandaged by a neighboring apothecary, while Jung Bahadoor stepped victoriously into the "interieur" of the diligence.—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily News*.

ACCORDING to a letter from L'Orient, a rival to Captain Warner has appeared there. "M. Lagrange, an apothecary residing in this town, has been for the last fifteen years laboring at the preparation of a bullet of the most destructive kind. Although it appears that he had completed his labors for some time, he did not communicate his discovery to the government until within the last few days. An experiment as to the effect produced by those bullets has been made under the inspection of Admiral La Susse and La Guerre, Lieutenant-General Laplace, of the Artillery, and of a commission appointed by the government. The success of the experiment is said to have exceeded all expectation. Each bullet, on striking the object against which it was directed, exploded with a detonation as loud as that of the gun from which it was fired, and produced a most destructive effect. It bursts instantly on striking any object which opposes resistance, whether it be earth, wood, or stone. At the conclusion of the trial, the



members of commission, addressing the inventor, said, 'Sir, your name ought to be inscribed amongst the members of the Peace Congress, for after your invention it will be impossible to think of making war.' M. Lagrange asserts, that with a gun-boat, armed with four pieces of cannon, he could sink a ship of 120 guns in twenty minutes. He is in treaty with the government for the sale of his secret."

HERR HARRWITZ has been playing two games of chess at the same time, at the Glasgow Chess Club, blindfolded. After a long contest, the opponents of Herr Harrwitz in one case resigned; the other game was played till a very late hour at night, and then, the result being certain success for Harrwitz, the game had to be postponed.

NEARLY every railway from London ran cheap excursion-trains last Sunday, taking in the aggregate several thousands of persons to divers attractive localities.

THE Lincoln Association, apparently a body of farmers who have combined to protect their property from thieves, have obtained a bloodhound to track sheep-stealers. Trials have been made of the animal's power; and in one case he tracked part of the carcass of a sheep for three miles, across fields, a railway, roads, and a river.

A MAN employed on the Eastern Union Railway, the other day, discovered a dog busy in a turnip-field; he watched, and saw the dog draw several turnips from the ground with his mouth, and convey each to three men who were standing in a lane. The thieves and their canine agent ran off when they saw the railway-officer approach.

SEVERAL towns in the province of Posen have recently been honored with visits from one of the most skilful rogues whom modern times have heard of. He first appeared in the metropolis of the province, in Posen itself; where he presented himself under the title of Prince Altieri, and pretended to be a legate from the Pope, on a secret mission to the court of St. Petersburg. He was perfectly conversant with the Latin and French languages, and was provided with passports and other limitations; or they are so skilfully forged as to render detection impossible. He remained some days in Posen, performing church services; preaching, praying, and blessing the poorer classes, while he indulged the higher with visits and the honor of kissing his hand. The archbishop of the diocese appears to have been among his dupes. As may be supposed, the legate's remittances did not arrive at the expected time, and he was compelled to resort to the unpleasant medium of borrowing from his brethren in the faith. The archbishop, confiding in the promise of the legate's influence with the Pope being used in his favor, kindly assisted him out of his temporary difficulties with the loan of 400 thalers; other clerical dignitaries took compassion on their influential superior, and lent him smaller sums. The amount which the rogue managed to collect in this way is estimated at about 4000 thalers; with which of course he vanished. In Guesen, another small town in Posen, he imposed a long unpaid bill upon the landlord of the hotel; who, deeply impressed with the rank and dignity of his guest, asked and obtained permission to alter the name of his house to Hotel Prince Altieri. Previously to his visit to Posen, Prince Altieri had honored Dantzic with a

visit; and it is said that he succeeded in borrowing 1000 thalers from the Bishop of Pelplin. The police are hunting for the pseudo-prince, who is known now to be a Wilna Jew.

THE wild and wooded lands around Dorking were the scene of a kangaroo hunt, on Monday, with the Wooten pack of beagles. A kangaroo belonging to Mr. John Evelyn Denison, M. P., escaped four months ago, and has ranged quite wild ever since. The animal led the hounds a tremendous run at a pace incredible for such an animal; it was at last driven into a pond, and captured by a groom, not without a struggle, in the course of which the man received some painful embraces.

AN account is given in the continental papers of a great congress of medical men which it is proposed to hold in France, for the purpose of testing by experiment the virtue of a newly-discovered cure for madness and for the bites of venomous serpents by means of "cedrone" seed. It seems that two subjects, M. Auguste Guillemin and M. Hippolyte Fournier, Professor of Mathematics of the department of Aveyron, have offered themselves to be operated on—which means, we suppose, that they offer to let themselves be bitten—for the purposes of the inquiry. "It has been thought advisable," says the *Brussels Herald*, "to postpone until next month the experiment to be tried on M. Auguste Guillemin, in order to afford sufficient time for all the celebrated medical men of France and other parts of Europe to meet together at this sort of medical congress, in which one of the most difficult problems of occult medicine is to be resolved. It is announced that all the different states of Europe will be represented at this meeting: Russia, by a physician attached to the person of the emperor; the German States, by seventeen doctors; and Sweden, Norway and Denmark will send delegates, although in those cold regions there are but few serpents, and cases of madness are rare. Some of the *cedrone* seed will be sown in the *Jardin des Plantes*—where it is hoped it will succeed. Several of the faculty, who have already made experiments on different animals, hope, by means of the *cedrone* seed, to arrive at the cure of mental disorders and epilepsy." We know nothing more of this subject than is involved in these paragraphs.—*Athenæum*.

THE Academy of Sciences in Paris is at present engaged in considering the practicability of a railway across the channel which divides England from France. The project—which seems to combine the real suggestions of science with the sort of poetic calenture that applies them dreamily—originated with M. F. Lemaitre—and may be briefly described as follows: On a solid foundation on either side of the channel, the projector proposes to build high and strong abutments, into which huge chains stretching across from shore to shore in the air would be secured. To support in the air this massive weight of iron for the twenty miles of space between the Dover abutment and that at Calais, the projector makes use of a formidable apparatus of balloons, of elliptical shape, firmly fastened to the chains. These, it is thought, would do away with any need of support from below; but, lest the balloons should fly away with the iron work altogether, M. Lemaitre proposes to sink four heavily laden barges at every hundred yards' distance, under the great chains, and connected with them by means of other chains. Having adjusted the length of these attaching irons to the



depth of the sea at each point, an equilibrium would be attained between the sunk barge and the floating balloons. Assuming that the gases never escaped, the sunk vessels never got disturbed—no one of the thousand accidents occurred to which such a bridge would be liable—it would remain thus suspended between the two countries—and the balloon would at length have found an office of dignity. Held by the chains so suspended, M. Lemaître proposes to establish an atmospheric railway!—Visionary as the scheme sounds, we are assured by the French papers that it is seriously occupying the attention of the academy. Fancy travelling over a bridge held by balloons in a high gale! The thing is at any rate very picturesque. How lame are all the wonders of eastern fable before the projects—and the performances—of the present scientific age!

THE telegraphic system of lines is rapidly approaching to a state of completion in Germany. On the 1st of October the whole will be ready for service. From Aix-la-Chapelle to Trieste, from Buda to Stettin, messages may be sent in a few seconds. The net-work is in a state of great forwardness in France and Belgium. The morning papers already give the latest telegraphic news from Germany and Italy, as well as from France; and before many weeks are passed we shall have yesterday's intelligence from Berlin and Vienna just as rapidly and regularly as we have now that of the fire in the city and the accident on the Eastern Counties Railway. Meantime, one more of the familiar forms of our life at home is finally disappearing—the old Semaphores are all coming down. They were wonders in their way once—and men seemed to have gained a new power as they watched their hieroglyphic writing in the air. But they are condemned now because they are neither fast enough nor keen enough for the times. Thought has sharpened up mechanics to keep pace with her own work. The old Semaphore could neither report with the speed of light nor work in the dark.

AMONG the many agents, resulting from the scientific triumphs of the time, which are helping to re-mould the social materials around us, we can neither overlook nor undervalue the Cheap Excursion system. We have before remarked on the limited horizon which the fathers of the present generation enjoyed. Little more than half a century ago there was hardly any perceptible movement of the population. The country gentleman who had passed a fortnight of his life in London, the artisan and the farmer who were acquainted with the adjacent districts, and had perhaps witnessed the splendors of a county town, were regarded with envy or admiration as men who had seen the world. The clown lived and died on the spot where he was born—was morally the serf of the particular soil. Each hamlet was its own world. The swell and surge of life in towns a score or two of miles away carried faint and indistinct echoes to the general ear—and local idioms and dialects stood like barriers between the men born in one county and those born in the next. The Yorkshire shepherd whom accident carried to the western slopes of Blackstone Edge, or the Gloucester peasant who found himself on the Somersetshire side of the Cotswold Hills, could barely make himself understood or procure the assistance that he might need as a stranger. Like a country broken into minute subdivision by hedges that at once separate and occupy the ground where

better things should grow—abstracting from the general nourishment for its own unwholesome vegetation—the social surface was physically partitioned by accidents that grew a plentiful crop of prejudices and ignorances, vicious in themselves, and diverting the moral sap that should have helped to beautify the land. The masses of the people were separated from each other as by seas and alps:—the great majority passed out of existence almost strangers to their countrymen and to the fair face of their native island. All this has been gradually changed by every step that science has taken in advance. The migrations caused by the rise of the cotton manufacture did much to break down the old barriers:—railways and monster trains have done, or are doing, the rest. The morally poetic is displacing the picturesque—the spiritual beauty replacing the material. If the fairies have fled before the steam whistle from many a sylvan scene—so have the old local tyrannies that made men moral slaves. Provincialism of speech and of thought are fast disappearing. Every man now travels more or less; each has made some acquaintance with the aspects of nature—understood and enjoyed some part of that heritage of beauty and those conquests of mind which make our wealth as a nation—seen something of men who live under social and material conditions different from his own. The agencies by which this education has been given on so grand a scale are amongst the most valuable fruits of modern civilization. Men gather both health and strength, and wisdom and goodness by extending their horizons. How remarkable is the rapidity with which the desire to move about has grown—proving the desire a natural one, and the stifling of it a privation. Little more than half a score of years since, the first excursion trains were timidly tried as an experiment:—they are now organized throughout the length and breadth of the country. The statistics of excursions would be interesting in more than one point of view. From the metropolis alone it is stated that a million and a half of persons have availed themselves of cheap trains during the present summer, to see with their own eyes what, like all else, under the old conditions they could only have heard of—and that only as the narrator chose to present it. Every morning hundreds and thousands are whirled out of the smoke of London into the fresh air of heaven. One day last week no less than ten huge excursion trains left by the several lines of railway. Some of the pleasure seekers went to enjoy a day among the hop-gardens of Kent—some sought the open downs of Epsom—not a few explored the regal glories of old Windsor. The sylvan beauties of the Isle of Wight attracted many—a party visited the wonders of Stonehenge—another made the old exclusive colleges and cloisters of Oxford start at this irruption of the people—and hundreds drank the sea breezes from cliff or pier at Brighton, Dover, Folkstone, Ramsgate, and Southampton. The military works at Gosport came in for civic criticisms—and the once fashionable promenades of Bath received a host of visitors with no fear of Beau Nashes in their hearts. One train went down to Cambridge—and the afternoon landed the last party at the hotels of the Rue Richelieu in Paris!—Nevertheless, the excursion system is only in its infancy.

THE French are now as eager after improvements in the Photographic processes on paper as they have hitherto been for developing more per-



fectly the image on the Daguerreotype silver plates. The inequalities of paper have ever been felt as a great objection to its use. M. Blanquart Evrard informs us that by washing paper with a mixture of the serum of milk and a small quantity of albumen—about three-quarters of a pint of whey and the white of one egg—it is rendered free from all that has hitherto been deemed objectionable. Papers thus treated may be kept ready for use, since it has been found that after six months they are as good as when just prepared. M. Niepce de Saint-Victor states that by mixing a small quantity of Narbonne honey with albumen the sensibility of the photographic glass plates or papers is increased in a surprising manner.

M. BOUTIGNY has devised an exceedingly simple method for showing his interesting experiments on the spheroidal state of fluids. He takes a platinum wire and rolls it into a spiral like the spring of a watch, taking care to depress the central portion. He forms thus a sort of capsule, or circular and concave gridiron, in which the water is contained when the wire has been previously made red hot. By the repulsion of caloric the water is retained, and, forming itself into a spheroid, rolls about without flowing through. Alcohol or ether may be substituted for water; when the vapors escaping take fire above and below the wire—but the spheroidal drop moves rapidly about within the flames without undergoing combustion.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science has been holding its third annual meeting at New Haven—under the presidency of Professor A. D. Bache. As far as we have received information of the proceedings of this association, the communications appear to have been principally connected with the physical sciences. Professors Olmsted, Loomis, and Silliman, and Mr. Gould read interesting papers on electricity;—that by Mr. Gould being an account of a very extensive series of experiments made by the United States Survey on some 1,500 miles of electrical telegraph to determine the velocity of the disturbance passing along the signal wires. Professor Wheatstone had determined the velocity of current electricity as not less than 288,000 miles in a second. Fizeau has more recently inferred from his experiments that the electricity passed through iron wire at the rate of 63,200 miles per second, and through copper wire with a velocity equal to 110,000 miles in the same time. Mr. Gould thinks these values far too high; and he gives as the results of his observations, which appear to have been made with much care, a velocity for the current electricity of not less than 12,000 nor more than 20,000 miles per second as it traverses the telegraphic wire and the earth in completing the circuit connection. A communication was made by Professor Loomis of novel, and to us curious, phenomena of electrical houses. His statement was as follows:—"Within a few years past, several houses in the city of New York have exhibited electrical phenomena in a very remarkable degree. For months in succession they have emitted sparks of considerable intensity, accompanied by a loud snap. A stranger, on entering one of these electrical houses, in attempting to shake hands with the inmates, receives a shock, which is quite noticeable, and somewhat unpleasant. Ladies, in attempting to kiss each other, are saluted by a spark. A spark is perceived whenever the hand is brought near to the knob of a door, the gilded frame of a mirror, the gas pipes, or any

metallic body, especially when this body communicates freely with the earth. In one house which I have had the opportunity to examine, a child in taking hold of the knob of a door received so severe a shock that it ran off in great fright. The lady of the house, in approaching the speaking tube to give orders to the servants, received a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was much annoyed by the electricity, until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlor to the other, if she chanced to step upon the brass plate which serves as a slide for the folding-doors, she received an unpleasant shock in the foot. When she touched her finger to the chandelier (the room was lighted with gas by a chandelier suspended from the ceiling) there appeared a brilliant spark and a snap. In many houses the phenomena have been so remarkable as to occasion general surprise, and almost alarm. After a careful examination of several cases of this kind, I have come to the conclusion, that the electricity is created by the friction of the shoes of the inmates on the carpets of the house. In order to produce this effect, there must be a combination of several favorable circumstances. The carpet, or at least its upper surface, must be entirely of wool, and of a close texture, in order to furnish an abundance of electricity. So far as I have had an opportunity to judge, I infer that heavy velvet carpets answer this purpose best. Two thicknesses of in-grain carpeting answer very well. The effect of the increased thickness is obviously to improve the insulation of the carpet. The carpet must be quite dry, and also the floor of the room, so that the fluid may not be conveyed away as soon as it is excited. This will not generally be the case except in winter, and in rooms which are habitually kept quite warm. The most remarkable cases which I have heard of in New York have been of close, well built houses, kept very warm by furnaces; and the electricity was most abundant in very cold weather. In warm weather only feeble signs of electricity are obtained. The rubber on the shoe must also be dry, like the carpet, and it must be rubbed upon the carpet somewhat vigorously."—The papers have been tolerably numerous; and those by Professors Agassiz, Silliman, W. R. Johnson, and W. B. Rogers were of much interest in their respective departments. The following statement, made by Professors Rogers and Johnson, has its value from its practical importance. They took occasion to call attention to the fact that the anticipations excited by the discovery of gold on the surface are seldom fully realized. At the surface, meteoric influences have in most cases been at work, and have effected such a decomposition and segregation that there the gold is easily obtained; but as we proceed lower down, beyond the influence of the air, we find the gold so closely connected with other minerals that its separation is a very difficult process, only effected after much expense and labor. In explanation of these views, it was stated, that at Gold Hill the toll at the mill for grinding is, for surface ore, 20 cents—for that obtained lower down, 30 cents the bushel. It is found, however, that if, after the ore has once been operated on and all the gold possible extracted, it is exposed for a few months to atmospheric influences, you can then obtain as much gold from a bushel of ore as at first.—*Athenæum*.

THE REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.—The following curious account, says a writer in the *Notes and Queries*, was given to me by Mr. Fitz-Simons, an Irish gentleman, upwards of eighty



years of age, with whom I became acquainted when resident with my family at Toulouse, in September, 1840; he having resided in that city for many years as a teacher of the French and English languages, and had attended the late Sir William Follett in the former capacity there in 1817. He said:—"I was a prisoner in Paris, in the Convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there—where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was a prisoner, the sans-culottes broke open the coffins to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sans-culottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine. I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sans-culottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sans-culotte, and that they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard like other sans-culottes; and he was carried away—but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germain, whence it was brought to the Convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

MADAME SAINT AUBIN, at one time a very celebrated singer of the Opéra Comique, died a few days ago, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. She was performing during the worst period of the first revolution, and was in communication with Marat, Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. She exerted her influence with these men to save victims from the scaffold, although there was a certain risk in so doing; and during all her life was remarkable for charity and kindness. She left the stage at the age of forty-two. The Empress Josephine appointed her one of her readers.

## OUR UNION.

BY J. E. CARNES, OF THE VICKSBURG WHIG.

THE blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned  
bright Champlain,  
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the  
lakes of Maine;  
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden  
sand,  
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark  
Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the  
west,  
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's  
classic breast;  
And those to whom September brings the fireside's  
social hours,  
With those who see December's brow enwreathed  
with gorgeous flowers!  
From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling  
western wave,  
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's  
grave;  
And from the steaming everglades to Huron's lord-  
ly flood,  
The glory of the nation's past thrills through a  
kindred blood!  
Whenever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek  
with shame,  
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moul-  
trie's wilder fame;  
And wheresoe'er above the fray the stars of empire  
gleam,  
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common  
stream!  
It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,  
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city  
pride;  
Nor the hunter's white-haired children who find a  
fruitful home  
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where  
lonely rivers roam!  
Greene drew his sword at Eutaw; and bleeding  
southern feet  
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow  
and sleet;  
And, lo! upon the parchment where the natal rec-  
ord shines,  
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's  
calmer lines!  
Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the  
names apart  
That erst were written boldly there with plight of  
hand and heart?  
Could ye erase a Hancock's name, e'en with the  
sabre's edge,  
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double  
pledge?  
Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's  
hoary height?  
Or can the North give up her boast in Yorktown's  
closing fight?  
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,  
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them  
proudly waves?  
Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid  
the gloom  
That hangs its solemn folds about your common  
Father's tomb?  
Or could ye meet around his grave as fratricidal  
foes,  
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and  
calm repose?  
Ye dare not! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned  
decree;  
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and  
tranquil sea;  
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery  
southern shore,  
And where through frowning mountain gates Ne-  
braska's waters roar!



5.00

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WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS